

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

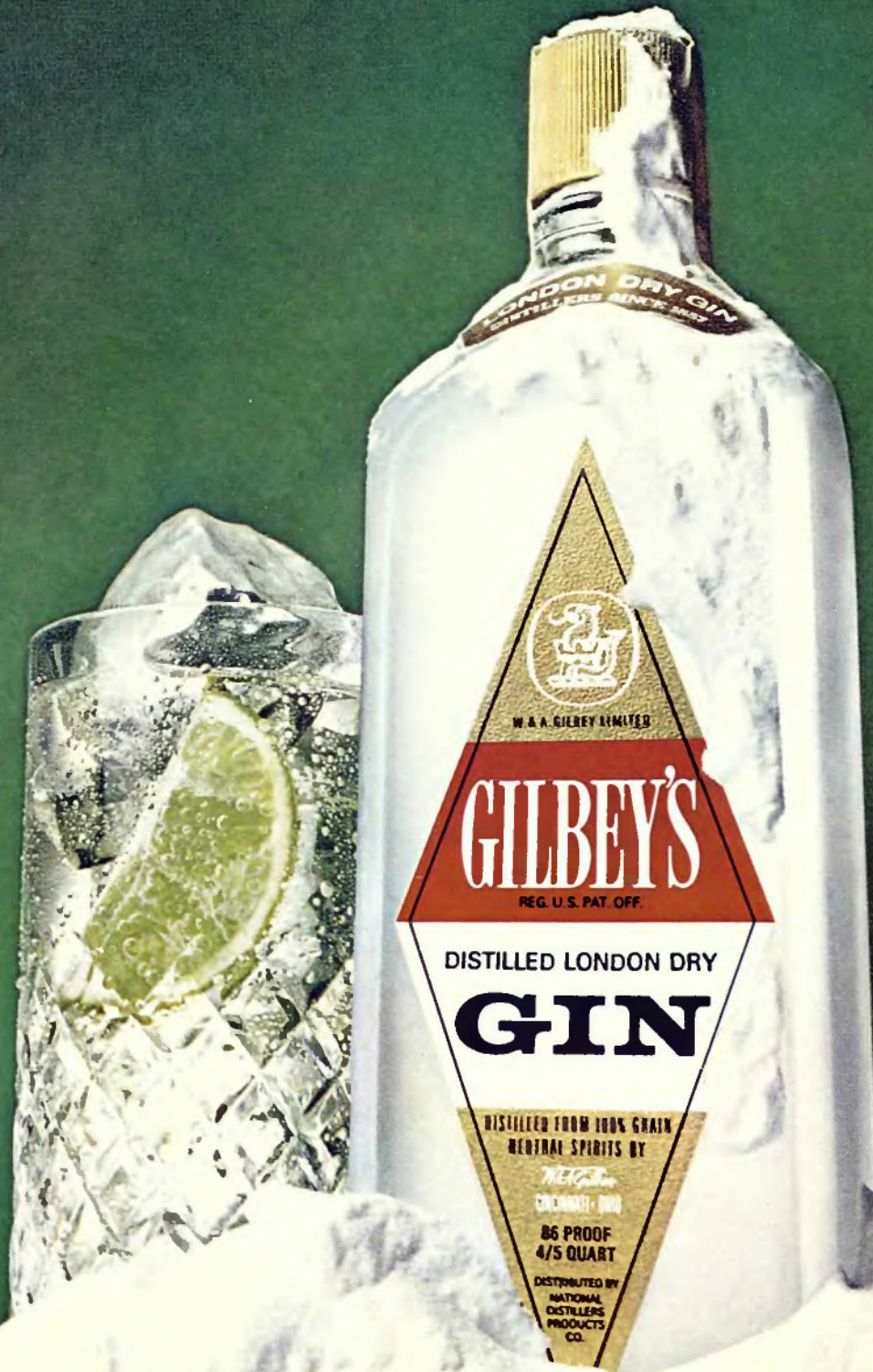
JUNE 1975 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY



THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
FIRST LOOK AT THE CIA'S OWN MAGAZINE
NORMAN MAILER: A KNOCKOUT IN AFRICA
ZUT ALORS! SEX IN FRENCH MOVIES

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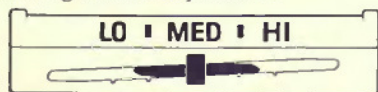


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Nobody knows better than you how a razor feels on your face, whether it feels right or whether a slight adjustment could make it feel better.

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PLAYBILL ONE DAY last winter, a clandestine squad of Playboy crazies staged an impromptu ticker-tape parade outside the CIA headquarters in Washington. They hired a brass band, a limo and a street-cleaning machine, hung a banner (WELCOME HOME, HOWARD HUNT) and, to the whirl of paper shredders, trudged past that den of inquiry. Over the next few months, we sorted through tons of confetti and microfilm streamers and discovered *Eyes Only*, the Magazine of the Central Intelligence Agency. Obviously, we were duty bound to reproduce it.

We also found clear-cut evidence of domestic spying; it seems that our Government's cloak-and-dagger gang got an advance look at Dwight Hooker's pictorial on Playmate of the Year Marilyn Lange. The basic rule of intelligence is to know important revelations before the rest of the world does. Assuming that this issue makes it past the men who open your mail, you're in for a good read. (If it doesn't, you'll have to look up the following articles in the minutes of the Senate CIA hearings.) For starters, there's Part II of *The Fight*, Norman Mailer's knockout account of the Ali-Foreman encounter in Zaïre. We promised Mailer that we wouldn't give away the ending, so, for a buck and a quarter a copy, you get an even chance to guess the winner. Jog through the long, dark African night with the champ of American writers, then read Sam Merrill's interview with one of the contenders—Joseph Heller. The author of *Catch-22* has a new book, which begins with the line: "I get the willies when I see closed doors." *Something Happened* is not the biography of supersleuth William Colby.

One man's apocalypse is another man's paradise. Two continental land masses meet in California at what is called the San Andreas Fault. If you're like some people, you probably believe that when the earthquake comes, the Western land mass will slide into the Pacific Ocean, taking most of California with it. Hopefully, the Beach Boys will be on tour at the time. If you live in Carmel, on the Big Sur coast line, you believe that when the big day comes, the Eastern land mass will slide into the Atlantic and your property value will be the better for it. Sound slightly misanthropic? Kansas writer Richard Rhodes would agree. Not long ago, he traveled the length of the Golden State, gathering material for *Loathe Thy Neighbor*. His article, with an accompanying illustration by Susan Fenske, is a grim picture of the place where the rich gather to watch the sun set on America. Rhodes tried to remain objective and not take sides, but at last report, he was back in California, driving wedges into the San Andreas Fault. Which brings us to another disaster:



MAILER



RHODES



MAULDIN



SANDBERG



EDWARDS



HOOKER



FENSKE



WILLIAMSON



KUHNS



TRITTEN



MEAD



ROSOFSKY

What would you do if your local hamburger outlet went on strike? Larry Tritten, who installs bugging devices in white courtesy telephones, has provided *Stalking the Wild Greenback* for just such an occasion. It's a classic send-out of organic-food gurus with vital information on how to live well on what you find in vacant lots, alleyways and city dumps.

You can burn off the extra calories by reading *Sexual Athletics*, a collection of sporting limericks from J. F. O'Connor, the *Playboy Party Jokes* editor. Or Arnold Roth's *History of Sex, Part V* (that's the part that goes between Parts IV and VI).

Owen Edwards says he had a hard time completing his profile of high-fashion photographer Richard Avedon: "I was continually distracted by the likes of Lauren Hutton, Beverly Johnson and Belinda Bauer." Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson, our film critic, is used to such job hazards. His review of *Sex in Cinema—French Style* came off without a hitch, although the title is a bit misleading. The Gallic stars do it other ways, as the article demonstrates.

Moving right along—there are our stranger-than-fiction offerings. Jordan Crittenden's *Stain That May or May Not Have Been Guacamole* puzzles over the life and dry-cleaning problems of an ex-atomic scientist. William Kuhns says he got the idea for *Never Beat a Full House* from a hitchhiker who taught him how to play license-plate poker. He didn't say who won. Peter Lars Sandberg, author of *Blue Dog Mobile on Angusport Hill*, is putting in his third *PLAYBOY* appearance and Playboy Press is publishing his first novel, *Wolf Mountain*. Just to let you know how well we planned this issue, Sandberg's story (illustrated by Seymour Rosofsky) has to do with mobile homes and radios. Format follows fiction. *The Playboy Land Yacht*, dreamed up for us by Detroit designer-illustrator Syd Mead,

may be the ultimate wheeled wonder. Save your petro-pennies and pray for the day when such vehicles will be a reality. The radios are with us already. Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist Bill Mauldin called up his World War Two cronies, Joe and Willie, to comment on the new batch of very military-looking radios, some of which, in addition to providing the Top 40, let you listen in on your favorite police station—which should help you get the jump on those unexpected visitors. Remember that English M.P. who went for a dip in Miami Beach and turned up three months later in Australia? More people would have noticed him if he had followed Fashion Director Robert L. Green's advice in *Swim Suitables*. One final touch: *Playboy's Gifts for Dads and Grads* will keep you from being confused with those crewcut guys trying to look nondescript.

PLAYBOY®



French Flicks

P. 85



GI Spin-offs

P. 144



Full House

P. 92



Top Playmate

P. 132



Golden State

P. 100

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION

Robert Sherrill's *Elmer Gantry for President* (PLAYBOY, March) unfortunately will be interpreted by some as an anti-Christian essay in which the persecution of Catholics and Protestants is called for. But Sherrill is really attempting to warn us about the inherent dangers in mixing deeply rooted religious beliefs with the business of running the Government. Should this warning go unheeded, we'll have to confront the day when a religious portrait replaces the one of Thomas Jefferson in the White House.

L. P. Masur
Buffalo, New York

I agree with Sherrill that the people are being, and will most likely continue to be, led on by politicians now identifying with this religious movement. But it was and still is the people who allowed such a movement to begin in the first place and become part of the Government's new role. In effect, the people have been caught in one of their own traps.

Jeffrey L. M. Hazel
Medina, New York

People in Washington say they've found Jesus. Who the hell said he was lost? He just never did hang around people with a pocket full of dough. Good article, Sherrill!

Noel T. Kreft
Twin Falls, Idaho

Sherrill's *Elmer Gantry for President* hits the nail on the head! But the tragedy is that so few people will have access to his wisdom and those who do are not the ones who need to be convinced of the terrors that result when God and Government combine. Sherrill implies that the American people are incredibly stupid when it comes to the subject of religion or its abuse, which is religiosity. It just seems to have never sunk in that political Bible bashing and pious rhetoric on the part of our officials are directly proportional to corruption in the Government. Thus, the more about God we hear from the lips of Caesar, the more stealing, lying and disrespect for law and order we can expect. And added to these political theophanies will be untold numbers of good citizens whose lives will be destroyed because they dare to

disagree with such vulgar actions. If one happens to be blessed with a critical mind, such Governmental nonsense in the name of religion just won't quite measure up—which makes Lucretius' words ring true today: "Too much religion is a bad thing."

John P. Black, Vicar
Holy Cross Church
Acapulco, Mexico

Sherrill's characterization of the venerable Rabbi Louis Finkelstein as a "funny fellow" and a "preacher" on the basis of one unfortunate opinion casts into doubt the factual underpinnings of his article. If everyone who ever uttered a statement favorable to Nixon were splashed with Sherrill's ink, very few public figures would be clean. If I had Sherrill's talent for generalization, I would dismiss the entire article as inaccurate. But I will be kinder to him than he was to Rabbi Finkelstein. I will simply say that when an author dishonestly denigrates a great man in the first paragraph, the reader is put on notice that the article is written by one who places small value on the truth.

Barbara Sugin
Baldwin, New York

Elmer Gantry for President is one of the finest articles you've published in quite some time. My heartiest congratulations to both the author and the editors of PLAYBOY for this outstanding piece of first-rate investigative journalism!

J. D. Mitchell
Wenatchee, Washington

Sherrill's excellent article on God in Washington brings to mind something Seneca said: "Religion is regarded by the common people as true, by the wise as false and by the rulers as useful."

Holden Baker
Greenfield, Massachusetts

Ironically, the same simplistic self-righteousness attacked in *Elmer Gantry for President* is alive and sneering within the article itself. Sherrill pounds his pulpit (i.e., typewriter) with the best of the evangelists he maligns. The problem of the church-state relationship is ageless, and investigating its complexity requires deeper psychological insight than is exhibited by such statements as "Any time



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a politician starts laying things at heaven's gate, you can expect the worst." If Sherrill hadn't been so busily regrinding Raskolnikov's ax, he could have been reading Sinclair Lewis' novel instead of merely pinching the title of an old Burt Lancaster movie.

Steve Martin
Lubbock, Texas

A bunch of very sick people in this world are masquerading as pious, humble, God-fearing folks, and it's high time someone exposed them for what they really are. Sherrill's excellent article does just that and I congratulate him and the editors of PLAYBOY for pure, raw courage. But somewhere inside me there's a feeling that you people are about to confront a storm that will make the sex-and-nudity tempest look like a gentle eddy on the pond of life. I mean, it's one thing to give the world hard-ons, but to attack the Big G? Are you guys balmy?

Steve Herron
Beverly Hills, California

KING'S COURT

Your March interview with Billie Jean King may very well be the best you've had in several months. I have a few words to say to her: Billie, you're a beautiful, hip, down-to-earth woman. Really, I am at a loss for words to express fully my deep respect for you. Your views and philosophies concerning such issues as religion, abortion, love, motherhood and self-worth coincide with my own. Keep doing your own thing and you will remain together. Thank you for reinforcing my consciousness.

Vicki Hodges
Nashville, Tennessee

Your Billie Jean King interview is delicious. Above all else, she enjoys being herself and has the sensitivity and love for others to want the same for them. Maybe with a little luck she will decide to run for President one day and will win. I would be the first to wear one of her BYN buttons on each shoulder—BE YOURSELF NOW.

Earnie Fleshman
Orlando, Florida

I was delighted to read the interview with Billie Jean King in your March issue. She has many talents, both on the tennis court and off, and your interview explores many of her ideas in depth.

David F. Feingold
Brooklyn, New York

I've been reading your magazine for two years; never missed an issue. Along the lines of interviews, I've never been as intrigued by any of them as I was by the interview with Billie Jean King. Being in tennis, I have naturally kept up with the greatest woman promoter of women's tennis—Ms. King. You confronted her

with crafty, direct and answerable questions that really brought out her inner life and feelings. You deserve a pat on the back.

Marc Gunderson
Orlando, Florida

COVER BLURB

The model on your March cover is so gorgeous! When are we going to see more of her than just her thighs?

Bob Collins
Marty Klein
Humboldt, Tennessee

OK, Bob and Marty, we're doing this



just for you. This is our March cover girl, in toto. Eat your hearts out, fellas.

ADMIRING MARGOT

Congratulations for the pictorial essay Margot (PLAYBOY, March). It is the best I've read in years. For once, the written word adds to the appeal of the pictures, and vice versa. Doorknob belly button included. Kidder gets my vote for the sexiest lady yet to beautify PLAYBOY. You've finally given us a real person—Margot is a classic!

Curtis Johnson
Lexington, Kentucky

It seems to me that PLAYBOY has finally found what it has been looking for: Margot Kidder. Her honesty and naturalness are incredibly refreshing.

P. Downey
Toronto, Ontario

I first saw Margot Kidder in a delightful though obscure movie called *Quacker Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx* (which starred Gene Wilder as an Irish horse-manure entrepreneur). I thought her essay in your March issue was superb. The photos are as lovely as expected. The unexpected treat was the autobiographical essay, which has a sense of humor and an *élan* that convincingly portray a real

honest-to-God human being. Maybe nobody looks like Miss January, but that's OK; I'd prefer Margot Kidder any day.

Andrew P. Teton
San Francisco, California

HIGH INTEREST RATE

Never have I read an article about our economic problems that offered the reader both so much common sense and so much fun. In publishing William F. Rickenbacker's *Who's Afraid of Hard Times?* (PLAYBOY, March), you have given us a little masterpiece of economic insight interlaced with a marvelous sense of humor. If this kind of economic discourse prevailed in America today, we'd have a lot less inflation and recession and a lot more laughs.

Charles Hull Wolfe, President
The American Economic Foundation
New York, New York

Larry L. King is a master. His section of *Who's Afraid of Hard Times?* contains some of the best writing I've seen in a long time. I hope he never reaches the point where he has to pawn his typewriter.

Eliot Carter
Miami, Florida

There is more wisdom in the Rickenbacker article in the March issue of PLAYBOY than has come out of Washington in a number of years.

George H. Pearson
Wichita, Kansas

TALLY HO AND AWAY!

James W. Canan's article *Tally Ho in the Pentagon* (PLAYBOY, March) is most informative. Not since the day Snoopy first took stick in hand has a civilian taken a better shot at the war chariots in the sky.

Lt. Thomas A. McLoughlin, U.S.A.F.
Minot AFB, North Dakota

After reading Canan's article on the rivalry between the Navy and the Air Force on the selection and production of fighter planes, I just have one thing to say: Give me back my tax dollars!

Steve Blackburn
Boise, Idaho

Congratulations are certainly in order for Canan's meritorious article on our nation's struggle to maintain its air superiority. It is about time the public recognized how much of our country's military-aircraft inventory is ill equipped and obsolete for modern conventional operations. I find it distressing that Congress continually slashes the defense budget yet can still feel secure knowing that an integral part of our nation's defense, the B-52, is more than 20 years old. Yet, as Canan discloses, the time to refurbish and update our military air resources is the present. With a lead time of seven to ten years, the gestation period

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for aircraft to grow from the drawing board to the runway, it is imperative that we plan now for our country's future place in the skies. It is also important that the Pentagon strive to curb the mismanagement and financial quarrels that have plagued defense contracts of the past. The bumbles and blunders of such modern airplane factories as Grumman and General Dynamics indicate that there is definitely room for improvement.

Keith D. Kries
Orefield, Pennsylvania

OCEAN MOTION

As an avid reader of *PLAYBOY*, I've always been especially intrigued by your imaginative pictorials. I was especially impressed by sex in the back seat, sex in the Ferris wheel and sex in the library. But what about sex in the ocean?

Art Farley
New York, New York

It just so happens that we're working on a pictorial on sex in the ocean. The



photograph above is one of the more erotic highlights.

HIZZONER

In your March *On the Scene*, you quote Mayor Edward Hanna of Utica, New York, as saying, "It was either leave town or run for mayor." I feel the city of Utica would have been much better off if Hanna had followed his first suggestion. Although I'm not a citizen of Utica, all I see on the evening news is Hanna complaining about his city and the people who live in it. He's had a constant feud with the press and a long-standing argument with the city's police force. If Hanna would spend more time working to solve the city's problems instead of running off at the mouth in front of television cameras, Utica would be a lot better off. I think your magazine made a big mistake in giving him national recognition.

Keith Roberts
Griffiss AFB, New York

GRADING RHODES SCHOLAR

Jack McClintock does a remarkably disciplined and vivid personality piece on Kris Kristofferson in March's *Just*

a *Good Ole Rhodes Scholar*. I congratulate McClintock for never spelling out the true conflict. Kristofferson is a sensitive, creative, bright and aggressive man who suddenly finds himself making buckets of bread in a gross and meretricious industry characterized by the suffocating banality of almost all its lyrics, by the ear-smashing amplification of its trite melodies and rhythms, by the faked accents and May-fly career life expectancy of its young millionaires and by the stomping, gawping herds of the yuks and the yokelry who, throughout history, have always been easily stampeded into worshipping minor forms of folk art for all the wrong reasons. Kristofferson, like his equivalently sensitive peers who trod the same dreary path before him, moves slowly from contempt for the PR tricks and devices, to contempt for the audiences, to contempt for his fellow practitioners, to eventual contempt for himself. Now he thinks in terms of "make it and get out." Is that possible? No wonder the fellow is jumpy and unpredictable.

John D. MacDonald
Sarasota, Florida

Give Jack McClintock a gold star for his writing. If you don't have a gold star in your desk drawer, hurry out and buy one for him. *Just a Good Ole Rhodes Scholar* is pure and perceptive.

Erskine Caldwell
Dunedin, Florida

DOWN ON ZOAR

Ben Maddow's tale *Up Out of Zoar* (*PLAYBOY*, March) just doesn't make it from a technical standpoint. Bernal, the male protagonist, turns to the Bible for guidance in trying to decide whether he should procreate with his daughter or let life become extinct. But can they really assume that they are alone? If Bernal and his daughter survived, then anyone else breathing artificial oxygen (skindivers, people in submarines or aircraft, et al.) would also have survived—if they hadn't been exposed to the fatal gas for whatever time was necessary. So the idea that Bernal and his daughter are the only survivors just isn't plausible. Furthermore, Bernal raids the local grocery store for supplies. On one occasion, he goes into a large freezer and takes out a two-quart container of ice cream. One question: How could electricity continue to power the freezer for 11 years with no one to man the power plant? Another question is how the Marine starts the red Plymouth when it has been sitting unused for 11 years. Must have been a Diehard battery, huh?

Ned Tevark
Gary, Indiana

Maddow replies:

Mr. Tevark's letter, I'm afraid, was misdirected: It should have gone to the editor of *Popular Mechanics*. The facts,

however, are these: The power network in Bernal's area is supplied by the San Onofre nuclear-reactor substation. It is fully automatic, of course, for safety reasons, and the half life of the fuel supply is calculated to be 5,000,627.3 years. The car driven by the Marine is a Vintage '83, the last year of the model, and equipped with the standard 21-volt nickel-selenium dry battery, developed for heart transplants, to obviate yearly surgery, and with a minimum life of 32 years. The biological poison described in the story is, I fervently hope, imaginary.

TRIPPED ON RIPPED

Your *Ripped Off* pictorial in the March issue is sensational. The photography is great, the models are gorgeous and the idea is a real original.

Lamar Todd
New York, New York

The *Ripped Off* spread is fine, except that I can't imagine how the fellow in Bill Arsenault's shooting could possibly have gone through all that with his pants on.

Jeff Smith
Chicago, Illinois

CLOD FORMATIONS

John Hughes's *Chariots of the Clods?* (*PLAYBOY*, March) is a masterpiece of straight reportage. Why isn't Hughes doing more reporting for *PLAYBOY*?

Vince Kamin
Chicago, Illinois

He is. We've got him on an assignment to interview the universe.

I roared when I read Hughes's take-off on Von Däniken. In fact, I was so impressed. I referred back to *Playbill* to see what the author looks like. You've got a whole paragraph on Hughes but no picture. Does he really exist? Are you hiding something from us?

Lamont Jones
New York, New York

Hughes (no relation to Howard) is alive and well and living near Chicago. He's the shy, retiring type, but we



convinced him to shed some of his modesty and pose for this candid photograph.

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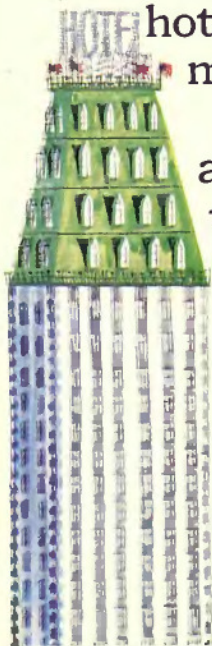


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Brawley, California, like a lot of places, has an air-pollution problem, but this one is aggravated by the presence of stockyards. It's a unique combination of smog and cow manure. Local residents call it *smit*.

Hot wheels: When a 19-year-old man in Joplin, Missouri, was arrested for car theft, he had a pretty good excuse. He told police he had flunked his driver's-license test and merely wanted to practice up on driving correctly—which is why he stole five cars. . . . Authorities in Allentown, Pennsylvania, tracked down a youth who failed to show up in court to be sentenced for his involvement in an auto theft. They found him in another county, in jail, charged with—you guessed it. Seems he missed the bus to Allentown and, wanting to have his day in court, stole a car to make the trip.

An Englishman was hauled into court for beating up his girlfriend. His defense was that she'd committed "breach of promise" by shaving off her mustache—which he was crazy about. He was fined £200.

A Tucson, Arizona, tennis club obviously discriminates against intellectuals. Its rules and regulations state: 1. No players or spectators allowed without tennis shoes; 2. No players or spectators allowed without shirts; 3. No food or beverages allowed in court area; 4. No profound language.

A reader in Spanaway, Washington, got a charge out of a sign he spotted on an electrician's van. It read: LET US REMOVE YOUR SHORTS.

Ma Bell finally got wise to a directory listing for what was more a house than a home and dropped Forni Kate from the Taunton, Massachusetts, phone book.

Easy terms: A sign outside a massage parlor in Tulsa, Oklahoma: SHORT ON CASH? NO NEED TO WORRY, STEP IN AND

ONE OF OUR PRETTY LITTLE GIRLS WILL ASSIST YOU IN OPENING UP A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Poetic, if somewhat morbid, justice: Two funeral-home employees in Caracas witnessed a fatal highway accident and stopped to write down the addresses of the victims. Then they sped away, intent on badgering the families into giving them the burial contracts. On the way to the victims' homes, their car went out of control at high speed and they both were killed.

First dibs: *The San Diego Union* carried this classified: "Going to Mexico City, need three to help driving and share Barbara 555-2460."

Birds of a feather: The U.S. Endangered Species Lab at Patuxent, Maryland, had spent almost \$200,000 in Federal



funds trying, without success, to get whooping cranes to mate in captivity. As a last resort, an outside expert was called in to study the problem, which, he quickly pointed out, was quite simple: "You've got the girls with the girls and the boys with the boys."

First came the designated hitter; now it's the designated supporter: When Roy

White broke a strap on his athletic supporter while running out a single last season, Yankee manager Bill Virdon ducked into the locker room with White and gave him his own jockstrap. White returned to first base and scored a run.

As the new go-go bar in Orlando, Florida, began to take shape, so did the objections of the local residents. The Booby



Trap Lounge began to attract attention when construction began on twin 25-foot domes, which the architect explained were to provide ventilation. Last we heard, the owners had promised to alter the design, even though the architect insists that the flesh-colored domes "were never intended to look like female breasts."

Never touch the stuff: A London constable told the judge he had arrested Hugh Henry because "he was unsteady on his feet, his breath smelled of alcohol and his eyes were glazed." Henry objected, removed a glass eye and held it up as evidence, insisting to the court that it was *bound* to be glazed. "The other one was just as glazed," said the constable. Guilty, ruled the judge. . . . A tavern owner in Schnecksville, Pennsylvania, was fined \$200 despite the defense's argument that a customer reported to be drunk and asleep at the bar was actually in "deep meditation." The patron was still "in repose" two hours later, when he was carried out of the tap. . . . An Indiana state trooper arrested a speeding motorist and tried to administer a Breathalyzer test. The driver, however, was less than cooperative. Instead of blowing into the machine, the man just

faked it. "That's the same as refusing," the trooper testified. But the man denied it: "I couldn't blow into the machine," he argued, "because I've got false teeth and when I blow, it blows them out."

A short but poignant story: Wearing tight underpants may decrease fertility in men, says a Scottish doctor who happens



to be a woman. Ann Chandley's research so far has shown a lower sperm count for men who wear briefs than for rabbits and gorillas, who don't. The idea is that tight underwear may be keeping man's testicles too warm, so the doctor plans to compare the potency of men in shorts with that of Scotsmen, who hang loose under their kilts, and with African tribesmen, who let it all hang out. Dr. Chandley is worried about the present state of affairs: "If a bull came up with a sperm sample that was as defective as the average man's," she mused, "he would be shot on the spot."

Posttheater drip: At presstime, the Kentucky Fried Theater in Los Angeles was staging a comedy titled *My Nose*, which, according to the show listings in the *Times*: "Plays Thursday, Friday and Saturday at eight and ten P.M. Runs indefinitely."

Nuptial notes: A man in Hickory, North Carolina, told police that \$900 he had borrowed for his honeymoon was missing from his dresser drawer, where he had hidden it. The man said his fiancée was the only person who knew of the money's location. Strangely, the fiancée has not been seen nor heard from since the cash disappeared. . . . A Los Angeles man made out doubly well on his honeymoon: He received a \$905 settlement from the hotel for injuries he claims he suffered when the bed collapsed on his wedding night. . . . And in Ohio, a motorist wrote this note to his auto club: "I have had some unexpected expenses this month, as I was just married. In fact, I am on my honeymoon right now and I will take care of my late payment as soon as I am able to get back on my feet."

A decree issued by the government of North Yemen declared: "All official titles used in correspondence, addresses, mass media and in various official quarters will be completely abolished, to be replaced by the word brother at all levels." The

order was signed: "Lieutenant Colonel Ibrahim Hamadi, Chairman of the Command Council and Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces."

TV listing of the month, via *The Dallas Times Herald*: "Seven P.M.—*Jacques Cousteau Special*: The perilous migration of the Red Salmon to spawn in remote Fraser Lake in Alaska with Captain Cousteau and the crew of the *Calypso*." And a good time was had by all.

The final round: A Columbus, Ohio, man requested in his will that "my golf bag, golf clubs and golf balls be buried with me." When he died recently at the age of 92, his family complied. They also saw to it that he was buried wearing his favorite golf jacket and glove.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Its promoters describe it as a "permanent, revolving, floating, flying, disappearing, reappearing musical extravaganza of the MGM Grand Hotel." And it is all of these things: a musical extravaganza, as in the good old days when such things really were; permanent, since it looks anything but portable and is likely to run a long, long time; and the five other adjectives, to let you know that a whole lot goes on in the mirror-paneled theater of the Las Vegas hotel where *Hallelujah Hollywood* is presented twice every evening—and three times on Saturday.

To sum it up, *Hallelujah Hollywood* is everything old Hollywood has come to represent—glitter, gaudiness, glamor—turned out with that special perversity only Vegas can provide. The show is a nostalgic tribute to the likes of Astaire, Garbo, Garland and Gable, with music by Porter, Gershwin, Berlin and Rodgers—and it's done, for the most part, in the nude. From a steamy *Kismet* to a sugary *Meet Me in St. Louis*, the show is spectacle upon mind-boggling spectacle—a production to make the *Ziegfeld Follies* look like a senior-class play.

Picture this: "The Marvelous, Magnificent, Glorious Girls of the Grand Hotel"—70 or so bare-breasted beauties in an unparalleled display of feathers

and sequins—wearing little else but that expressionless showgirl expression; a dozen or so strategically feathered dancing men; a lion, two Siberian tigers and a panther, all of whom disappear beneath a magician's cape; a 1500-pound acrobatic elephant in a tutu; ten trained Pekingese; two llamas; a camel; and a baboon in a cowboy suit—or is it a cowboy in a baboon suit?—guzzling beer while riding shotgun on a stagecoach drawn by a great Dane. And that's the supporting cast. All this (and more) takes place on a stage incorporating 11 lifts and a number of turntables and platforms and thousands of lights. The entire scene is computer-programmed to transform itself into a Ferris wheel, a bacchanal paradise, even a pirate galleon, which is launched, bombarded and subsequently sunk. At one point, the stage becomes an emerald grotto, where a 20-foot Plexiglas tank appears for an underwater ballet in which a graceful sea nymph is relieved of her bikini by a smiling (or at least contented-looking) dolphin.

A full screen on which classic MGM clips are revived becomes a backdrop for the performers, interspersing reel and real life with very special effect. There's something about seeing Elizabeth Taylor in *Lassie Come Home* and Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in *Min and Bill* on the same stage with scores of naked ladies parading to *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody* that's a little disquieting. It just isn't quite the way you remember these flicks from the *Late, Late Show*. Despite the culture shock, *Hallelujah Hollywood* is the ultimate in big, bizarre entertainment. It's not just worth the trip . . . it is the trip.

DINING-DRINKING

The best way to make a first visit to *Mamounia*, a Moroccan restaurant at 4411 Balboa Street, San Francisco, is in the company of a warmhearted, dark-eyed and hungry Berber girl—which may, in fact, be the best way to make a first visit to any restaurant. But this rare experience is one of authentic Moroccan food plus inauthentic hygiene, in a romantic,



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busy Moroccan decor—brass lanterns, low couches and redolent leather pillows. Your hands are washed before and after your meal: scents of orange and lemon and spice fill the air. Your taste buds are tricked and fulfilled. The owner-cooks at Mamounia have a definite native love of lentils, eggplant, cumin and coriander—all staples of Moroccan cuisine. They seem to have practiced their art at the Marrakesh, a slightly sleeker and slicker restaurant downtown; and before that, in Rabat, from which they hail (or salaam). For those of you planning a pilgrimage to Mamounia, a few hints might help you understand what will soon run down your gullet, or up your sleeve, as you cover yourself with the ample towel that arrives with the welcome: Harira, a lamb, chick-pea, lentil and tomato peppery soup; folds of bread for scooping up the chopped eggplant, pepper and tomato salad; chicken pie—mild and persuasive, eaten like handfuls of crisp candy; rabbit or lamb stews, imbued with lemon and honey and spices that go tripping on the tongue; couscous, that contagious blessing of semolina, lamb, vegetables and raisins. The ritual of dinner finishes with the tea ceremony—sweet spearmint poured from a great height in a precise stream that awakens exotic satisfactions in your average warmhearted, dark-eyed, formerly hungry Berber lass. Usually, Mamounia is crowded and somewhat noisy, a happy hullabaloo of festive dining. The diners are an informal bunch, from straight-arrow IBM to flower child. This is not a place for strict rules and clean fingernails. The music drones, the carpets soften, the nutriments console. A warm glow reflects from the clanging brass. For pure sensuality, this is good and kind and stimulating food. Forkless dining presents a challenge, but the opposable thumb helps us surmount such trivial difficulties. The waiters smile under their conical hats. One frequent diner reports that he has never had anything less than a superb meal at Mamounia. It's open daily, except Sunday, from 5 P.M. to 11 P.M. Reservations are recommended (415-752-6566).

Mamounia pretends to authentic Moroccan feeling, and achieves it: *Casablanca*, in the gonads of the gay Polk Street district (at 2323), pretends to campy, Bogart-nostalgic lovability, and achieves at least a modicum of it. Sam Duvall, the proprietor, is not fat, like Sydney Greenstreet, but he does wear checked suits. He runs antique shops, and the decor shows it: some authentic carved pieces, a central bar that looks North African if you've seen the right movies and those enlarged photos of Bogart, Peter Lorre and Lauren Bacall. Somehow, the whole effect combines *Casablanca*, New Orleans and San Francisco in an ungainly way, as if it were financed by an Arab riverboat gambler who left his wife to pick up pieces of heart that Tony Bennett left behind.

Food comes second to decor. Does this suggest a lack of enthusiasm for *Casablanca*? Alas, yes; and yet it is worth a visit, if you're not a slobbering gourmet or a



person with extraordinary standards in honest restaurant styles. Let's say you're driving a Camaro, you have this Pan Am stewardess in tow and you want to show her something funny, a place with Thirtyish lighting and a few ferns and overhead paddle-blade fans, twisting slowly, slowly in the wind. Well, *Casablanca*'s your spot. The overhead fans come straight out of someplace—the French Quarter, Oran or even *Casablanca*—and are first-rate. Go for the fans. *Casablanca* is open from 6 P.M. to 11:30 P.M. Open every day except Monday. Reservations: 415-441-2244.

MOVIES

A more appropriate title for writer-producer-director Peter Bogdanovich's *At Long Last Love* might be *The Big Blooper of 1975*. Promoted as the only truly original movie musical in years, *Love* borrows or begs nearly everything from the great Thirties musicals, and botches it. There are 16 Cole Porter songs with witty, unexpurgated lyrics—at least a dozen of them sluggishly orchestrated and clumsily performed. There are sumptuous art-deco sets and costumes, photographed with real class by cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs. The good news ends right there, except for Madeline Kahn's cheeky rendition of a Porter oldy called *Find Me a Primitive Man*, and perhaps Eileen Brennan, setting the pace for Madeline and Cybill Shepherd in a song-and-dance trio devoted to the heresy that *Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love*. Most of the time, however, Kahn and Brennan wear the slightly glazed, embarrassed look of smart professionals trapped in a \$1,000,000 gig that turns out to be amateur night at the Racquet Club. As nominal stars of the show, brawny Burt Reynolds and Shepherd—at their very best—may remind you of those guest shots by straight actors who pop up on TV variety hours to prove that they can almost

carry a tune and even perform a few simple time steps. But what happens here to *It's De-Lovely*, *Friendship* and *You're the Top* puts Porter's lyrics to the acid test. Ten minutes of such studied cuteness on *The Carol Burnett Show* is usually considered enough. The sextet of evenly coupled performers includes all the above, plus John Hillerman, as Burt's comic butler-chauffeur (the role Eric Blore used to play), and Duilio Del Prete, an Italian discovery, who sings as if he came to paint the mansion and stayed on to regale the company with wobbly impersonations of Louis Jourdan and Maurice Chevalier.

Bogdanovich has built a substantial part of his career (since his excellent *Last Picture Show*) by remaking or openly imitating classic movies of yore, and *At Long Last Love* emphatically demonstrates that mounting a stylish, scatterbrained musical comedy is much, much harder than he thinks. His intentionally banal plot has the three pairs of play-abouts exchanging generally witless and sophomoric repartee in elegant surroundings that are designed—mostly in black and white—to look as patently unreal as anything in *Top Hat* or *The Gay Divorcee*. *At Long Last Love* should live so long. Also, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers should demand equal terpsichorean time, with no change of backdrops. By overestimating both his own talents and those of Reynolds and Shepherd—his favorite actress offscreen or on—Bogdanovich has transformed moviemaking into a colossal ego trip that leaves everyone stranded, actors and audiences alike.

Feminist historians—if there are such people—could reasonably cite *Oil Lamps* as a classic example of the private indignities suffered by womankind in the man's world of yesteryear. Czech actress Iva Janžurova plays a warm, fun-loving, slightly brash young spinster in a turn-of-the-century town in Bohemia, where to be unmarried at the age of 31 can make a poor little rich girl get reckless. Poor Stepa's tragic error in husband hunting is to settle for her wastrel cousin Paul, an effete handsome former soldier who marries for money and for a social façade to salvage his pride—but can offer nothing in return, since syphilis has already begun to consume his brain, body and soul. Until he dies a raving maniac, Paul's only thoughtful gesture toward his virgin wife—and he cruelly turns that into another form of humiliation—is to invite a former army comrade out to their country place to perform stud service, in case she wants a child. Brilliant cinematography and period decor, plus a poignant tour-de-force performance by Janžurova, make *Oil Lamps* a memorable but imperfect movie, always saved by a hair, even when its scenario plunges headlong into sudsy mediocrity. The

To the host it's half empty.
To the guest it's half full.



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film's flaws are exaggerated rather than minimized by the dogged overdirection of Juraj Herz. Though Herz may be the best Prague has had to offer since 1968—when the burgeoning Czech cinema's most talented directors either went into decline or headed west—*Oil Lamps* reveals him as a smooth professional trying to do a job that cries out for the touch of a poet.

Arthur Penn's *Night Moves* gleams with the coiled, snaky menace of a first-rate detective thriller, yet you'd be right to suspect that the director of *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Little Big Man* might have something more on his mind than a simple question of who done it. Though a number of murders are committed, everyone visible in *Night Moves* is killing himself—or herself—by degrees, by means of the violent acts and indiscriminate self-torture we ordinarily call living. Gene Hackman plumbs the inner depths of his role as Harry Moseby, an L.A. private detective who was a pro-football player before he began to hunt for missing persons and collect evidence in tawdry divorce cases. Moseby gets practically no satisfaction from his present line of work. His life's a mess, his wife (Susan Clark) is having a listless affair with another man and Moseby walks away from that touchy situation to help an aging, second-string Hollywood star find her dissolute teenaged daughter. The kid turns up with her stepfather down in the Florida Keys, a nice remote setting for a plot that ultimately involves studs, smugglers, hippies, Hollywood stunt men and a piece of priceless pre-Columbian art. Penn stretches a taut script by Alan Sharp only as far as it can comfortably go to suggest that *Night Moves* concerns a generation of losers whose dreams have crumbled to dust since the so-called Kennedy years. Significantly, Hackman's Moseby is the kind of guy who, following his wife's lover, carries a chessboard on the front seat of his car and studies some classic "knight moves"—the play on the title words is no accident—as if to bolster his secret hope that life can finally be ordered and logical, or at least comprehended. It doesn't work out that way, Moseby discovers, in solving a crime he first perceives as a Freudian domestic tragedy, though it ends up as a ripe old-fashioned melodrama of greed, complete with buried treasure. In a gesture toward the mixed-up Hollywood brat he's been pursuing, he tells her wearily, "When you get to be 40, it isn't any different." Amid the movie's generally flawless cast, two noteworthies are Melanie Griffith (teen-aged daughter of onetime Hitchcock discovery Tippi Hedren), as the feisty runaway, and newcomer Jennifer Warren, as a girl who seems to have washed

ashore in the Keys like a piece of driftwood. For a man making a suspense drama, Penn may be a bit nonchalant about sorting out legal evidence, but he studies every human frailty with the care of a born collector.

The further adventures of *Funny Girl's* Fanny Brice bring back Barbra Streisand as *Funny Lady*. In this improbable but probably inevitable sequel to the 1968 musical comedy that made Streisand moviedom's top female star, Omar Sharif returns as Fanny's first love, Nick Arnstein—to be duly, and satisfactorily, replaced by James Caan as supershowman Billy Rose, who became Fanny's new husband. To have tall, sharp and handsome Caan standing in for the guomish, diminutive Rose is a classic piece of miscasting that pays off in entertainment terms, if you grant the assumption of producer Ray Stark and director Herbert Ross that few moviegoers remember—or give a damn—what Rose actually looked like. In all other respects, Caan steals every bit of *Funny Lady* that is not plainly marked BARBRA. His performance has humor, pathos, charm and *chutzpah* deftly blended to make the first half of the movie a veritable Caan Festival—since it's always enjoyable to watch the mysterious chemistry of superstardom coming to a boil on the big screen. Streisand being Streisand, she performs her gutter-snipe-turned-grandam shuck with sublime authority, as usual. Still, *Funny Lady* grows progressively feebler, stymied by a batch of weak new songs (with most of the golden oldies thrown away or sung in voice-over as music) and a predictable heartbreak-behind-the-scenes story that



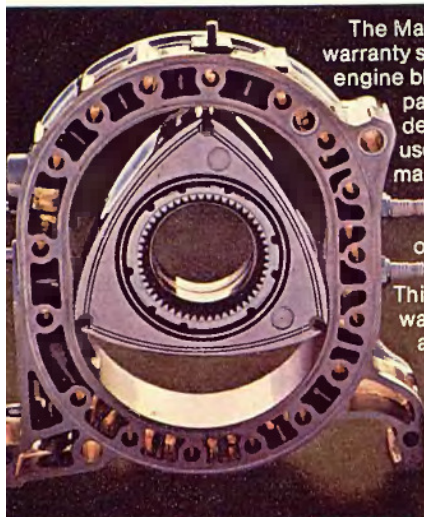
reference. What you get for your money the second time around is a florid, formula costume spectacle that represents nothing less, nothing more than a substantial investment in two of the hottest names in showbiz, then and now.

A Swiss engineer, married and running for parliament from his district, falls in love with the waitress at a suburban railway-station café. This indiscretion costs him the election. He also loses the

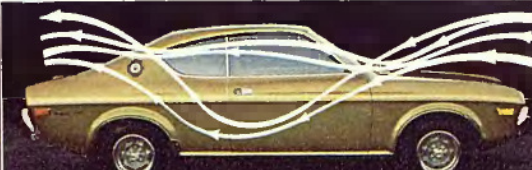
girl, who finally objects to the materialistic, social and sexual standards he swears by—which might place her in the role vacated by his wife. "This is the story of an Italian waitress and a chief engineer over a period of 112 days," announces a legend at the beginning of *The Middle of the World*, a subtly erotic, highly intelligent movie by Swiss-French director Alain Tanner, whose *Salamandre* was an offbeat hit a couple of years ago. Being Swiss, Tanner stands outside the French new wave of eroticism on a technicality (see *Sex in Cinema—French Style* on page 85), yet *Middle of the World* says as much about feminism, the complexities of love, middle-class mores and the battle of the sexes as any film that has opened this year—and says it with exceptional taste and perception. "A man thinks anyone who sees his cock can read his mind," observes the waitress, who also notes that men believe they know a woman after seeing her naked. Olympia Carlisi and Philippe Leotard, as the couple in question, conduct their subdued carnal *pas de deux* in such a minor key that it takes some time for *Middle of the World* to assert itself as a movie of considerable impact, full of lingering resonance. As an exploration of quintessential male and female attitudes toward sex, self and society at large, Tanner's first film in color is a pastel fugue on a par with Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*.

Stunt fliers in vintage biplanes upstage Robert Redford, impeccable in his brown-leather jacket and flowing white scarf as *The Great Waldo Pepper*. It's all about a barnstorming pioneer pilot who tours the Midwestern prairie towns back in the Twenties but misses the good old dogfights of World War One. He cannot get it through his head that aviation is becoming Big Business, a carrier of passengers and packages rather than a seat-of-your-pants operation for daredevils. "I'm not a chauffeur and I'm not a mailman," says Waldo obstinately. There's a lot wrong with *Waldo Pepper*, both as a character and as a screenplay. Scenarist William Goldman, working from a story by director George Roy Hill (who paved Redford's path to superstardom with *Butch Cassidy* and *The Sting*), overstates the hero-who-has-outlived-his-time theme, while Hill tries to pump it up with a lot of superficial period color and Redford charisma. Contemporary audiences, however, may be a bit slow to identify with a guy whose bravura style of *machismo* leaves death and destruction in his wake, partly because he cherishes schoolboy fantasies about a German war ace credited with bringing down at least 70 planes. That's manly achievement, no matter which side you're on, according to the code of honor endorsed here. Though *Waldo Pepper* begins as a rollicking romantic adventure story, it deteriorates swiftly when the hero meets

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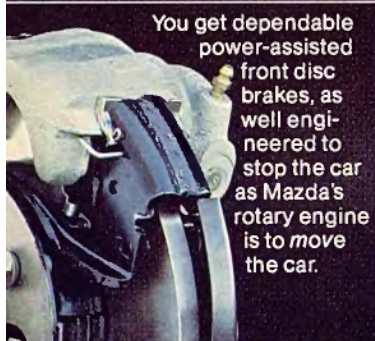
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his former enemy—after many a plot twist—doing stuntwork in Hollywood, and the two take wing to recapture the glories of war in a mock oncamera air battle that they play for real, finally sending each other to a dumb, rather than heroic, demise. A creditable, easy-does-it acting job by Redford is complemented by that of Bo Svenson, a flying



buddy who plays old salt to Pepper; also by those of Margot Kidder (whom you'll remember from her pictorial in PLAYBOY's March issue) and Susan Sarandon, as the above-average girls playing second fiddle to flying machines. The flying sequences are just fine, but no better than they used to be in every Hollywood air epic from Gable's *Test Pilot* to Cagney's *Captains of the Clouds*, which seemed far less pretentious—maybe because their thrills 'n' spills were played straight, without striving for psychological depth or man-meets-myth mysticism.

Short Takes: John Wayne as *Brannigan* plays a Yank in London—a top cop from Chicago, trying to find a kidnaped Mobster while eluding a vicious hired killer. Wayne takes London by storm, whilst Richard Attenborough and Judy Geeson, of Scotland Yard, react with proper English reserve to the Duke's all-American excesses. It's the bull-in-the-china-shop bit, done to a turn, and far superior to the past several Wayne Westerns.

Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, the sexologists who founded San Francisco's Museum of Erotic Art, also masterminded *The Hottest Show in Town*. It's the Kronhausen Sex Circus, employing real Danish circus performers—aerialists, clowns, acrobats and midgets—in a plotless porno orgy that offers some new Beautiful People, photographed *flagrante delicto* with unusual artistry. For dedicated voyeurs, there's no prettier or weirder peephole on the porn circuit right now.

Foreplay (retitled from *Fourplay*, the three-part sex comedy previewed in PLAYBOY's April 1974 issue) has undergone a complete post-Watergate overhaul by director John (Joe) Avildsen. With

new dialog and new footage, the all-in-one format retains Zero Mostel, hamming hilariously as a deposed U.S. President who would like to make several things perfectly clear about how his Administration went to hell. George S. Irving, sounding like a former public servant named Nixon, plays the President's religious counselor, while Jerry Orbach, Pat Paulsen, Estelle Parsons and Laurie Heineman remain at hand, in flashbacks, as other White House regulars singled out by the fickle finger of fate. The result of Avildsen's patchwork is a wild, primitive but entirely relevant roundhouse punch of political satire that lets loose quite a few belly laughs, even where the seams pucker.

RECORDINGS

You can't help but feel sorry for them—young rockers, musicians and fans alike. Look at it from their point of view, midway through the Savage Seventies with no relief in sight. The Golden Age of Rock is over, fading as fast as their older brother's Polaroids of Woodstock. The heroes of the Sixties are either dead or living in semiretirement on their country estates, emerging now and then for giant tours to finance a new recording studio for the château or that yacht the little lady has had her eye on. And, besides, how does an 18-year-old deal with The Rolling Stones, The Who, Dylan and the various former Beatles? These guys have been on top almost since he was born: Legends are fine, but listening to the big boys has taken on all the trappings of an official rock religion, worshiping images graven on vinyl. Times have changed, too. The Grateful Dead, the premier "people's band," has given up live performances, at a time when younger audiences are interpreting the Dead's countercultural litany of peace, love and dope literally to mean drinking rotgut wine and getting high off whatever's for sale in the men's room during concerts that more resemble the London Blitz—what with all the firecrackers and white-hot sparklers flying through the air—than any of the musical communal gatherings of years past.

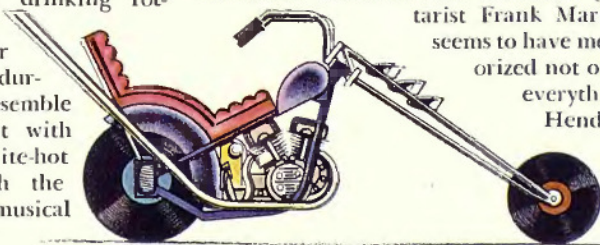
Alice Cooper, the celebrity golfer who made his fortune in whips, snakes and dead babies, was one of the first rock stars to recognize this shift in the audience and successfully exploit it—it's no coincidence that one of his band's early hits was entitled *I'm Eighteen*. He calls his aggressively simplistic, violently theatrical brand of music Third Generation Rock. According to this formulation, Alice Cooper is the natural successor to the big groups and stars of the Sixties (the Second Generation), who in turn extended the rock 'n' roll they inherited

from the Founding Fathers of the Fifties (the First Generation).

As it turns out, Alice was half right. He was right in zeroing in on the essential adolescence of rock, presenting himself as a sexually weary punk who didn't care about anything besides getting loaded and getting it on. But now, half a decade later, he's a successful, incredibly wealthy punk who plays golf with George Burns and appears on *Hollywood Squares* with all the other burned-out stars—in a word, Established, and fair game for any lean and hungry rockers with an eye to cashing in on Third-and-a-Half Generation Rock.

The scramble has already begun and, although no group of Alice Cooper's stature has yet emerged, there's a steadily growing number of bands working the turf loosely termed punk rock. The Pretty Things, possibly the best of the new contenders, are paradoxically neither young nor unknown. Originally formed in England in 1964, they gained local notoriety as a primal, R&B-rooted group, raunchier even than their chief competitor, The Rolling Stones. They emerged several times thereafter with albums that were popular only with the critics and the English pop elite (including a 1967 rock opera that Pete Townshend of The Who acknowledges as the inspiration for *Tommy*). The Pretties' new album, *Silk Torpedo* (Swan Song), with its deceptively simple lyrics and relentless rocking, manages to be elementally vital and highly sophisticated at the same time. It'll be interesting to see how the younger audience—for whom the music of the early Stones is a touchstone and the London of the mid-Sixties a punk utopia—reacts.

Mahogany Rush is a Canadian group with its feet firmly planted, musically speaking, in just the kind of teen necrophilia that the Pretty Things avoid. In this case, Jimi Hendrix is the object of unnatural affection, and Canadian guitarist Frank Marino seems to have memorized not only everything Hendrix



recorded but also the albums themselves, from the psychedelic cover art down to the spaced-out liner notes. *Child of the Novelty* (20th Century) is the result of Marino's re-creative obsession, and it's a hermetic tour de force: It's reminiscent of the Jorge Luis Borges story about the man who rewrote, word for word, *Don Quixote*. The response to both achievements is the same: Fabulous, but what do you do for an encore?

Canada is also the home of A Foot in Cold Water, a band whose popularity on the Northern funk circuit seems due to an uncanny resemblance to Long Island's

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own Vanilla Fudge (remember the Fudge's operatic version of the Supremes' *You Keep Me Hangin' On* back in 1967? Can you ever forget it?). On the basis of its debut album, *Or All Around Us* (Elektra), Foot owes a lot to the Fudge: the same loud, turgid Wagnerian overkill on the instrumental backups, topped by similar mock-heroic vocals, with lyrics of the "What we need is all around us" school of pop sermonizing. At least Vanilla Fudge had the sense not to write its own lyrics.

Lest the Canadians feel they've been singled out for particular abuse, it might be wise to mention a few punk peculiarities from England. With half the bands in the U.S. imitating Slade—the quintessential English punk band—we have a group of limeys called Fancy coming on like a bunch of old-fashioned American juvenile delinquents. On the cover of its album, *Wild Thing* (Big Tree), the gang poses solemnly in blue jeans and black-leather jackets, while its music features vocalist Anne Kavanagh stridently trying to make our jeans bulge with her heavy-breathing version of the title tune and other paeans to high school, hot rods and humping at the hop. All this and a lead guitarist named Marlon, too. As the English say: It's a bit much.

If Fancy is trying to be old-fashioned Rockers, Queen is the lincal descendant of The Mods. On *Sheer Heart Attack* (Asylum), the group's music glitters with the youthful exuberance and flashy bravado of the early Who, and the intricate falsetto harmonies are more debauched English choirboy than leather-jacketed punk. Even the occasional lapses are partially redeemed by Queen's precocious self-confidence. And its songs about rock—loving it and playing it—are some of the best of that curious subgenre, witty and real, without the pretension and inflated bathos that usually accompany this theme.

If some of the foregoing seems greatly unfair to the young Rockers in favor of the rock giants of the past, well, it is. But only because so much of the music being made today is about rock 'n' roll, the life and myth, rather than rock 'n' roll pure and simple. If the Third Generation Rockers want to avoid proving the musical application of the old saw about three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves, they're going to have to stop rockin' *inward* and start rockin' *on*.

There's been a lot of excitement about Emmylou Harris in the past year, particularly from her singing on the late Gram Parsons' final LP. And *Pieces of the Sky* (Reprise), her debut solo album, proves that the talk is justified. Harris is a powerhouse of a singer, totally involved in country music, especially the lost-love, drowning-sorrows-in-the-bottle variety. The songs are the kind that could

easily deteriorate into schmaltzy sentimentality, and it's to her credit that she imbues them—particularly her own *Boulder to Birmingham* (written with Bill Danoff) and *Before Believing*—with a genuine sense of grief that manages to be strong, dignified and, curiously, not depressing. The only disquieting note is her occasionally close vocal resemblance to Linda Ronstadt, especially on *Too Far Gone*, which, coincidentally or not, is melodically similar to Ronstadt's *Keep Me from Blowing Away*. Emmylou Harris is her own woman; she should take more care in choosing her material.

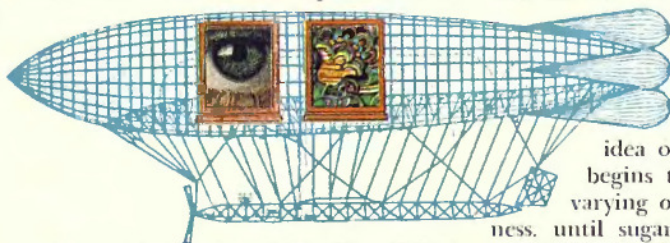
We've been telling you about Jimmy Buffett for a while now (historians out there may check out our December 1974 *On the Scene*) and it looks like some of you are finally paying attention. Jimmy's third album, *A1A* (ABC/Dunhill), has been skipping up the charts like a salmon swimming upstream. But in case you haven't heard, Buffett is a singer/songwriter with a lot of country in his voice. He grew up in Mobile, now lives in Key West and writes about boats, pirates, the joys of eating crab meat and/or the girls who crew for him. He takes the spirit of Hank Williams' *Jambalaya* out of the bayou and onto the open sea. That makes him America's first Gulf-and-Western singer, right? Wrong? It doesn't matter. But the album does—there's not a clinker in it, and that's as rare these days as barnacles on a tumbleweed.

Led Zeppelin is the original monster metal band. Its chrome sound has ripped through the U.S. like a streamlined limo, taking the curves of the pop highway with ease. And *Physical Graffiti* (Swan Song), Zep's sixth album, plays real heavy—as heavy as a gold record, let's say. The release of each Zep LP is awaited with the kind of fever that's usually reserved for the birth of an heir to a sheikdom. And the devoted measure their lives by such arrivals—i.e., Debbie failed her college boards when L.Z. number one came out; Pam slacked up with Mike

guitar, John Paul Jones contributing the funkier bass possible and Robert Plant singing his ass off. Jimmy Page's sensitive acoustic temperament was revealed on number three, and number four marked a radical change in production—the sound was starker, while Page experimented with rhythms. *Stairway to Heaven*, a masterful cut, dispelled once and for all the myth that Zep could play only loud music. And *Houses of the Holy* showed real integrity and vision, with a more meticulous, neoclassic approach to the material. Which brings us to a screeching halt at The Big Six: four sides of music and only three cuts that really hit home. *Ten Years Gone* is a very pretty piece, sensual and yet full of that old L.Z. punch. It shows that Page has a lovely sense of harmony that goes beyond triads, that he can reach mind-shredding, teeth-shattering volume and still be musical. *Trampled Under Foot* is an athletic cut, with Plant singing straight out, drummer John Bonham doing his best and Page getting lots of mileage from his well-traveled fret board. Our favorite cut, *The Wanton Song*, erupts with volcanic fury, rhythms and riffs flowing like molten metal. Together, the three confirm Page's studio savvy, arranging skill and authority over his instrument. But too much of the record is long-winded, spaced-out music that pounds with migraine-like persistence into your skull. *Physical Graffiti* is a long way from the group's best efforts and doesn't belong in the time capsule for future fans from Mars—but it also doesn't wipe out the previous glimpses of genius L.Z. has shared with us.

Olivia Newton-John's latest asks the musical question *Have You Never Been Mellow* (MCA). In Olivia's case, mellow seems to mean devoid of guts or the normal quota of human tension that radiates from *true* singers—the ones who reflect our own rough lives in *some* recognizable way. But times are hard and that means escapism and nostalgia: Enter little Olivia, clutching her cotton candy, with the voice of a singing bunny rabbit in a Thirties Disney cartoon, though with less animation. As the album unfolds, you soon get an idea of her range. Each song begins to sound like the next, varying only in degree of simplicity, until sugarplum poisoning finally sets in. That's mellow?

Conductor Michael Tilson Thomas, having reached the antique age of 30, stands in the center of Cleveland's 6000-square-foot Masonic Auditorium with 250-odd musicians deployed around him in quadraphonic fashion. Producer Andrew Kazdin gives the nod, the 16-track recorders whirl and a spectacular *Carmina*



when number two arrived; Phil O.D.'d after playing *Led Zeppelin IV*; and Barb saw God during *Houses of the Holy*. . . . But let's back up the tape a little to the beginning. Album number one, the germ of the whole Zep phenomenon, was rich in recognizable bass and guitar riffs played in octaves. Zep number two took the first's statements and refined them—an extraordinary showcase of beautiful slide

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Burana (Columbia) is committed to tape. That is one hell of a distance, conceptually, from directing the New York Philharmonic's Young People's Concerts, one of Thomas' more recent tasks. But he understands Carl Orff's mock-medieval music well, conveys its passion and its rhythmic-percussive drive and, most of all, knows how to get the best from the Cleveland Orchestra, which hasn't played like this since the days of George Szell. The Cleveland Orchestra Chorus and Boys Choir are superb, and Judith Blegen (soprano), Kenneth Riegel (tenor) and Peter Binder (baritone) master the vocal intricacies and demands of Orff's score with ease. Binder is outstanding, particularly in the tavern sequence (*Estuans interius*). According to Kazdin, the disc took two years of planning and exceptional engineering skill. If that's so, it's worth the time and effort.

Motown keeps coming up with tough acts—such as the Commodores, an electric soul-rock sextet, who have a big future in music from the sound of *Caught in the Act*. The program includes a dance number for the ages (not to mention the sociologists), *The Bump*; a together instrumental, *I'm Ready*; and some timely songs in *Slippery When Wet* and the politically angled *Better Never than Forever*. Another supertight, electric R&B combo—but as traditional as the Commodores are modern—is the current band of James Cotton, a blues singer/harmonica player who's been around (he used to be with Muddy Waters, among others). On *100% Cotton* (Buddah), the group cooks on just about all the familiar blues-rock forms. And, in truth, we didn't know they still had that much life in them.

Gordon Lightfoot's new album, *Cold on the Shoulder* (Reprise), could have been called *Cruising in Comfort Down the Middle of the Road*. Really, now—has he been taking songwriting lessons from Paul Williams? Ten years ago, he stopped us cold with one line: "You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train." But the songs here don't have the accuracy or the critical eye of the early songs; they sound familiar and diluted. And Gordon will probably write a thousand more before he's through.

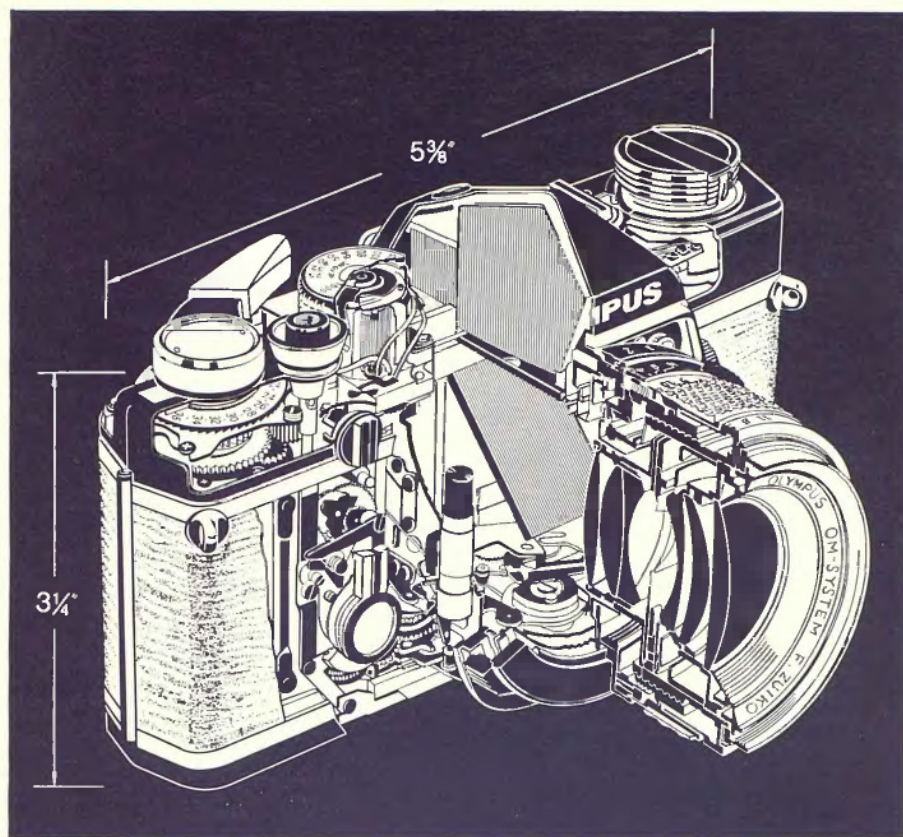
Reed men, past, present and future, seem to be what's happening on LPs these days. From the past, there's *John Coltrane / Alternate Takes* (Atlantic), the title of which isn't quite accurate. The first three tunes—*Giant Steps*, *Naima* and *Like Sonny*—were done at an unreleased session in 1959; the rest—*Cousin Mary*, *I'll Wait and Pray*, *Countdown*, *Body and Soul* and *Syedda's Song Flute*—were recorded that same year and in 1960 but were set aside in favor of other takes from the sessions. With Coltrane letting

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his imagination soar, exploding with energy, gliding effortlessly through balladic passages, second best seems plenty good enough. Echoes of the past pervade *Supersax Plays Bird with Strings* (Capitol). The Supersax group continues its vinyl homage to Charlie Parker, this time restating a number of the tunes he recorded with string backing. A quarter of a century later, the five-man string section has more than tripled, which is only fair, since Parker's mind-bending alto work is now the province of five grown men and, as always, the ensemble amplification of the Bird's remarkable solos comes across almost as remarkably. Playing off against the reed sound are some delightful individual efforts by trumpeter Conte Candoli and trombonist Frank Rosolino. And the tunes will grab you by the old memory bank—*April in Paris*, *My Old Flame*, *If I Should Lose You*, *Ornithology*, *Cool Blues* and several other Parker classics. Stan Getz straddles several eras like a colossus. From the Forties into the Seventies, the sound of his tenor has been heard through the land. With *Captain Marvel* (Columbia), one can plainly see that Getz is still growing; he has managed to absorb the best of each era, contribute a seemingly endless number of his own ideas to it, and then go on to new musical worlds. This time he has the talented young bassist Stanley Clarke on hand, along with *el supremo* pianist Chick Corea (here electrified), omnipresent percussionist Airto Moreira and dynamite drummer Tony Williams—which is pretty fair company in any league. The album was recorded three years ago and why it wasn't released till now we'll never know, because it just may be Getz's quintessential recorded statement. Stretching out over a half dozen numbers, cutting a swath through an eclectic assortment of musical modes, Stan the Man is at the top of his form; and when that happens, he's the very best there is. Though still quite young, Jeremy Steig has been around long enough to become a respected member of the musical community. Steig, like Getz, has crossed many lines—jazz, pop, rock, Afro, Middle Eastern, Latin and has even inserted a soupçon of pre-Baroque from time to time. On *Temple of Birth* (Columbia), flutist Steig really cooks—thanks in no small measure to his sessionmates: Johnny Winter (whose guitarwork on three cuts is first-rank), Richie Beirach (remember that name; he does marvelous things with an electric piano), bassist Anthony Jackson, drummer Alphonse Mouzon and percussionist Ray Mantilla. Our favorite tracks? Steig and Beirach dueting on the title tune and *Rapunzel*. Beautiful. The new hot gun in town shows why he is, on *Tom Scott in L.A.* (Flying Dutchman), a compilation of tracks from previously released albums that provides Scott with a display case for his tenor, alto and clarinet wares. The cuts are divided

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into big band and small combo. In either context, and be it an original by the gifted composer-arranger himself, a Lennon-McCartney medley or a refurbishing of four Alan Jay Lerner tunes (three with Frederick Loewe, one with André Previn), it's evident why Scott seems to be showing up on a zillion pop, rock and jazz recording sessions. Well, baby, if you've got it, flaunt it.

BOOKS

Anyone who, as a child, ever fingered Gray's *Anatomy* and wondered how a series of black-and-white schematic drawings could possibly make our parents be fruitful and multiply into those colorful little creatures we saw all around us will appreciate at least some of the honesty of *Show Me!* (St. Martin's). Will McBride's photographs of children, teenagers and adults are each worth their full 10,000



*A photo from
"Show Me!" the
controversial new
sex guide for
children.*

words when compared with the word-of-mouth myths children pass on to one another concerning the eternal question, "Sex: Boon or Bane?" And the text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt (what better name to have if you're looking for redeeming social value?), covers everything the kids will need to know to start them on their way to becoming full-fledged sexual creatures like the rest of us mammals. Because the book pulls no punches (that's right, complete, on-camera penetration of a live nymphet), some people will be shocked. (There was a minor furor when the book was published in Europe in its original German-language edition.) But if you remember how shocked you were when you finally found out the truth after leaving puberty behind, perhaps you'll see some of the advantages of being *shown*.

Not too surprisingly, *Brothers* (Macmillan), by Bobby Jack Nelson, is about two brothers—Curly and Jimmy Roy—whose attachment to each other might well have made the most maudlin story since *Brian's Song*. Nelson, fortunately, pulls off his tale with such finesse and plausibility that we have, instead, a superior piece of fiction by a new regional writer who mercifully doesn't overdose the reader with dialect, local color or his own nostalgics. Curly and Jimmy Roy

are two mutually dependent misfits all alone in the world, which for them is a little Texas oil town populated by shit-kickers straight out of *The Last Picture Show*. Curly's simplistic sense of justice and his ability to fight put him at odds first with some local pool-hall hard cases and then with the law. Jimmy Roy worshipfully tags along, joining his brother, in a violent, hopeless bid for freedom, both spiritual and real. The story is vivid, melancholy and beautifully written, and it's short enough to read in a day.

If the fame and fortune that have been heaped upon certain exalted members of the press lately have caught your imagination and you've begun to daydream about turning into Carl Bernstein instead of Warren Beatty, there's a tonic available for this dementia in the form of the first collection from *MORE*, called *Stop the Presses, I Want to Get Off: Inside Stories of the News Business from the Pages of MORE* (Random House), edited by Richard Pollak. In its four years as the most professional and incisive journalism review available, *MORE* has succeeded in not letting us forget what lazy, imitative scoundrels most members of the press really are, second in venality and sheer incompetence only to their employers. The general state of the journalistic art, as *MORE* has chronicled it, is shown by music critics who don't know music; news reporters who know hard news but have abandoned it for soft philosophy; and a dazzling tour de farce by Alexander Cockburn on the all-purpose disaster story, which instructs the bored news editor in the art of showing the maimed and injured to best advantage. There are other pieces worth noting: One is an encounter during which the cool, professional J. Anthony Lukas tries to out-Gonzo the fully wired Hunter Thompson (Lukas is in over his head)—but the most fascinating piece in the group is "How to Become a Reliable Source." It's all about a fellow very well connected in our Government who describes the thrills he gets out of being a Reliable Source, and the pitfalls and dangers of his odd hobby. It's the collection's most enlightening piece on the way we really get our news, as well as the most morbidly fascinating. Given the current vogue for investigative reporting, it may not be odd to daydream about being Carl Bernstein. But to daydream about being Deep Throat—there's a telling comment on journalism all by itself.

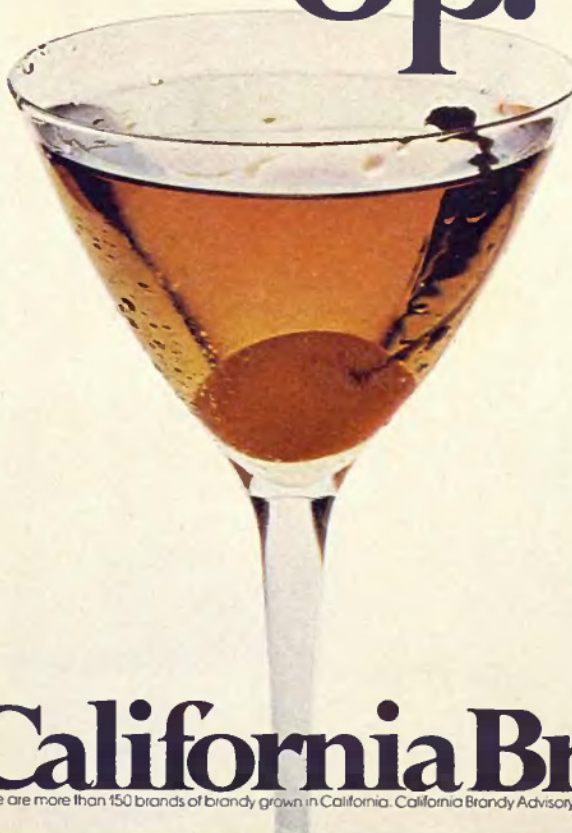
Gayl Jones's extraordinary first novel, *Corregidora* (Random House), is an extended blues lyric about sexual fear and rage in the American black woman. Ursa, the last descendant of a mad Portuguese slave breeder, must live with the legacy passed down from slavery to all Corregidora women: to breed, to "make generations." But Ursa cannot. She lost her

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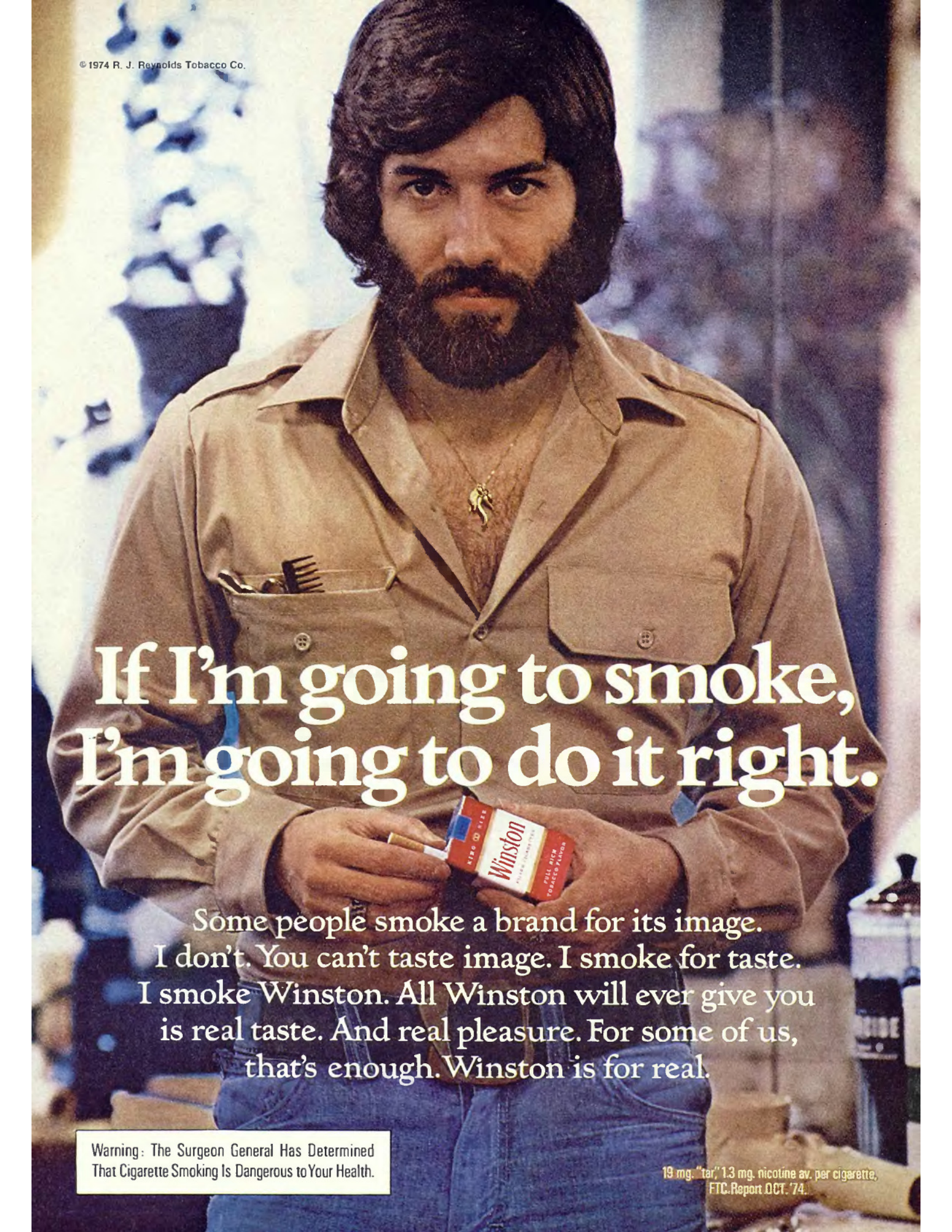
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womb when she was thrown down the stairs by her husband, Mutt, in a fit of jealous rage. Other men are no more kind: To them, her "pussy's a little gold piece," and her revenge against them—



and against her Portuguese ancestor—is frigidity. A man is somebody to "give ass to," so Ursa gives her ass but keeps her integrity intact. Her only release is to sing the blues—and to sing away her pain—in rural Kentucky cafés. Still, she seems to know that the hatred she perpetuates in men makes them victims as well and the book ends with Ursa and Mutt locked in an embrace of mutual grieving. At 25, Gayl Jones has created, in a mature work of fiction, a metaphor for black (and white) sexual slavery that is both shaking and beautiful.

Jimmy Breslin has written a book about Watergate and called it *How the Good Guys Finally Won* (Viking). That may not be a great title, but it sure tells you a lot about the subtlety of the book. That's not to say that Breslin is predictably simple-minded like, say, Elizabeth Drew or Theodore White, who both have Watergate books coming out soon (will it, dear God, never end?). White's would be called *The Unmaking of a President*, if only he had the brass. Which Breslin has in spades. For instance, Breslin wants his readers to believe that the nation owes thanks to one man above all others for the fact that Richard Nixon is now reduced to writing his own Watergate book. That man is Tip O'Neill. Or so Breslin informs us with a straight face. O'Neill is the House Majority Leader and was one of the first powerful members of Congress to push for impeachment. Now, Breslin likes his heroes cut from a certain kind of cloth: It is not unimportant, for instance, that

A man with a full, dark beard and long, wavy hair is the central figure. He is wearing a light tan, button-down shirt with two chest pockets. A comb is tucked into the left pocket. He is holding a pack of Winston cigarettes in his hands, with one cigarette partially visible. The background is a blurred indoor setting, possibly a bar or a workshop, with various objects and people in the distance.

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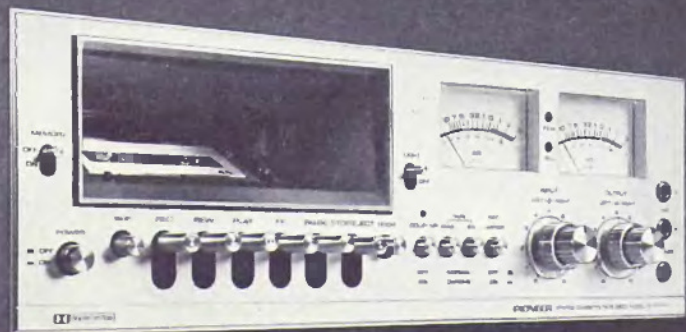
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O'Neill is Irish; nor that he is from Boston; and it is absolutely crucial that he bets the ponies. He is, in other words, perfect material for Breslin, who does a predictable good job with him. But it's a bit of a strain to ask the reader to believe that decency in politics just comes naturally to a Democrat from Boston. However, the book has its charm. There are some new stories about the venality of Nixon and his boys. Breslin is, after all, a writer and not a felon with four or five months of hard time at Allenwood. But don't expect too much from this or any other Watergate book until Nixon delivers up his own version of the scandal. The best sections in *Paradise Lost*, remember, are Satan's.

Over the past few years, sports biographies have glutted what was once a somewhat special market. So if your reaction to the news that Leo Durocher and Ed Linn have written Leo's autobiography, *Nice Guys Finish Last* (Simon & Schuster), is a massive yawn, hold it. Durocher entered baseball in the Twenties as a mean little shortstop with a glove that reached everything and a bat that found nothing. As a young reserve, he watched Babe Ruth hit 60 home runs, played for Miller Huggins, was captain of Dizzy Dean's Gas House Gang, managed the Dodgers for Branch Rickey and



Larry McPhail, helped cool Jackie Robinson's flammable arrival and stood in a dreamlike coma in the third-base coaching box when Bobby Thomson's magic pop fly dropped behind the fence to give his Giants the '51 pennant. Now, *that's* a life worth "as-telling to," and the book is worth reading if only because of the people and events strewn through Durocher's loudmouthed career. He sighs for the good old days of tacitly sanctioned bean balls and benign clubhouse bigotry; and, unsurprisingly, he comes on like Charles Colson before he found Jesus: "If I were playing third base and my mother was rounding third with the run that was going to beat us, I would trip her." If the whole thing gets wearisome, it's because, for all the color and noise of his episodic life, Durocher doesn't build an anecdote very well (or Linn didn't

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listen), and he always plays the gruff but trusting victim while all around him conspirators wish him inexplicable harm. What's clear is that Durocher was a dinosaur whose fearsome reputation kept him too long in a land that's turned greedy. If the book doesn't always work, well, Durocher never did hit for a big average; but he seldom finished last. Then there's Maury Allen, a sportswriter for *The New York Post*, who first saw Joe DiMaggio 30 years ago from a 75-cent seat in Yankee Stadium. He was awe-struck. So awe-struck, in fact, that he's written a book about Joltin' Joe called *Where Have You Gone, Joe DiMaggio?* (Dutton), a question that may seem slightly rhetorical to people who watch television commercials. Nevertheless, the book purports to be the story behind the legend; but reporter Allen has taken the easy way out by filling the pages with long, boring testimonials from everybody who knew the Yankee Clipper way back when. As a result, it reads more like a transcribed inquest than a tribute to a great ballplayer.

Books by or about policemen constitute a pretty narrow genre that no one expected would yield more than one really good piece of fiction, yet we've had *The New Centurions*, *The Onion Field*, *Law and Order*, *Report to the Commissioner* and one or two others that combine high entertainment value with literary merit. Now comes Philip Rosenberg's *Contract on Cherry Street* (Crowell), a first-rate police story with a bit of *The Godfather* thrown in. Rosenberg's cops aren't quite as complex or introspective as, say, Joseph Wambaugh's, but they seem equally human and they take the reader on a heavy trip through one of the darker neighborhoods of law enforcement. The twist is a simple one: Some increasingly frustrated organized-crime cops throw New York Mobdom into bloody confusion by adopting tactics that go well beyond the line of duty. That line, at first only blurred, soon vanishes altogether as men's consciences become brutalized by violence and subordinated to self-preservation. Rosenberg is a master of low-key dialog and a skilled craftsman who can make the boredom of a fruitless stake-out into the suspense of a slow-burning fuse.

It's hard to believe. No more Mr. Mulliner or Bertie Wooster and his perfect valet, Jeeves. No more Empress of Blandings or Stanley Featherstonehaugh Uxbridge. P. G. Wodehouse is dead, at 93, having just been made Sir Pelham by order of the queen. Plum, whose writing career spanned an incredible 70 years, has left us one last Jeeves and Bertie novel, *The Cat-Nappers* (Simon & Schuster), and that's the end of it. One had begun to believe it would never end. Perhaps that was Wodehouse's ultimate

A full-page photograph of a man with a beard and long hair, shirtless, standing in a shallow stream in a forest. He is wearing traditional Scandinavian clothing: a light-colored knitted sweater tied around his waist, dark trousers, and patterned socks with red and white stripes. He is holding a large axe across his body. The background is a dense forest with trees and rocks.

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jest. The Britain into which he thrust us with each new book never changed. Life's biggest problems were breaking a too hastily arranged engagement, making the Drones Club's richest member, Oofy Prosser, grudgingly part with a fiver, discovering why the porcine light in Lord Emsworth's eye, the Empress, was off her feed. Ah, well. . . . As in all of Wodehouse's books, the plot of *The Cat-Nappers* is as thin as a tea sandwich. Bertie's kindly Aunt Dahlia (not to be confused with his gorgonlike Aunt Agatha) has succumbed to her only vice and has plunked down a packet of pound notes on her friend's horse in a match race and is determined to see that he wins by h. or by c.; and that, dear reader, involves making off with a perfectly harmless tabby simply because she's the best chum of the rival equine and her absence would make him peckish. Well, there you are—hardly *War and Peace*, but these days one needs *War and Peace* like a third spat. And that's what Wodehouse was all about.

THEATER

From old *Frankenstein* to *Young Frankenstein*, seemingly infinite variations have been worked on this creepy theme, but the *Rocky Horror Show* clearly must be the first time that the mad doctor has been turned into a towering transvestite from Transylvania. The doctor, Frank (short for Frank 'n' Furter), is played by Tim Curry, one of the two survivors of the original London production. He is suitably attired in ten-inch heels, black panties and net stockings. He

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is a scream (the other characters do the screaming, notably Brad and Janet, the innocent affianced couple whose car breaks down and sends them spinning into Frank's vortex). What kind of monster would such a preening queen create? A lank-haired bisexual rock star named Rocky, of course. The show is

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designed as a tacky rip-off of horror movies, a cabaret-style entertainment that provokes squeals of laughter and peals of fright from an indulgent (and young) audience. It is the self-mocking monstrous creation (book, music and lyrics) of Richard O'Brien, who, under the alias Ritz O'Brien, plays a twitching, cretinous hunchback named Riff-Raff. The riffraffish show began in a small theater in London, moved to a crumbling old moviehouse in Chelsea and then to success in Los Angeles. For the New York engagement, the beautiful old Belasco Theater has been overhauled to resemble a cabaret (drinks and popcorn are served). Lightning strikes, rock rolls like thunder and, if you can afford the Broadway tab, you may have as much fun as you did at Saturday afternoon's creature features. At the Belasco, 111 West 44th Street.

The Wiz is a hip, flip, all-black version of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. The effect is something like overhearing "Moms" Mabley rap about Oz to a roomful of back-talking blacks. Moms is not in this show, but her sassy spirit is there, particularly in the nervy character of a good witch named Addaperle, played by Clarice Taylor. Except for Addaperle (who is a howl) and bad witch Evillene (Mabel King), a two-ton mother, the names are the same as in the original story, and so is the plot. Dorothy is whisked from Kansas by tornado to the land of the Munchikins and, in the company of the Scarecrow, the Tinman and the Cowardly Lion, treks the Yellow Brick Road. Almost everything else is different. The Scarecrow is a high-flying chorus boy, the Tinman is a clattering, toe-tapping dance man and the Lion (trembling Ted Ross) is a scaredy-cat straight out of Stepin Fetchit ("Feets, do yo' stuff!"). The Yellow Brick Road itself is four sharp black dancers dressed in eye-popping yellow, who point the way. And the Wiz, wearing pimp white, is as cool as Iceberg Slim. The show is, of course, a travesty of the original L. Frank Baum book and the Judy Garland movie, and it is unself-conscious about its role as rip-off. However, the road is not all pleasure. The show's book (by William F. Brown) has its brambles. Charlie Smalls's rock score is no match for Harold Arlen's. Dorothy is played by Stephanie Mills, a short, homely little actress with a big voice and very little stage presence. The direction is by Geoffrey Holder, and his presence is perhaps too much in evidence. At times, the stage appears to be swarming with mock Holders—tall, umbrella-thin, elastic men all dressed in black. But, with reservations, *The Wiz* is low-down shaggy fun—funniest when it is funkiest. At the Majestic, 247 West 44th Street.



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How to talk tobacco fluently.

Tobacco has a language all its own. In many ways it's similar to the language of wine. Words like "body," "blending" and "aging" are common to both. The better you know the language of tobacco, the more you can enjoy it. So we of Amphora have compiled a glossary of terms to help you talk the language of pipe tobacco fluently.

Aging: 1) The process of fermenting, or "sweating," of leaf tobacco; 2) storing tobacco in casks for a year or longer to allow the tobacco to mellow.

Blending: The art of combining various types of tobaccos to provide a prescribed balance of taste, aroma, body, mildness and flavor.

Body: A means of describing the amount of effect a type of tobacco has on the palate of the smoker. A good tobacco must have body, whether it be strong, medium or light.

Burley: A slow burning, full bodied, air-cured tobacco that helps to add smoothness to a tobacco blend. Burley is grown in Kentucky, Tennessee, Malawi, Mexico, Brazil and Italy.

Cavendish: The unique process that uses time, temperature and pressure to provide a milder, more flavorful smoke. (e.g., Amphora)

Curing: The method by which moisture is extracted from recently-harvested leaves. Each tobacco is particularly suited to one best method of curing, be it sun, air, flue, or fire, depending on the individual tobacco strain.

Dottle: Often erroneously confused with "heel," dottle is the unconsumed tobacco that occasionally remains caked in the bowl of a pipe.

Fermentation: The aging process that removes the chemical factors which contribute to "bite" and unpleasant tastes in tobaccos, but which allows the desirable characteristics of each tobacco to develop.

Hogshead: A large wooden cask in which tobacco is sold and stored in warehouses for the purpose of natural aging.



Oriental Tobaccos: Slightly spicy taste and hardy aroma. The tobaccos are grown in areas surrounding Mediterranean, Black and Aegean Seas.

Perique: A tobacco grown only in St. James Parish of Louisiana. Prized because of its smooth unique taste. Unfortunately, not much Perique is grown each year.

NOW SOME PIPE WORDS.

Bent: A pipe with a pronounced curve in the stem and with the shank rising at an acute angle from the rounded bowl.

Briar: The burl part of the white heather plant root grown in and around the Mediterranean area. It is the porous wood from which briar pipes are made.

Calabash: Carved from a large gourd, with meerschaum or clay bowl added, Calabash pipes are light in weight and are noted for their extremely graceful form.

Calumet: The original peace pipe of the American Plains Indians. Bowls were usually made of clay. The wooden stems were often decorated with feathers and beads.

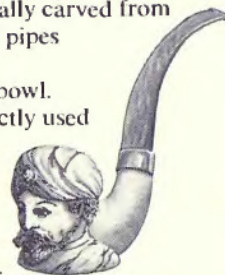
Churchwarden: A truly proud name in pipes, the long-stemmed Churchwarden traces its ancestry to the long, clay pipes popular in England during the 1600's.

Ferrule: The band around a pipe shank primarily to maintain structural support.

Freehand: Briar pipes that are designed and hand shaped by master pipe craftsmen. Usually carved from the best briar, no two freehand pipes are identical.

Heel: The interior base of a pipe bowl. Occasionally, "heel" is incorrectly used to describe dottle in a pipe.

Meerschaum: A German word meaning "sea foam." A soft, porous material derived from sea fossils. Used for making beautiful, often hand carved pipes.



Meerschaum usually found in Turkey and Tanzania.

Shank: That portion of the pipe that connects the bowl and the stem. More often than not, the pipe head comprises the bowl and shank as one piece.

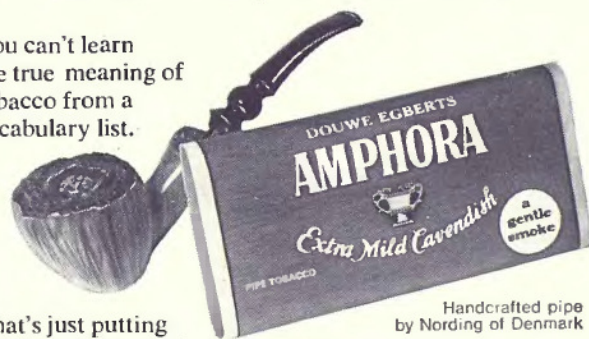
Straight Grain: The root grains run vertically along the bowl of pipe. A very desirable and rare briar pipe.

Stummel: A German word that defines the bowl and shank of a wooden pipe. In French, the term is "ebauchon."

Wellington: The name of a pipe with a round bowl and a curved, diamond-shaped stem.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've talked several of my ladyfriends into posing for nude photographs, and I would like some hints. My roommate says that he remembers reading somewhere that PLAYBOY has an ironclad rule—that no one may touch a model's breasts for 24 hours prior to a shooting. Is there a reason for this practice?—G. M., Phoenix, Arizona.

If we did ask that, we're sure we'd have a reason for doing so, but we don't, so we can't say. We do have one unclad rule: We ask that models arrive at our studio at least an hour before a shooting begins and remove their underwear. Then we sit around and watch the marks left by the elastic fade. (Actually, the girls wear robes until the shooting begins, but it is something to think about.)

One of my close friends is on doctor's orders to forgo alcohol for the next few months. He can't use many everyday products that most people take for granted—such as mouthwash, cough remedies, Sterno, et al. I enjoy cooking for him and I wonder about making dishes such as beef Bourguignon—which is simmered slowly with lots of wine. I have been told that most of the alcohol burns off during preparation. Is this true? Also, can I serve *café diable*—a beverage made with flambéed Cointreau or brandy? Are such drinks alcoholic after the flames subside?—Miss J. M., San Antonio, Texas.

Alcohol has a very low boiling point; when a dish is simmered at 250 degrees for several hours, the wine's alcoholic content will evaporate and only its flavor will remain. (If he asks for another serving straight up, you may be in trouble.) When a liqueur is flambéed, it retains its alcoholic punch—the brew usually stops burning when it reaches about 60 proof. (Which is why you never hear of a beer flambé.) That's too much firewater for your friend.

Unfortunately, I attend school in Philadelphia. Never mind the jokes; the facts are bad enough. Did you know that in this city, they put the clocks in the sidewalks under clear-plastic manhole covers, because everyone is too bummed out to look up at towers? Really. But to get to the point: What is a flying Philadelphia fuck? The phrase has become part of my vocabulary in the past year, but I don't know for sure what it refers to. Can you enlighten me?—D. O., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Actually, it's a form of fellatio—a particularly gymnastic variety that's billed as the ultimate sexual experience, probably

because it makes such a good story if you live to tell about it. The recipe includes a curtain rod or chinning bar, a rocking chair and a cooperative young miss (or whatever—Philadelphia is the City of Brotherly Love). Robert A. Wilson, author of "Playboy's Book of Forbidden Words," describes the subsequent action: "The woman sits on the rocking chair, while the man, nude, stands upon its arms, holding on to the curtain rod with both hands. She fellates him by rocking herself back and forth and, at the crucial moment, he lifts his feet off the arms of the chair and hangs from the rod. Allegedly, because every muscle in his body is under maximum tension, his orgasmic spasms will be magnified most salubriously." Try it and you'll qualify for a Presidential Fitness Award. Now you may well ask what Philadelphia has to do with it—but not this month.

How can I tell if my stereo is "in phase"? I know that phasing is supposed to be important, but I'm not even sure what it is—other than a friend's explanation that positive wires must be connected to positive terminals and negatives to negatives.—T. M., Roanoke, Virginia.

Basically, your friend's right. A stereo should be hooked up so that the electronic signal goes in one wire and out the other. An improper setup can cause a slight delay between speakers—and if your woofers don't travel to the beat of the same drummer, the sound will be muddled. Trouble usually originates in one of two places—the speakers or the cartridge. To test the speaker phasing, simply face the speakers toward each other at a close distance. Turn the amplifier to the mono mode and, at moderate volume, play a record with a heavy bass line. If the music sounds clotted, the speakers are not synchronized. Reverse the leads to one speaker. Then, to test the cartridge phasing, put on a record, then switch the amplifier from stereo to mono and back. If the mono mode produces less sound, or if the bass is lacking, two of the phono-cartridge pins may be reversed. Check the setup instructions to see that someone hasn't interchanged positive and negative leads on one channel. And don't worry; it's just a phase.

Leafing through a box of paperback books at a flea market, I found a copy of Robert Chartham's *Sensuous Couple*. Dr. Chartham (he has a Ph.D. in social science) tells a woman to examine the angle of her lover's erect penis while he is



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standing. He claims that the nearer the tip of the penis to the belly, the longer the man will last. Imagine my surprise. When erect, my penis stands at an angle of about ten degrees below horizontal. I've never had any complaints, but now I'm concerned. Is what he says true?—E. C., South Bend, Indiana.

A social scientist is a man who knows an informed source when he reads the handwriting on the bathroom wall. In this case, Chartham seems to have taken for gospel truth the graduate school graffiti: "The angle of the dangle is inversely proportional to the heat of the meat and the square of the hair." Amusing, but misleading. Endurance is essentially psychological—a protractor, ruler or egg timer can't guarantee satisfaction. So don't worry about measuring up. The erect penis can be as flexible as one of those ball-and-socket antennas that you adjust to improve reception. Even if it points straight down, it will provide pleasure, especially if your partner is a midget who can stand on her head.

Having read *Going Down in Valdeez*, by Harry Crews (PLAYBOY, February), I am ready to pull up stakes and head for Alaska. I've heard that a guy can make up to \$500 a week working in the oil fields—that sure beats standing around here, waiting for the bread lines to form. Any information?—D. J. M., Mystic, Connecticut.

Buddy, can you spare a pipeline? The Alaska Department of Labor warns against making the long trek north without a firm commitment for a job. The state traditionally has the highest unemployment rate in the nation. Even if you're a whiz at ice fishing, the cost of living is a bear. It is recommended that those arriving to scout for jobs have at least a four-month cash reserve to tide them over until they find work. (If you have that much, what are you doing looking for another job?) For details, write to Alaska State Employment Center, 521 West Sixth Avenue, Anchorage, Alaska 99501, or the Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, 815 K Street, Anchorage, Alaska 99501. And don't forget your long johns.

I enjoy spanking women. However, I am inhibited about trying to find partners. I don't know how or where to start. I have spanked several women after conventional relationships have been established. I know that they did not enjoy going along with me and, for that reason, my own pleasure was diminished. I would prefer to find women who genuinely love to be spanked or who are willing to experiment with spanking as a form of foreplay. As long as my partner is comfortable with her participation, I will experiment

to any degree. What should I do?—S. H., Scarsdale, New York.

Ever play "What's My Line"? In one sense, your problem is no more or no less complicated than finding a fantastic backgammon player who happens to be a woman. (Care to arrange a trade?) You know exactly what you want and you don't want to spend time on anything else. To avoid pseudomasochists, you'll have to come out of the cloakroom and announce your special interest. It always helps to provide clues and cues to bring the conversation around—perhaps you could wear a lapel pin emblazoned with a scarlet handprint. (If an obvious straight inquires about the pin's meaning, you can tell her that it is the symbol of a secret order of school-crossing guards.) Personal ads in *Screw* or *The New York Review of Books* are also a means to an end. Think kinky.

After 16 months, my marriage has become a nightmare. I love my husband and he loves me, but he says he prefers a marriage "dating style." He encourages me to go out with other men and to sleep with whomever I want. He demands that he do the same, with no questions asked except "Did you have a good time?" He says he cares for me and wants me to have his children. His whole concept of marriage sickens me, but I would do anything for his love. Do you think he is right?—Mrs. G. J., Detroit, Michigan.

He's right only if you think he's right. If you don't, and you want another kind of marriage, it may be necessary to find another kind of marriage partner. His encouraging you to ball other guys—when he knows that it's contrary to your lifestyle and offensive to you—could be a cheap cover-up for the guilt he feels at balling other women. Tell him if he's got to do it, you'd rather he did so without your knowledge and that you prefer not to be an accomplice in his extramarital amours.

What is the difference between gut and nylon strings on a tennis racket? I started playing this spring with a second-hand racket that seemed to be strung with piano wire. It's ready for new strings and I'd like to get the best. Any suggestions?—D. B., Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

Nylon is cheaper, more durable and more weatherproof than gut. Gut strings are susceptible to moisture and rough particles picked up from the court surface, but they are also more resilient and give more control over the tennis ball. If you play indoors, or outdoors only when you can get a tan, we recommend the latter. Also, don't be afraid to ask for a fairly thick-gauge gut string; pro shops tend to hard-sell a thin tournament-gauge gut ("the kind Jimmy Connors eats for

breakfast"). The stuff is responsive, but it also wears out quickly, making for repeat business. One side light: Gut strings used to be made from sheep intestines. Many companies are now switching to cattle gut to meet the increased demand. Some tennis bums find fault with the new product, claiming you might as well string a racket with tripe. We've never heard of a sportsman who was satisfied with his equipment. If there isn't a difference (and there isn't), it doesn't hurt to make one up.

My girlfriend switched from the pill to an intrauterine birth-control device. So far, she's had no problems, but I've heard that they can be dangerous and that some models have been recalled by the factory. How does an I.U.D. work and how would my girlfriend know whether or not her particular model is defective?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

I.U.D.s are based on a principle that originated with camel drivers. A pregnant camel would slow the progress of a desert caravan; it was found that a date pit inserted into the uterus of a camel seemed to prevent conception. (This may or may not have been the source of the phrases "dry humping" and "I've got a hot date tonight.") Actually, neither the date pit nor the I.U.D. is a true contraceptive: An egg can still be fertilized. However, internal organs tend to be sensitive to foreign substances; the presence of an I.U.D. in the womb causes an exaggerated uterine motility; the egg cannot adhere to the uterine wall and eventually is expelled. In some cases, the body will try to reject the I.U.D.; the uterine wall may be punctured, an infection may result, etc. Last year, the A. H. Robins Company indefinitely suspended sale and distribution of one I.U.D.—the Dalkon Shield. The process was similar to a Detroit recall. The company informed doctors who had used its product of the various problems that had come to its attention. Doctors then used their own discretion in passing the information on to patients (any woman using an I.U.D. should consult her gynecologist regularly). No doubt you've heard the story about the woman who made an appointment to exchange her Shield on the same day her Buick was going into the shop to have its brake assembly replaced. She got the two confused. . . .

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





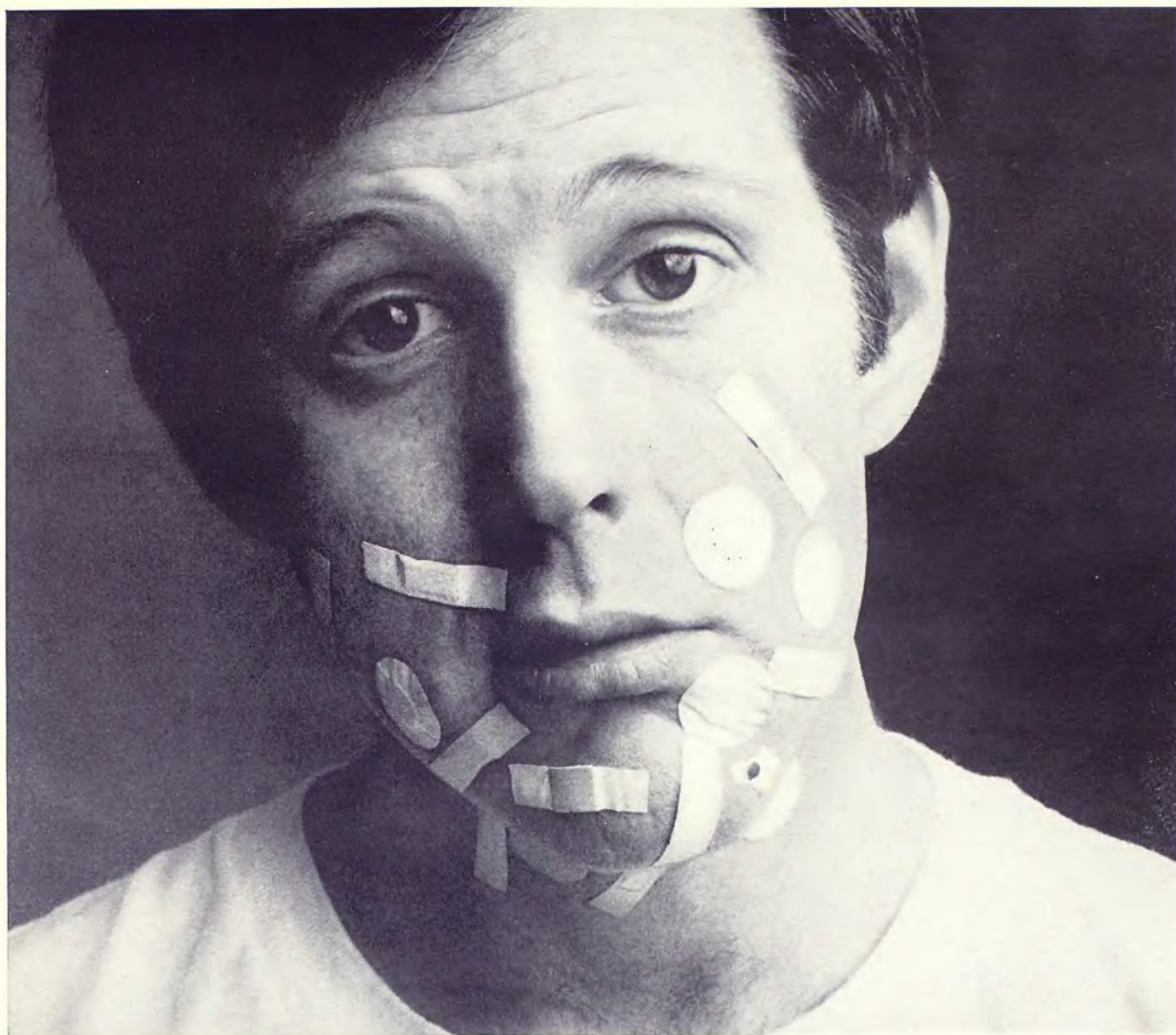
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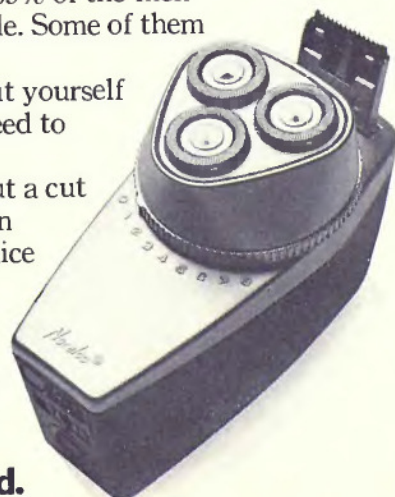


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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

CONTRACEPTIVE CURRENCY

After reading the item in the March *Forum Newsfront* on contraceptives being used as money in Thailand, I imagined the following scene: A man steps onto a bus and asks for a ticket to Bangkok. "That'll be three rubbers," says the bus driver. "Well," the man stammers, "this lady was waiting at the bus stop, too, and—well, now I'm busted."

Jytte Boulden
Manassas Park, Virginia

GETTING AFTER IT

My parents taught me that it was wrong to have sex with a man unless you intended to marry him. Twice during my teens, I fell in love with a man, made plans to marry him and went to bed with him regularly. I was really too immature to think about marriage, but the need for guilt-free sex drove me to make commitments.

A few weeks after I met the man I eventually married, I moved in with him. We lived together for more than three years before the wedding. We were terribly passionate and screwed like mad all the time. I used to wait for him in the evening naked on the bed with my knees up, so the first thing he'd see when he came home from work would be my pussy. After three years of marriage, we broke up because he wanted to have kids and I wanted to wait till I was older. I was in a sad state after more than six years of steady sex. My mother was sympathetic but didn't want me to date until the divorce was final. I took my problem to our minister, who, of course, told me the same thing. I believed them, even though I felt that without a man in my bed I was in hell already. I held out for four months and tried to get relief with a vibrator, but it just wasn't the same as a warm male body pounding me into the mattress and sleeping with me afterward. Finally, I asked a girlfriend at work to get me a date. I practically raped the guy. I asked him to take me home early and I had his pants unzipped in the elevator.

I found I quickly forgot my scruples once I was getting laid regularly. I think that because of the tight moral code with which I was brought up, I may have been too possessive with the men in my life. Perhaps that's why I lost them. Now that I have learned to enjoy sex for its own sake, I've decided that when I marry again, there won't be any

pretense that we won't make it with others occasionally.

Regular and frequent fucking is not the key to happiness; it didn't keep my two affairs and my marriage from breaking up. Nor is it solving any of my other problems now. But it's a terribly important part of my life. Without sex, it wouldn't be a life at all.

(Name withheld by request)
Richmond, Virginia

AFFECTIONATE BONDAGE

Thanks to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, all monogamists can come out of their closets. The tendency "toward reducing sex to animallike conduct . . . is about to end," Dr. Amitai Etzioni told the association's meeting last January. "Affectionate bonding" and the quest for "meaningful relationships" are the coming thing, other researchers reported. Not being a swinger, I was relieved. After all, who wants to hear that everyone else is fucking their brains out when the highlight of your week is *All in the Family*?

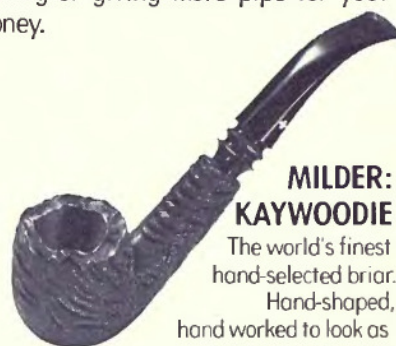
Still, I wonder why there is still such an overpowering need to deny nature. It's like the first time I heard someone say that the size of one's member didn't matter. "They're all alike with an erection," one military-minded textbook put it—which is the same as saying all broads look like Faye Dunaway. Anyway, just what does affectionate bonding mean? My old friend Filthy Phil used to get off molesting Teddy bears. As for myself, if I had irrefutable evidence that Faye Dunaway was once Heinrich Himmler's secretary and was personally responsible for the "final solution," I think I could still force myself into a little affectionate bonding for at least one night, may God forgive me.

Meaningful relationships is another cutie. My parents enjoyed one. My mother was like a father and my father was like an aunt. Their relationship was so meaningful I still hum *My Yiddishe Momme* every time I pass a cop.

Last night, it all came together. There were two couples in my hangout. One was married and playing backgammon at a table, the other had just met at the bar. "You played that wrong, sweetie," the husband said. The wife replied, "I'd tell you to go fuck yourself, except I don't know where you'd borrow a prick this time of night." The couple at the

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bar didn't hear the married pair. They were too busy soul kissing.

The psychologists are right. Affectionate bonding and meaningful relationships are the wave of the future. Which means we're right back where we started from—watching the *Late Show* in affectionate bondage. Meantime, animal-like conduct is about as played out as bingo.

Dave Goldman
New York, New York

CREEPING BACHELORHOOD

As if a deteriorating economy and homemade nuclear bombs aren't enough to worry about, George F. Gilder is now warning us that freedom may be hazardous to our health. Augmenting the gloom and doom forecasts of his first book, *Sexual Suicide* (which you rebutted nicely in the May 1974 *Playboy Forum*), Gilder argues in his new book, *Naked Nomads*, that monogamy is absolutely essential to our survival, and people who refuse to marry are national health menace number one. Says he:

So violence and crime join with "madness," mental illness, mild neurosis, depression, addiction, venereal disease, chronic disability, psychiatric treatment, loneliness, insomnia, institutionalization, poverty, "discrimination," unemployment and nightmares as part of the specialized culture of single men in America. The climax of the grim story, however, is death. It is not surprising that the single-male mortality rate, also, is the highest of all.

In other words, if bachelorhood doesn't send you to the madhouse or the poorhouse, it is sure to send you to your grave. The only relatively cheerful paragraph in the whole book reads as follows:

There are millions of single men, unconnected to any promising reality, dissipating their lives by the years, moving from job to job, woman to woman, illusion to embitterment. Yet they are not hopeless.

That small measure of reassurance, however, is only for those who relent and enter Gilder's cage—monogamy—and settle down; recalcitrant bachelors are lost. And of course, women's liberation and PLAYBOY, as the chief threats to monogamy, are still the villains in Gilder's script.

Louis Fisher
New Orleans, Louisiana

Gilder's books are great for bachelors who want to feel tragically romantic and personally doomed, as the April "Playboy Advisor" observes. Gilder's reasoning is of the same sort that gave us the national potato menace: It's been estimated that 87 percent of all murderers and rapists consumed potatoes within 24 hours before committing their crimes. In his next

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—A woman toll collector temporarily lost her job for allegedly making late-night love to a truck driver in her toll booth on the



Pennsylvania Turnpike. Identified in court proceedings only as "Ms. X," she was later reinstated, but the state court refused to award her back pay.

RAID VICTIMS LOSE

SILVER SPRINGS, MARYLAND—Kenyon F. Ballew, a gun collector who was shot and permanently disabled by Treasury agents during a raid on his home three years ago, has lost his \$5,000,000 damage suit against the Federal Government. The suit claimed that the agents were dressed like thugs, that they failed to identify themselves as officers and that they were acting on unverified and false information from an unreliable informant. A U.S. district judge ruled, however, that Ballew and his wife acted "imprudently" when they tried to defend themselves against the invaders. Ballew was shot in the head when agents broke through the door to his apartment and saw him holding an antique cap-and-ball revolver.

A Collinsville, Illinois, family that sued Federal narcotics agents for damages resulting from a destructive raid on the wrong house lost in court and now faces a \$5,950,000 slander suit brought by the agents, who were temporarily suspended from duty.

UNREPORTED INCEST

CHICAGO—Incest is far more common than generally believed and is a much neglected problem, according to a New York physician who interviewed 115 young women under treatment for drug abuse or delinquent behavior. Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber told a Chicago meeting of the American Academy of Forensic Science that 43 percent of the girls questioned reported some kind of

incestuous experience, which she described as a "horrendous type of child abuse that is going unrecognized, unreported and untreated." In most cases, the child was under 13 at the time, the most common age was nine, and the offenders included natural fathers, stepfathers, uncles, common-law husbands and grandfathers, who in almost all cases were drunk. Moreover, the incest frequently occurred with the mother's knowledge and acquiescence, and was almost never reported to the authorities.

ORAL V. D.

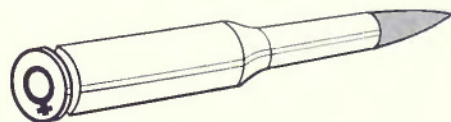
PHILADELPHIA—A team at Philadelphia's Medical College of Pennsylvania screened 723 pregnant women for venereal disease and discovered that among those with gonorrhea, 38.7 percent were infected in the throat. The doctors report that most of these women "vehemently denied" ever practicing oral intercourse.

WOMEN'S LIB MARCHES ON

SATELLITE BEACH, FLORIDA—The city manager of Satellite Beach struck a blow for feminism by approving a water-department requisition for a "personhole cover." The requisition came from a woman clerk, and the manager accepted the new terminology "as part of our women's lib program."

ENFORCING WOMEN'S RIGHTS

MOGADISHU, SOMALIA—Ten men have been sentenced to death by firing squad for opposing a new law giving women equal rights with men. According to the



Somalian government, the men were convicted of subverting state authority and creating national disunity by spreading propaganda against the country's new equal-rights law during religious ceremonies in mosques.

THE ABORTION ISSUE

BONN—West Germany's highest court has ruled unconstitutional a law allowing abortions on request during the first three months of pregnancy. In a controversial six-to-two decision, the court held that a fetus has a "right to life" but that abortions still can be performed in cases of rape or of danger to the mother's health, and when there is a prospect that

the child may be born deformed, or when birth would cause "grave hardship." The West German government, which advocated the liberalized abortion law, is expected to introduce new legislation giving the court's "grave hardship" principle the widest possible legal interpretation.

Elsewhere:

- Italy's highest court has modified that country's strict anti-abortion law, drawing sharp criticism from the Vatican. The court held that pregnancy can be legally terminated to protect the mental or physical health of the mother. The Vatican denounced the ruling as contrary to Christian principles and Church doctrine, but the decision is expected to speed consideration in parliament of various bills to liberalize the strict laws against abortion passed during Italy's fascist era.

- The first U.S. nationwide abortion survey estimates that more than 900,000 legal abortions were performed in this country in 1974—about a 53 percent increase since 1972, the year before the Supreme Court overturned the country's remaining anti-abortion laws.

- According to a study by three New York City health-department officials, Government welfare and health costs would skyrocket if the national Medicaid program is required to stop financing abortions for the poor. The study contrasts the cost of the average abortion in New York—\$264—with the \$4700 it costs the Government to help a woman give birth to and care for a child for the first year.

- Boston doctor Kenneth C. Edelin is appealing his manslaughter conviction in the death of a fetus following a legal abortion that he performed. The case may reach the Supreme Court, since it calls for a decision that further defines the rights and responsibilities of physicians and hospitals in performing abortions.

MORNING-AFTER PILL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The controversial morning-after birth-control pill has been formally approved by the Food and Drug Administration, but doctors will be advised to prescribe it only in emergency situations, such as rape. The drug DES, diethylstilbestrol, taken for five days following intercourse, has been found effective in preventing pregnancy, but experts warn against its routine use as a contraceptive, because it is suspected of substantially increasing the risk of some kinds of cancer.

POT PRIZE

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—A pound of "high-grade Colombian smoking marijuana" was the prize offered in a drawing sponsored by the Ann Arbor Sun, an underground newspaper serving the University of Michigan community. The

drawing was held after a judge found legal flaws in the county prosecutor's suit to stop the giveaway; the winner's name was pulled from a gunny sack containing 4500 entries, but not read aloud. The paper said it would arrange for secret delivery of the prize.

DEATH FROM OVERDOSE

FORT WALTON BEACH, FLORIDA—Two men died of alcohol poisoning after an hour-long drinking contest to see who could put away the most booze. The contest was held at a local tavern, where the two were longtime customers and friends, and each consumed more than a quart of gin.

HIPPIE HEALTH HAZARD

ARLINGTON, TEXAS—The wearing of flea collars by humans is dangerous, a Texas health official warns, because people don't have furry necks and the collars'



insecticide, which can be harmful to humans, can be absorbed through the skin. The chairman of the Texas Structural Pest Control Board said the practice is most prevalent among "hippie types—those with long hair and beards."

WHAT SMUT?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Federal Communications Commission says it will ask Congress for stronger and more explicit laws to combat obscenity on television. According to the FCC, current laws pertaining to indecency on radio are too vague to effectively prohibit televised smut.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE—Governor Meldrim Thomson has rejected a \$3500 Federal grant that would have helped finance poetry readings in New Hampshire. The governor explained that there are no safeguards against the possibility of the poems' being obscene. Last year, Thomson rejected a Federal grant for the state art commission's magazine because it published a poem titled "Castrating the Cat."

book, George will probably advise us all to dress like him and eat his favorite breakfast cereal under threat of hell, hernia or senile sexual dementia.

THOSE ABOUT TO DIE

During my ten years on death row in Chicago's Cook County Jail, courts set 13 execution dates. On three occasions, I didn't know that I had received a stay until well after the scheduled time for my death. Once, a week after they were due to kill me, I read in the paper that a clerk of the court had misplaced my stay order, putting it into his desk drawer instead of sending it over to the jail. Luckily for me, the warden phoned the judge when the order didn't arrive on time. No one told me and I waited all night for them to come for me. At dawn, I got tired of waiting. I went to bed and slept for three days.

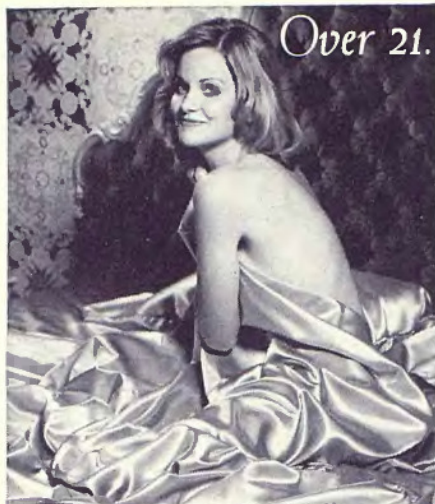
In the fall of 1973, I was out of prison on a four-day furlough and I phoned Jack Johnson, the former warden whose call to the judge had saved my life. By law, he would have been my executioner had the courts ultimately turned down my appeals. We met at a Holiday Inn near his home and had dinner. I paid for the meal because, as I told him, it made up for that supposed last meal he'd served me. Jack and I enjoyed our steak at the Holiday Inn far more than the one I had eaten alone on death row that night. We lingered over our meal like a couple of Army buddies reminiscing about the war, recalling the lighter moments and never mentioning those that were filled with high drama (and damned near high voltage). I expect this was the first time a former condemned man sat with his potential executioner and shared a pleasant dinner.

Far more than the simple act of dying is involved in a death sentence. There are the long years of waiting for the switch to be thrown and the pressure on the condemned man as, time after time, his mind is stretched till it begins to lose its elasticity and no longer can snap back to normal. Black-robed men that the condemned never sees hold his life in their hands while they quibble about points of law.

While our system of justice has executed no one since 1967, condemned prisoners are now stacked up like cordwood as proponents of the death penalty wave their spears and dance around the fire. Politicians try to keep the dance going, devising new kinds of death-penalty laws. Try, if you can, to imagine the feelings of those awaiting death. My thanks to PLAYBOY for its part in the fight against capital punishment.

Bill Witherspoon
Joliet, Illinois

The U.S. Supreme Court's 1968 decision to reverse Witherspoon's death sentence because opponents of capital punishment were excluded from his jury



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was a major step toward the abolition of capital punishment in this country. Witherspoon, convicted in 1959 of killing a Chicago policeman, continues to serve a 50-to-100-year prison sentence.

VICTORY OF THE FETUS PEOPLE

We now have the thoroughly depressing spectacle of a Boston jury trial in which a doctor was found guilty of manslaughter, because a legal abortion resulted in the death of a fetus. As a result of the legal precedent established in that case, a hospital in Pennsylvania has already announced that it will not perform abortions on women who are more than three months' pregnant unless their lives are in danger and Michigan right-to-lifers say they will attempt to take legal action against physicians who perform abortions in the sixth or seventh month of pregnancy. A Boston hospital plans to keep lifesaving equipment on hand during late-second-trimester abortions, adding hundreds of dollars to the cost of the operation. These instances are probably just the beginning of a wave of restrictions on late-in-term abortions. Who will be hurt? First of all, women whose fetuses have defects that can't be detected until late in the pregnancy. Second, women who, through ignorance, fail to realize the need for an abortion until after the third month of pregnancy.

Is there no depth to which anti-abortion fanatics—in this case, the Boston prosecutor and most of the jurors—will not stoop to impose their theological doctrines and personal superstitions upon others by means of law? Obviously, the First Amendment—which guarantees that there be no established religion—isn't explicit enough; religionists still try to force their beliefs on others. The proposed right-to-life amendment should be countered with a freedom-from-religion amendment that denies all churches their tax-exempt status, requires them to register as political organizations and regulates their lobbying activities.

Stephen Gould

Boston, Massachusetts

NIGHTINGALES SQUAWK

We want to comment on the letters in *The Playboy Forum* about nurses' going the extra mile and getting a firm grip on the male patients' problems. The skills described therein are neither taught nor condoned in nursing.

It is a fact that when men who have unsatisfactory sexual relationships are placed in isolated situations, they will tend to fantasize and distort actual happenings. This is demonstrated by the anonymous letter writer in the January *Forum* who was unable to respond appropriately or even acknowledge the alleged behavior of the nurse.

We were disappointed that the *Forum* chose to glorify fantasies about the nursing profession with its Florence Nightingale Award. Nurses are portrayed as

either of two extremes—frigid, strait-laced old maids or sexual objects such as Hot Lips Houlihan on *M*A*S*H* and the nurses described in *Forum* letters. In reality, the role of a professional nurse is that of promoting health and helping the patient accept and deal with his or her feelings that are brought about in the stress-producing situation of hospitalization or illness.

For years, *PLAYBOY* has had the reputation of publishing articles that are timely, informative and sophisticated. We are sorry to see you relaxing your standards by establishing the Florence Nightingale Award.

(Signed by 130 nursing students)
 Bethesda, Maryland

We assure you that our standards for future Florence Nightingale Awards will be as rigid as we can manage.

HOSPITAL HAPPY HOUR

In 1972, I was hospitalized for more than three months in heavy traction after a serious auto accident. One morning while the nurse was bathing me, I found myself with an erection. She looked me in the eye and told me not to be embarrassed, then she proceeded to masturbate me, explaining that she had solved problems like this many times before. After my ejaculation, she continued my bath as if nothing had happened.

Each morning after that, just anticipating her advent I would get an erection and her handling of the problem became a daily ritual. She would greet me with a cheery good morning, reach under the sheet and bring me to climax, then proceed with my bath. This continued on a daily basis until the day of my discharge—from the hospital. We never discussed the masturbation after the first occasion and she always did it in a quiet, businesslike manner that almost made it seem part of the official hospital routine.

(Name withheld by request)

Jacksonville, Florida

ORAL HYGIENE

I've enjoyed the letters in *The Playboy Forum* on nurses who get intimate with their patients. My own similar experience was not with a nurse but with another kind of lady in white—an oral hygienist. A few years ago, my dentist hired an attractive young redhead who wears a very short white dress on the job and has glorious legs. With each of my visits, we've gotten to know each other better; she certainly has an intimate knowledge of the inside of my mouth. As luck would have it, the last time I went for a checkup the dentist was out and there were no other patients in the office. As I sat in the chair and gave myself over to her ministrations, our conversation (my sallies being made between probes of my mouth) got more sexy, and she seemed to be pressing her hip against

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me and stroking my face more often than was necessary. I felt myself getting turned on and it must have been showing, because no sooner did she finish cleaning my teeth than she pressed a button and the dentist's chair lowered into a reclining position. Next thing I knew, my pants were open and the young lady was demonstrating that her expertise at oral hygiene was matched by her enthusiasm for oral sex. One good head deserves another and, after I was delightfully satisfied, it was her turn in the chair while I, with my impeccably sanitized mouth, was sampling her personal brand of dental floss and mouthwash. After it was all over, I felt great at both ends. I'm trying to figure a way to increase the frequency of those checkups to once every three months. Life is full of surprises.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

THE NEW ORALITY

The taste of warm semen is a considerable sexual stimulant for me. During the past three years, I have enjoyed felating my steady boyfriend about twice a week and other casual dates whenever the occasion seems right. I like to stimulate my man's erect phallus with my mouth and tongue, but most of all I look forward to his orgasmic juice. The flavor of semen varies enormously, I've found. Some almost turns me off, some I can't get enough of. There is also a great variation in the quantity of semen. Some ejaculate a drop, others a veritable torrent.

Although the sexual activity I like best is cunnilingus, I also get a kick out of ordinary coitus and its many extraordinary variations. I have also given guys a hand job and licked off the semen afterward, but the experience is inferior to having a man climax in my mouth. Once, in a threesome, I licked semen from a girlfriend's vagina, and this was a real turn-on.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Dan Dillingham misrepresents the English language (*The Playboy Forum*, February), a medium that allows elegant expression of the most subtle distinctions in the most diverse subjects, sex included. It is not true that "the most popular expressions for intercourse are all transitive verbs," nor that they necessarily "convey the idea of a subject acting upon an object rather than two people experiencing something together." Fuck, screw and ball can be used both as transitive verbs (John was fucking Mary) or as intransitives with plural subject (John and Mary were fucking), and the latter use refers precisely to two people experiencing something together. Note the inappropriateness of intransitive fuck in describing an act in which there is only

one active participant: John and Mary's corpse were fucking. The transitive use can perfectly well describe one person's role in a mutually enjoyable experience; witness the many pornographic novels in which someone cries out, "Fuck me faster!" (quite distinct in meaning from "Let's fuck faster!"). Indeed, only the transitive version is possible when the sentence gets specific as to one person's role in the act: "John was fucking Mary up the ass" is normal English, but "John and Mary were fucking up the ass" is not. The one word that is really objectionable in the respects that trouble Dillingham is lay; it cannot be used intransitively with plural subject (John and Mary were laying) nor can it even be used in describing one party's contribution to the experience (Lay me in the left armpit; lay me faster). Fortunately, the vocabulary of the English language is so rich that avoiding that one verb presents no difficulty.

James D. McCawley
Professor of Linguistics
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

SIMPLE SOLUTION

It's been said that you can't legislate morality and this principle is often cited to explain why it's virtually impossible to effectively combat drugs, pornography, prostitution, gambling or anything else that people want. This isn't true, however. We could stamp out just about everything from pot to porn through the simple expedient of authorizing our police to use torture and to take hostages. I don't mean timidly or selectively, like in Russia or Nazi Germany; I mean absolute, uncompromising police-state terrorism. Even this won't eradicate all traces of contraband and private vice, but it would certainly put the amateurs out of business and bring the problems under control. A few people might raise the question here of costs versus benefits, but if we're going to be moralistically consistent, we must take the position that there can be no halfway measures, no compromise with evil.

E. Hart
Fort Worth, Texas

DRUGS AND RACISM

In 1973, I was arrested for allegedly selling LSD to an undercover agent. During the trial, the only evidence against me was the agent's testimony and it turned out that he was a civilian volunteer who himself had a criminal record. It was simply his word against mine, but the jury believed him; I was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison.

While free pending an appeal, I was arrested again, this time for distribution of marijuana and possession with intent to distribute marijuana. The state's only witness against me on the first charge was an inmate in the Virginia penal system at the time of the trial. He testified

that he had purchased a small amount of marijuana from me and had turned it over to state police investigators. He also admitted that he would go to any length to gain release from prison—he had already tried suicide twice—presumably including giving false testimony against me, which he did. The jury chose to ignore his admission. Again, one man's word was accepted against mine; again, I was convicted, only this time my sentence was 20 years in prison and a \$10,000 fine.

The second charge, possession with intent to distribute marijuana, was based on the discovery of 78 grams of greenish-brown plant material outside a house that was occupied by me and seven other people. The substance could have belonged to anyone in the house and, in any case, the prosecutor didn't establish that it was, in fact, *Cannabis sativa*, the substance I was charged with possessing. Nevertheless, I was convicted on that charge, too, and given the same sentence, to be served after I complete the first. That makes a total of \$20,000 in fines and 40 years in prison—virtually a life sentence.

Even if I were guilty, which I'm not, my sentences far exceed the usual punishment in this state for marijuana offenses. One man received concurrent five-year sentences for convictions on two counts of marijuana distribution—from the same judge who sentenced me. Another got a total of ten years on three different counts. Why have I been singled out for special attention? I have no doubt that my troubles stem from the fact that I'm a black man and that I had the audacity to date white women (one of whom I married) in Wythe County, Virginia. I believe that the Wythe County circuit court tried me not for drug offenses but for daring to believe that I have the same rights as anyone else. Marijuana charges just happened to be the most convenient way to get me out of the community and into prison.

The Virginia Supreme Court refused to hear my appeal. I ran out of funds to retain my lawyer and the deadline for a U. S. Supreme Court appeal expired. The Virginia governor refused to grant clemency without the approval of the sentencing judge and the prosecuting attorney. Since the judge had refused to grant any bond at all and the prosecutor had fought for an 80-year sentence, their approval of clemency seems unlikely. I have to serve ten years before I'm even eligible for parole. It will take some kind of miracle to get me out any sooner, but Virginia justice leaves little room for miracles.

Roger T. Davis
State Farm, Virginia

POUND OF FLESH

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Tranquilli, a grandmother who faced a prison sentence for refusing to pay taxes to support the war in Southeast Asia. I thought the *Forum's* readers would want to know that the Government had its revenge on Mrs. Tranquilli and put her in Federal prison for over seven months. Now 64 years of age, she has been released. We Americans owe much to Mrs. Tranquilli and people like her. It is because of them that future historians will be able to say this was not a totally evil country during the Vietnam years.

John Lewis

Hartford, Connecticut

SEX AT A LATER AGE

The man who started his sex life with an older woman when he was 14 years old was quite lucky (*The Playboy Forum*, March). It took me until I was 22 to get laid and then it was with a prostitute. I suppose I could have registered with a girl much sooner if I'd been willing to try harder. But I belonged to that timid generation that preferred to get its orgasms through petting rather than sexual intercourse, both from fear of pregnancy and fear of involvement. Throughout college, my sexual activities were confined to solitary masturbation during the week and mutual masturbation with my dates on weekends.

It wasn't till I was drafted into the Army that I made up my mind to do something about my quasi-virginal condition. One Saturday evening, I was prowling the bars in the typically honky-tonk town near the post, along with several friends, trying to pick up girls, with the usual lack of success. I finally said the hell with it, left my friends and picked out a fleabag hotel. After being assured by the desk clerk that it would be possible to have a girl with my room, I checked in. Luckily for me, the lady who became my first piece of ass was young and attractive. We agreed on ten dollars, doffed our clothes and dropped into bed. Once she explained to me that I should put my legs *inside* hers, everything went swimmingly.

From a remark she made about having to get back to the post, I suspect she may have been a WAC—in which case it would be quite accurate to say the Army made a man of me. Anyway, it's certainly true that a virginal man should get his start with an experienced woman. I have never regretted it.

(Name withheld by request)

New York, New York

GETTING COMFORTABLE WITH SEX

My husband and I attended a Sexual Attitudes Reassessment conference at Northwestern Medical School similar to the one described by John Medelman in "*Does Your Husband Know You're Bisexual?*" (*PLAYBOY*, January). First thing in the morning, our group of 70 men

and women saw six porno films screened simultaneously, followed by a movie of a man reading an unbelievably long list of dirty words and phrases. The effect was numbing: It's hard enough finding a plot in a single porno flick; following six is almost impossible and, after ten minutes, the words fuck, shit, cunt, cock, mother-fucker, suck and all possible combinations thereof begin to sound funny. After the movies, we divided into discussion groups of ten people, each with a female and a male professional leader. Some of the men in my group disliked the male-homosexual film, and all of us were turned off by a film showing a man urinating into a woman's mouth. This distaste wasn't universal though; in another group, someone said that picture gave him a "warm feeling."

In the afternoon, we did an exercise in which you close your eyes and let yourself fall in any direction you choose, trusting the group members to catch you. It's a great way to dissipate the hostilities and tensions that arise among people who are frankly discussing and commenting on intimate aspects of one another's sex lives.

On the second day, a lifestyles panel comprised of a homosexual couple, a woman who was part of a triad, a single woman and a traditionally married couple described their situations and their problems and explained how they cope with social pressures. That afternoon, we talked about sexual-role assignments and how some sex acts are more acceptable when men perform them than when women do. A prime example is masturbation—in young boys it's accepted and expected; there are all sorts of humorous accounts of this pleasure. But female masturbation? Horrors! Young girls are warned never to touch themselves "down there," and very few women have memories of childhood masturbation. There isn't even a phrase to describe female masturbation that would correspond to the males' "whacking off" or "beating the meat." Our group came up with "clitting off" as a possibility.

To probe our feelings and see how strongly some people react to women masturbating, we were shown a film called *Shirley*. A woman in her 40s, Shirley first took a leisurely shower, preparing herself carefully and with obvious enjoyment. She then lay down on her bed and proceeded to masturbate, climaxing with a vibrator. In discussions after the film, we found that many men didn't like the idea that a woman could enjoy masturbating. The women felt it was a reasonable alternative to intercourse, but several objected to Shirley's using a vibrator.

S.A.R. seminars are a relatively new sort of adult sex-education program and only a few places offer them to the public: Northwestern Medical School in Chicago, University of Minnesota Medical

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Victoria Chen Haider
Chicago, Illinois

Haider is an Assistant Fiction Editor for PLAYBOY.

SPIRIT OF 76

The newest appointee to Maryland's board of censors (the only such body in the country) is a man named Nathan Polski, who beat out 75 other applicants for the job. He will get \$30 a day to pass judgment on what movies his fellow citizens may see. Maryland moviegoers will be happy to know he brings to his work a carefully thought-out ethical philosophy: "I'm against those . . . women running around naked. If you were my age—and I'm 76—you would be, too."

Help!

Bob R. Weakley
Riverdale, Maryland

X-CELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS

As everyone knows, the present in California is the future everywhere else. So I thought it would be important to tell *Playboy Forum* readers about a new California concept: the X-rated motel. An article in the *Los Angeles Times* by Jim Stingley says there are about ten of them in Southern California. Their main feature is video-taped pornographic movies shown on closed circuit to a certain channel on the rooms' television sets. Furnishings are in keeping with the movies—water beds with three-speed vibrators, fur-framed mirrors on ceilings and walls, wide wicker chairs hanging from the ceiling and canopied beds with furry covers.

Patrons, according to the article, include pillars of the community—doctors, lawyers, substantial businessmen. Although the first of these motels, the Experience, was busted a few times in its early days, the motels now have no trouble with the law and, in fact, are patronized by off-duty police and city officials. About half the couples who check in for a night or a weekend are married—to each other. In fact, some marriage counselors recommend a weekend at an "adult" motel as a way to pep up a sexually lethargic marriage. Most of the customers who come during the day are unmarried people—frequently they're businessmen and their secretaries. One motel has a special group room that has two water beds, a regular bed and a hanging basket.

People used to try to convince motel managers that the last thing they had in

mind was sex. Now there are motels that specialize in making sex more fun. They've come a long way, baby.

Harold Peters
Los Angeles, California

THE PILL IN THE HILLS

Anyone who listens to good ole shit-kickin' country-and-western music knows that one of its most popular themes is infidelity—both husbands and wives are constantly screwing around on each other, either with agonizingly guilty consciences or out of desperate necessity, because they can't get out of bad marriages (for reasons never adequately explained). This is all just fine with the hillbillies; they dearly love their sex and philandering and extramarital trifling as long as there's enough misery involved to take the fun out of it, according to God's wishes. It's OK to have sex, but you have to suffer for it.

Then Loretta Lynn came along and violated tradition with a fine song called *The Pill*, in which a long-suffering wife discovers oral contraceptives and turns the tables on her faithless spouse, who for years has been fucking up a storm while momma stays home and pumps out babies. The idea, of course, is that the pill is going to liberate her from the fear of pregnancy, so she can have fun, too.

This record, predictably, stirred up quite a controversy in C&W circles and, also predictably, sold like crazy (partly because so many country-music radio stations refused to play it). What's interesting, though, is that it has taken so long for such a large segment of the population (C&W music fans are not exactly rare these days) to confront this aspect of convenient contraception.

I'd hate to see C&W music lose its funky, maudlin charm, but I have to admit that it is encouraging that even our most self-consciously primitive subculture is finally turning on to modern contraception. And what the hell—with these liberated women screwing around right along with their men, there'll be twice as much guilt and suffering to let 'em know they're fitting in with God's plan.

James Graham
Indianapolis, Indiana

PANTY FREAK

At one time, I thought I was a sexually aberrant adolescent with a minor character disorder. Since then, I've learned to face down the world; I'm a panty freak and so what? It all started like this:

During my senior year in high school, my girl and I spent a lot of time alone together in the apartment of her older sister, who worked late. We never had intercourse, because my girl was afraid to, but we were both capable of repeated orgasms and got much pleasure from each other through masturbation and oral sex.

One afternoon, while we were lying

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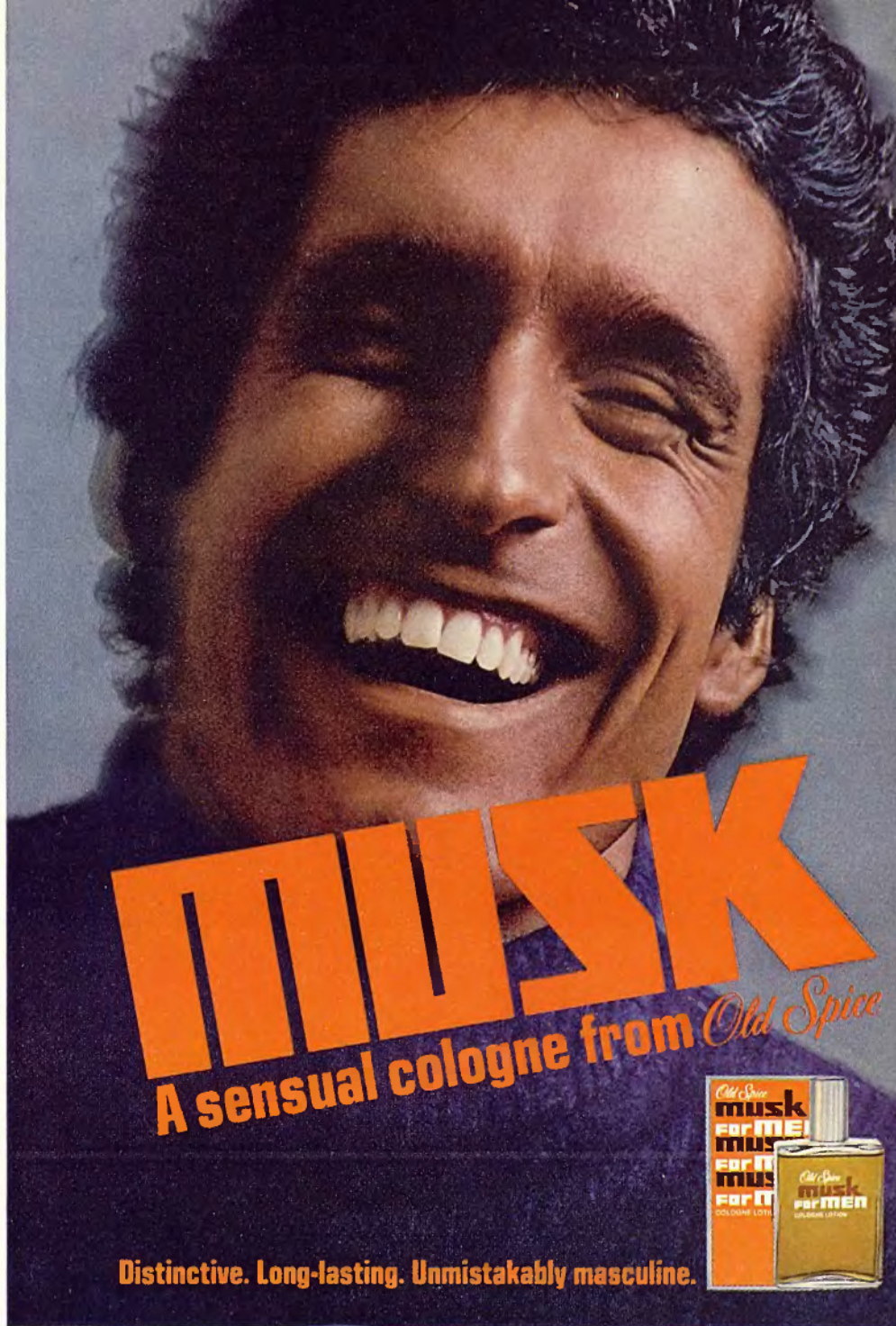
nude on the living-room floor, she suggested that I put on her panties. The thought intrigued me; however, I found that I could pull them only to my knees, as they were several sizes too small. We ended the afternoon with her stroking my cock with the moist crotch of her panties till I became erect. Then she gave me the best blow job I'd ever had.

The following day, she stopped at a store on the way home from school and bought me a pair of sheer white nylon panties. When we had both undressed, I slipped the panties on, feeling somewhat embarrassed but finding, to my surprise, that they fit and felt exciting. As my erection began to swell against the taut fabric, she gently teased it with her teeth while stroking my buttocks. Then I lay on my back while she caressed my cock through the silky nylon till I came violently. The filmy fabric became transparent as the wetness spread across my lower abdomen and my subsiding penis. Within a few minutes, I was erect again and she mounted me, wearing her panties, and rhythmically humped my cock, which was restrained by the damp nylon. She came repeatedly until I again reached orgasm and then we collapsed, our warm, wet crotches happily pressed together.

We repeated this scene many times during the following months. She bought several more pairs of panties for me in various bright colors and designs. After some encouragement from her, I wore them without embarrassment under my trousers when we went on dates. I enjoyed the greater sensitivity of my penis under the smooth, thin fabric and I began to prefer panties to the Jockey shorts I normally wore. My girl and I eventually went our separate ways, but the use of women's panties has become a permanent part of my sexual repertoire, to be shared with understanding partners. All the usual sexual turn-ons are fun for me, but, when I want something extra-special, putting on panties beats anything else I can think of. I don't know if it's the suggestion of transvestism that gets me or if it's just that tight nylon panties are a sexier garment than men's undershorts. Whatever it is, I no longer think I'm slightly crazy, as I once did. I enjoy myself greatly and I don't harm myself or anyone else. I'll bet, if the truth were known, there are many men who enjoy putting on women's underwear as a part of sexual play.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOSEPH HELLER

a candid conversation with the unhurried author of the black-humor classic "catch-22" and the current best seller "something happened"

In 1961, Joseph Heller, a 38-year-old advertising and promotion executive for McCall's magazine, finally completed the novel he'd been tinkering with in his spare time for the better part of a decade. The book was called "Catch-18," a title that was later increased by four upon publication of Leon Uris' "Mila 18"—Heller's editors didn't think people would buy two novels with the same number.

They needn't have worried.

"Catch-22's" readership started as a small cult—the hardcover edition never appeared on a best-seller list—and expanded geometrically throughout the Sixties. Today, with sales of over 8,000,000 and counting—it sold over 100,000 copies last year alone—"Catch-22" is the biggest-selling "serious novel" in American publishing history.

From the beginning, "Catch-22's" cult included some of the world's most distinguished, and disparate, citizens. Art Buchwald called it a "masterpiece." Philip Toynbee, in *The London Observer*, said "Catch-22" was "the greatest satirical work in English since 'Erewhon.'" And newscaster John Chancellor printed up bumper stickers that read, BETTER VOSSARIAN THAN ROTARIAN, referring, of

course, to the book's protagonist, an Assyrian-American World War Two bombardier who wanted to "live forever or die in the attempt."

But when Yossarian went crazy, or seemed to, and asked to be grounded, he found there was only one catch: Anyone who was crazy could get out of combat duty. All he had to do was ask. But anyone who asked to get out of combat duty wasn't really crazy and had to keep flying missions.

"Catch-22's" spiraling insanity, which began to seem more and more sane as the Vietnam war dragged on, confused and irritated some early critics. But as readers became accustomed to the book's radical, time-warped structure, the complaints melted away and "Catch-22" passed through the invisible barrier that separates contemporary fiction from literature. And its title, symbolic of all oppressive tautologies, has become a part of our language.

In the fall of 1974, Heller finally released his long-awaited second novel, "Something Happened." The new book, a stream-of-neurosis peek into the head of Robert Slocum—family man, corporate man, psychotic monster—has

unleashed a fusillade of violently mixed reviews. *Time* and *The New Yorker* hated it. *PLAYBOY* called it "the worst thing a writing giant can do to his loyal readers." Yet nearly three quarters of the critics viewed Heller's looping, memory-tape narrative as a dazzling, if depressing, literary tour de force.

The impassioned reviews, the mammoth book-club sale and the long, high ride on every national best-seller list indicate that once again Heller has produced a work to be treasured, despised and fought over for years to come.

The youngest of three children, Heller was born in Brooklyn in 1923. His father, a truck driver for Messinger's Bakery, died when he was five years old. The Hellers lived in a racially mixed residential section of Coney Island and young Joe did odd jobs while attending Abraham Lincoln High School, where he excelled at writing—and little else. After graduation, he became a file clerk at a casualty-insurance company (a job that re-emerged in "Something Happened" as the scene of Slocum's most agonizing sexual disaster).

After Pearl Harbor, Heller worked briefly at the Norfolk Navy Yard. At 19,



JILL KRÉMENTZ

"In an oil war, Israel would be the only reliable ally America would have in that part of the world. We'd need a friendly place to land our airplanes, tie up our boats and see that our soldiers get laid."

"Ford has lived up to his image of the party hack with limited intellectual gifts. He's a lot like Milo Minderbinder. Thinks of himself as a good guy, and God knows what devastation may result from that."

"The film of 'Catch-22' was OK, but I can't get the image of screenwriter Buck Henry out of my mind. I imagine him tearing through a copy of the book while moaning, 'Oy, vey, there's no plot here!'"

he enlisted in the Army Air Corps. While bombardier Heller was stationed in Corsica with the 488th Squadron, 340th Bombardment Group, he flew 60 combat missions in a B-25 over Italy and France. After his discharge, as a first lieutenant, he enrolled in college on the GI Bill. He was graduated Phi Beta Kappa from NYU, received a master's degree in American literature at Columbia and studied English literature on a Fulbright scholarship at Oxford. While he was still an undergraduate, the most prestigious magazines in the country were eagerly publishing his short stories. By his senior year, he was already considered one of America's most promising young writers.

Then he stopped writing.

He taught freshman composition at Penn State for a few frustrating semesters, then got a job as a "copy and promo" man at a New York advertising agency. For the next ten years, Heller moved both vertically and horizontally in the promotion business: He did one long stint at Time Inc. and ended up at McCall's. During this period, he began writing again. In 1954, he published in "New World Writing" a story called "The Texan," which later became the first chapter of "Catch-22."

The promising Young Turk of 1949 had been forgotten by the time "Catch-22" came out. The book might have been lost in the welter of first novels by nobodies except for the fortuitous accident of an interview with S. J. Perelman, published in the New York Herald Tribune. Perelman, asked if he'd read any good books lately, mentioned a title nobody had heard of: "Catch-22." A spate of critical attention—some passionately pro, some viciously con—followed.

A \$15,000,000 film version of "Catch-22," directed by Mike Nichols, was the financial disaster of 1970. Nichols' budget was virtually unlimited (during production, he assembled the world's 12th largest bomber force). But the film sacrificed most of the book's humor in a vain attempt to establish a "story line"—something the novel didn't have to begin with.

Meanwhile, Heller continued to pursue his muse at a leisurely pace. As one close friend put it, "Joe likes to keep the rest of his life open, in case anything comes up." The summer after "Catch-22's" publication, Heller had begun accumulating notes for a new book. Robert Gottlieb, his editor, took out a somewhat premature advertisement: "Joseph Heller is now working on his second novel, 'Something Happened.' Publication date not set yet, of course—but look for it sometime before we get to the moon." As matters turned out, Neil Armstrong took his one small step for mankind long before anything happened for Heller's publisher. As Heller put it, he kept being "interrupted": Throughout the Sixties, he toured the country, speaking and demonstrating against the Vietnam war. He

did several short stints as a Hollywood "script doctor" and in 1965 took a two-year sabbatical to write and produce a play, "We Bombed in New Haven." Despite extravagant reviews, it did.

Thirteen years and six lunar landings after "Catch-22," "Something Happened" was published and became an immediate international best seller.

Joseph Heller and Shirley, his wife of almost 30 years, winter in an elegant old courtyard building on Manhattan's Upper West Side and summer on the beaches of Long Island. Their two children, Erica and Ted, are grown and scattered. Along with his writing, Heller teaches fiction at the City College of New York. He makes few new friends, but the old ones seem to last. Some of them, members of what they call the Gourmet Club, have been meeting for dinner in New York's Chinatown at least once a week for the past 13 years. Fellow gourmets include Jules Feiffer, Mel Brooks and Carl Reiner (when they're in town), novelists Mario ("The Godfather") Puzo and George ("Flee the Angry Strangers") Mandel, playwright Joe ("Fiddler on the Roof") Stein, adman Ngoot Lee, jeweler Julie Green and one Speed Vogel, occupation unknown.

At 52, Heller seems finally to have achieved it all: critical acclaim, popular success, a shucking of the dreaded one-book-author syndrome. So we thought it an opportune time to discuss life, literature and "the Snowdens of yesteryear" with the man whose wacky prescience had foretold a world of Vietnams and Watergates, and assigned writer Sam Merrill (whose "Mason Hoffenberg Gets in a Few Licks" appeared in PLAYBOY's November 1973 issue) to interview Heller.

Merrill reports:

"My first meeting with Heller took place at his summer home in Amagansett, Long Island, a quiet little seashore town about two and a half hours out of Manhattan. When I arrived, Heller was encased in a set of massive headphones, listening to Wagner's 'Götterdämmerung' and reading Dickens' 'Nicholas Nickleby.' While we chatted on the sun deck—eating Jarlsberg cheese and drinking French-roast coffee—Heller removed his shirt. His chest and legs were firm, tanned, supple. Only his neck looked 52 years old.

"Heller seemed leaner, more wolfish in person than on his dust jackets. And his speech was a curious but thoroughly engaging amalgam. The words—sparse, epigrammatic, meticulously considered—were delivered in unreconstructed Brooklynese. While he spoke, a toothpick danced magically from one corner of his mouth to the other. He told me he'd learned that trick, employing the treacherous cupped-tongue technique, while giving up smoking in 1955.

"Chewing his nails and squirming around uncomfortably, Heller obviously

had trouble sitting still for an interview. Yet he fielded each question patiently, his expression flickering between Stud Poker Gothic and Bittersweet Irony 'Catch-22' Book Jacket Grin. He was a frequent and infectious laughter.

"Pulling out of his driveway that first afternoon, I caught a glimpse of Heller in my rearview mirror. He had begun to jog his daily three miles in a chilly, offshore fog that clung so close to the ground he was visible only from the waist up. The image reminded me of Kid Sampson, the young pilot in 'Catch-22' who was sheared in half by McWatt's propeller.

"Subsequent meetings took place at the Central Park South office/apartment in which Heller wrote 'Something Happened.' His work space was in farcical contrast with his two tasteful homes. A three-foot beer bottle, a broken stereo and a ruptured couch dominated a decor that could perhaps best be termed Flat-bush Moderne. It soon became apparent that when Heller is writing, he simply does not see anything else!

"Our conversations started with his own involvement in the events described in 'Catch-22.'"

PLAYBOY: How much of *Catch-22* is based on your own wartime experiences?

HELLER: Well, like Yossarian, I volunteered for the Army Air Corps and became a bombardier. But I didn't try to avoid being sent overseas, as he did. I actually hoped I would get into combat. I was just 19 and there were a great many movies being made about the war; it all seemed so dramatic and heroic. I remember my mother weeping as the trolley car pulled away with me on it. I couldn't figure out why she was so unhappy. I felt like I was going to Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: So you viewed World War Two as a kind of glorious crusade?

HELLER: No, but I saw it as a war of necessity. Everybody did. Young people today don't know what it's like to fight in a war that makes sense to anybody. And neither did the people in my parents' generation. World War One and the earlier wars in Europe were as nonsensical as Vietnam. But Pearl Harbor united this country in a strong and wholesome and healthy way.

PLAYBOY: About his war experiences, Yossarian complains that people he's never met keep shooting at him every time he flies into the air to drop bombs on them. We gather that you didn't feel persecuted.

HELLER: At first, I was sorry when nobody shot at us. I wanted to see a sky full of flak and dogfights and billowing parachutes. War was like a movie to me until, on my 37th mission, we bombed Avignon and a guy in my plane was wounded. I suddenly realized, "Good God! They're

trying to kill me, too!" War wasn't much fun after that.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like the Avignon mission in *Catch-22*, when Snowden, the gunner, is killed.

HELLER: It is, and it's described pretty accurately in the book. Our copilot went berserk at the controls and threw us into a dive. Then one of our gunners was hit by flak and the pilot kept yelling into the intercom, "Help him. Help the bombardier." And I was yelling back, "I'm the bombardier. I'm OK." The gunner's leg was blown open and I took care of him. After Avignon, all I wanted to do was go home.

PLAYBOY: Was that because, like Yossarian, you began to suspect you were being sent on missions only to make your superior officers look good?

HELLER: No, it was because I began to suspect I didn't want to die. But I was a good soldier and did as I was told.

PLAYBOY: Did doing what you were told entail anything about which you're particularly sorry now?

HELLER: No, but there was one low-level bombing-and-strafting mission I didn't happen to go on. They couldn't find any military targets, so they shot up everything that moved: women, children, animals. The men were in good spirits after that mission.

PLAYBOY: If you'd gone on that mission, would you have machine-gunned women, children and animals?

HELLER: I might have. There's something sexual about being in a big plane, with a big gun and having big bombs to drop.

PLAYBOY: Aside from Yossarian, some of the other characters in *Catch-22* have become cult figures in their own right. Are any of them based on people you knew?

HELLER: Just Hungry Joe. His real name is Joe Chrenko and he's now an insurance agent in New Jersey.

PLAYBOY: Hungry Joe is the one who has screaming nightmares in his tent. Did Chrenko also run around Rome claiming to be a *Life* photographer so he could take pictures of naked girls?

HELLER: Only once.

PLAYBOY: Did he complain about the way you portray him in the book?

HELLER: His only complaint is that I didn't use his last name. He feels it would have helped his insurance business.

PLAYBOY: How about the rest of the characters?

HELLER: They're not based on anyone I knew in the war. They're products of an imagination that drew on American life in the postwar period. The Cold War, really. I deliberately seeded the book with anachronisms like loyalty oaths, helicopters, IBM machines and agricultural subsidies to create the feeling of American society from the McCarthy period on. So when Milo Minderbinder says, "What's good for Milo Minderbinder is good for the country," he's paraphrasing Charles E. Wilson, the former

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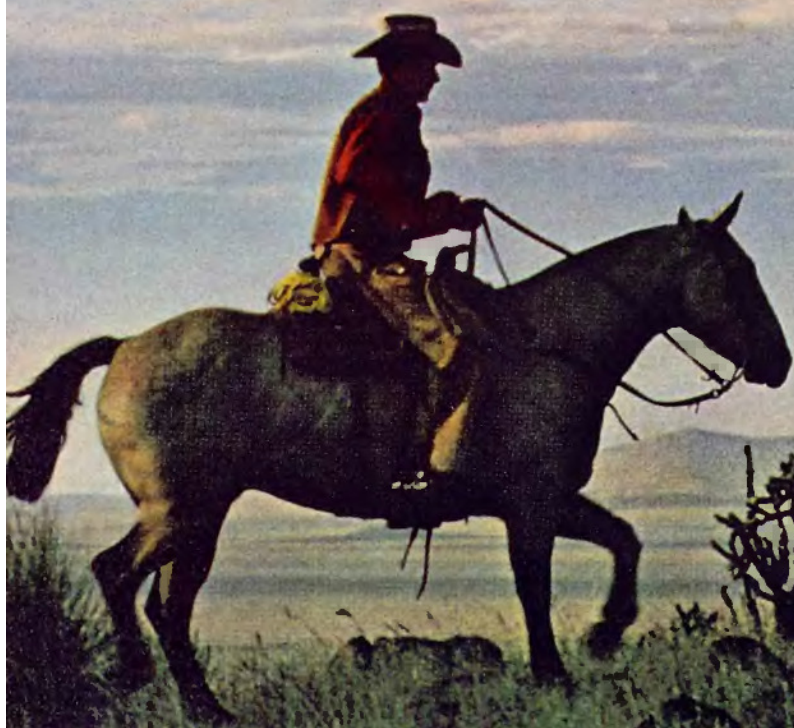


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head of General Motors, who told a Senate committee, "What is good for the country is good for General Motors, and vice versa."

But I resisted the temptation to make Milo a bloated plutocrat stereotype. And I moved away from the other kind of stereotype—William Holden or Tony Curtis as the con man who gets things done. Instead, I gave him a mental and moral simplicity that, to my mind, makes him a horrifyingly dangerous person because he lacks evil intent. Milo uses the credo of the National Association of Manufacturers and the chamber of commerce—but I gave him a sincerity those organizations don't have.

PLAYBOY: How about Major Major, the timid officer whom nobody can get in to see unless he's officially out?

HELLER: He's drawn from the McCarthy period as well. An Army dentist, Captain Peress, had been promoted to major, even though he refused to sign loyalty oaths. Toward the end of the Army-McCarthy hearings, when he had little else to do, Joe McCarthy kept asking who had promoted Major Peress. I took a paragraph straight out of the news reports and slipped it into the chapter about Major Major, who was promoted by an IBM machine. When he becomes suspect because he studied English history—wasn't American history good enough for him?—people start running around Washington, asking, "Who promoted Major Major?"

PLAYBOY: And ex-Pfc. Wintergreen, the enlisted man who really runs the Army?

HELLER: Wintergreen came out of both my military and my corporate experience. In a large corporation, the way to get ahead is often to get in with mail clerks and secretaries of important people. Careers can be made or broken simply by tearing up certain memos, and in the Army, although I was an officer, the only people I was afraid of were the enlisted men in the orderly room. They could process or not process my requests, take me on or off combat duty. In my dramatization of *Catch-22*, there's a line that doesn't appear in the book. Wintergreen says, "I was going to cancel the Normandy invasion, until Eisenhower committed more armor."

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Yossarian, are any other of his experiences like yours?

HELLER: His encounter with Luciana, the Roman whore, corresponds exactly with an experience I had. He sleeps with her, she refuses money and suggests that he keep her address on a slip of paper. When he agrees, she sneers, "Why? So you can tear it up?" He says of course he won't and tears it up the minute she's gone—then regrets it bitterly. That's just what happened to me in Rome. Luciana was Yossarian's vision of a perfect relationship. That's why he saw her only once, and perhaps that's why *I* saw her only once. If he examined perfection too

closely, imperfections would show up.

PLAYBOY: Murray Kempton once wrote that, although *Catch-22* is often considered a radical book, the only aspect of Yossarian's behavior that deviates from traditional morality is his "appreciation of lechery." Do you consider yourself a lecher?

HELLER: No.

PLAYBOY: So much for that. Returning to the war for a moment—

HELLER: I assume you'll be returning to my sex life later on.

PLAYBOY: In detail, if you insist. But for now, you said World War Two seemed glamorous to you, like a movie. Don't you think young people during the Vietnam era were more sophisticated than that?

HELLER: Wars are still initiated by a certain type of professional soldier whose ambition it is to act out fantasy scenes from war movies, and they're still fought by very young people who have no more exciting life to lead. One very practical reason war seemed glamorous to me was that the standard of living was higher in the Army than in Coney Island. I ate better and had more money in my pocket than ever before. And when I got home, I went to college on the GI Bill. In the face of so many advantages, death seemed like a relatively minor drawback.

PLAYBOY: But the country was just coming out of the Depression then. America was prosperous when we entered Vietnam.

HELLER: Not *all* Americans were prosperous. The Vietnam war found many blacks and Latins in the same situation I was in after Pearl Harbor. They could see no future in the ghetto; the Army offered travel, education and money.

PLAYBOY: Is that why the antiwar movement was largely a middle-class affair?

HELLER: It's one of the reasons. Middle-class draftees in the Sixties suffered economic deprivation. They could travel all over the world anyway. They were going to college anyway. They had good jobs waiting for them. But, of course, the antiwar movement was ideologically based, also. The people who were aware of how we had stumbled into Vietnam were the ones who wanted us to get out.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "stumbled into Vietnam"? Don't you see our involvement in that war as based on some reason or idea?

HELLER: No, I saw—I *see* the Vietnam war as an extension of the Cold War that began in the late Forties and ended with the decline of the domino theory soon after John Kennedy's death.

PLAYBOY: But if the Cold War ended in the mid-Sixties, why did we remain in Vietnam until 1972?

HELLER: For *no reason at all*. That's the point! We often continue believing in things—and this is true of religions as well as ideologies—long after the circumstances that gave rise to the beliefs have disappeared. The belief in stopping communism wherever it threatens to

advance simply carried over into another culture long after the *reason* for the belief disappeared. We weren't fighting communism in Vietnam. We were fighting culture lag.

PLAYBOY: Eventually, Yossarian deserts an Army that doesn't make sense to him. Do you feel at all responsible for the guys in Vietnam—and apparently there were a lot of them—who went over the hill after reading *Catch-22*?

HELLER: If anyone accused me of being the operative force in any specific desertion, I would deny it. I don't believe one book can shape an attitude or an action. But if I *was* responsible for people's running away from the war, then I evaded that responsibility consistently.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

HELLER: Often, while I was speaking publicly against the war, young men would ask me, "What would you do?" or "What should I do?" I always avoided those questions, because it would have been easy for me to give them the answer they wanted: that I *wouldn't*, and they *shouldn't*, serve. I, however, was not facing prison or exile.

PLAYBOY: But Yossarian *does* desert, and you approve of his action.

HELLER: Yes, and I would have gone further than Yossarian. I would have condoned *any* method of avoiding military service in Vietnam—including the one Yossarian rejects as being corrupt.

PLAYBOY: You mean publicly endorsing the war in order to be sent home a hero?

HELLER: Yes, and others Yossarian doesn't even consider, like using influence or buying a deferment. I don't think anybody should ever be compelled to fight in a war whose objectives he does not endorse.

PLAYBOY: But to paraphrase Major Major, what if everyone felt that way?

HELLER: Then, to paraphrase Yossarian, I'd be a damn fool to feel any other way.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer an all-volunteer Army?

HELLER: I have no fear that a professional Army is going to be out of touch with civilization. Conscripts have never exerted a softening effect on the military.

PLAYBOY: Do you still feel, as you did when you were 19, that World War Two was a necessary war?

HELLER: The fact that the political and economic survival of this country was at stake is no longer as important to me as it was. But, yes, I still feel it was a necessary war. *Catch-22* was criticized because Yossarian justifies his participation in World War Two until the outcome is no longer in doubt. It offended some people, during the Vietnam war, that I had not written a truly pacifist book. But I am not a true pacifist. World War Two was necessary at least to the extent that we were fighting for the survival of millions of people.

PLAYBOY: You mean the Jews?

HELLER: Jews first, then blacks, then the

whole sequence of extermination that was operating in Europe.

PLAYBOY: As a Jew, do you have any special feelings about Israel's survival?

HELLER: That's a difficult, confusing question. Emotionally, I have a strong attachment to Israel, even though I've never been there and have no desire to go. A year ago, I was certain Israel would be sold out.

PLAYBOY: Now you're not so sure?

HELLER: Strategically, I'm beginning to understand why this country has stood by Israel for so long. In case any type of mischief becomes necessary, Israel would be the only reliable ally America would have in that part of the world.

PLAYBOY: When you say mischief, are you talking about a possible oil war?

HELLER: If the flow of oil is seriously interrupted, or the price raised again, Western civilization will be out of business. There'll be no alternative but to go in and take the oil—that is, if we still can. But Italy hasn't the navy or air force to take even Libya. France can't do it. Germany certainly can't. England can't. So it would be up to us. And Israel, which was disposable a year ago, would become useful again. We'd need a friendly place to land our airplanes, tie up our boats and see that our soldiers get laid.

PLAYBOY: Do you suppose an oil war would unite America?

HELLER: If you mean in the way World War Two did, no. That war presented a unique set of conditions and I don't think we'll have another war like it—so we might as well give up hoping and resign ourselves to peace. Even in the Revolutionary War, there were huge sections of the population that didn't want to separate from England. I have a feeling they were right, that we'd be better off if we were a part of England.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HELLER: We'd have a better form of government. The parliamentary system would be a vast improvement over what we have now. Our Constitution looks good on paper and probably worked quite well with 13 colonies and about 72 registered voters. But now there's too much distance between the citizen-voter and his elected representative. He doesn't know *I* exist, and I wish *he* didn't. And with over 200,000,000 people, the Presidency has become a kind of public-relations enterprise for the party in power.

PLAYBOY: But do you really *care* about politics? In 1972, you said you hadn't voted for a President in 12 years.

HELLER: Then I voted for McGovern.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HELLER: Nixon made me do it.

PLAYBOY: Has that experience changed you?

HELLER: Yes. Now I'm *never* going to vote again—for anybody. The smartest people in Washington are the political reporters. They write about their inferiors.

PLAYBOY: So, generally, you'd say American

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politics attracts a low class of people?

HELLER: Yes, with one exception. There is a type of person who is occasionally attracted to politics for idealistic reasons and, once elected, does a creditable job. This is the gentleman who already has as much money as he wants and aspires to public office for reasons that have little to do with personal ambition. I may be naïve, but I felt Averell Harriman was in that class.

PLAYBOY: Would you include Nelson Rockefeller?

HELLER: I would exclude Nelson Rockefeller. There's a vicious, emotional quality to *his* ambition. But I would include Elliot Richardson and Archibald Cox. These are people who aspire to high position out of boredom.

PLAYBOY: So you prefer a sated dilettante to a dedicated reformer?

HELLER: Yes, and I feel safer with someone who inherited his money than with a self-made man. I think people like Roosevelt and Harriman and Stevenson are better suited to public office than the "sun-belt" millionaires who surrounded Nixon. The self-made man scares me. He attaches too much importance to his own personal accomplishments and yet is never really secure with people who are born into the highest order of society. Truman was an exception. He wasn't a social climber. Eisenhower was.

PLAYBOY: Essentially, then, your ideal public official would be someone like Rockefeller or Kennedy.

HELLER: But *not* Rockefeller. Or Kennedy. The Kennedy Administration was like a bunch of spoiled fraternity brats celebrating after having bought a campus election. They cavorted around, pushing each other into swimming pools. I think Johnson was more entertaining than Kennedy—until the Vietnam war escalated and his Administration collapsed. I've been delighted to see how dismally Kennedy's people have fared politically since his death. They were a disagreeable bunch. Even John Kenneth Galbraith seems to be a man without principles—or, if he *has* any, they are of only joking importance. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so friendly with William Buckley. You get the impression that although the two may disagree over a minor concern like the world's economy, when they get down to important matters like yachting, they are still in the same club.

PLAYBOY: What have you got against Buckley?

HELLER: I feel sorry for anybody who has to tangle with Buckley. Even though his reasoning is defective, he carries off a debate with so much *élan* that he makes the argument itself almost superfluous.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Rockefeller will be the next President?

HELLER: I don't think he'll let anything

stand in his way. Rockefeller is so desperate for success he is in a position of virtually groveling for the Presidency. He has now lost the only favorable quality I ever saw in him: the poise, the aplomb of the gentleman born to wealth.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone you'd care to see elected President in 1976?

HELLER: No.

PLAYBOY: How about yourself?

HELLER: Oh, no! I believe the Government exists to serve the people, not the other way around. Hence, the term public servant. I wouldn't want to be President, because I wouldn't want to put myself in a menial position.

PLAYBOY: So you like the notion of a benevolent aristocrat in politics. What about a hard-nosed reformer?

HELLER: I don't like the way reformers react to our political process. They have a difficult time realizing they must compromise or remain outsiders.

PLAYBOY: In other words, they don't become corrupt quickly enough?

HELLER: Exactly. A member of a legislative body who does not prostitute his integrity at the earliest possible moment is doing a grave disservice to his constituents. Unless he cooperates with the "inner circle," he'll never get his bills passed and the people who elected him will suffer.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there is a better system of government in the world than the one we broadly call Western democracy?

HELLER: No system offers greater personal liberty; the citizens of the totalitarian countries of the left and right enjoy less freedom than we do. But Johnson and Nixon were frightening because they demonstrated that an American President—even in a democracy, without Government censorship—is capable of waging a one-man war. That would not be possible in Russia, which is a dictatorship run by committee, or in China, where there are several powerful men.

PLAYBOY: Is that power inherent in the Presidency, or did we just happen to elect a pair of megalomaniacs?

HELLER: The power to exercise dictatorial control over the military is manifest in the office. A President can make war in a moment of personal panic or insecurity and no one in Congress will stop him.

PLAYBOY: But Congress claims to have learned its lesson from Vietnam. Wouldn't it now be tougher on a President who asked for war powers?

HELLER: If another President faked another Gulf of Tonkin incident, there would still be only about two Senators voting against the resolution, and they'd be tossed out in the next election.

PLAYBOY: Shortly before his resignation, some people close to Nixon worried that he *would* push the panic button, try to

mobilize the military in his defense. Others described his mental state as "serene." Do you think he was insane?

HELLER: I would say no. Nixon had a very powerful sense of his own weakness. He doubted his abilities to an extent that could be called neurotic. Some people who repress their self-doubts overcompensate with a form of egotism. It is interesting that Nixon was never able to do that. His mechanism of repression never functioned well enough, so his self-doubts were always on his mind. He could never convince himself he was a superior person, and consequently was afraid people would observe how weak he felt. At the end, as you say, people in Washington were frightened. There was a *suspicion* that Nixon was insane. And certainly during his farewell speech, he took leave of what is customarily called sanity. He was not in touch with the situation or with himself. But I believe that was a temporary aberration. The real Nixon was a pathetic, fearful man who spent his life prophesying his own failures and living up to his own prophecies.

PLAYBOY: His self-doubts aside, do you think Nixon is an intelligent man?

HELLER: Throughout Nixon's political career, there is no evidence of *any* superior qualities. He had little intelligence, no gift for understanding a situation—and hasn't yet left us a single sally or epigram worth quoting.

PLAYBOY: How about Johnson?

HELLER: At least Johnson had a sense of humor. His jokes were apparently very cruel, but they *were* jokes. And Johnson was shrewd. He had a quality of strength missing in both Nixon and Agnew.

PLAYBOY: Is that quality of strength evidenced by any political figures today?

HELLER: William Simon, Nelson Rockefeller, John Mitchell. Their strengths are apparent.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe public figures show us an accurate portrait of themselves in the media?

HELLER: They can't avoid it. I think Gerald Ford, for instance, has lived up to the image he projected while being considered for the Vice-Presidency.

PLAYBOY: What image is that?

HELLER: That of the party hack with very limited intellectual gifts—a family man, team player, Rotarian. Every recent change in American politics has been for the worse and Ford will not prove an exception. A year ago, it was hard for me to imagine anyone worse than Nixon. But Nixon, because of the self-knowledge of his own small nature, may prove to have been less dangerous than Ford, who lacks that self-knowledge. Ford is a lot like Milo Minderbinder. Thinks of himself as a good guy, and God knows what devastation may result from that misconception.

PLAYBOY: Some of the political changes you mention have come about through

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assassinations. Do you believe in any of the assassination-conspiracy theories?

HELLER: No. But not because I have too high an opinion of human nature to believe there are people in this country willing to develop assassination plots; I'm convinced such people exist. However, I have such a low opinion of human nature that I don't think the conspirators would be capable of keeping a secret. If I were involved in a conspiracy that pulled off a difficult caper, there are a few people I would want to know about it. And each of them would tell one or two more. People are boastful. I could be wrong, but applying the same logic, I told Bob Woodward recently I didn't believe there was really a "Deep Throat," the guy who was the secret informer for his Watergate investigation.

PLAYBOY: What was Woodward's response?

HELLER: He was understandably offended. So I asked him if he had revealed Deep Throat's identity to at least one person who didn't *have* to know. He said he had, which was a very human answer, and that convinced me my theory was correct. Because that one person, being at least as human as Woodward, would have told one other person, who, in turn, would have told one or two more. The informant's identity would have become public knowledge within days.

PLAYBOY: Then why would he invent such a character? To lend validity to otherwise unsubstantiated reports?

HELLER: I believe Woodward and Bernstein's reporting was *better* substantiated than they themselves were willing to admit. I believe they had *many* sources inside the Government, and the best way to protect them all was to create one person who didn't exist.

PLAYBOY: Woodward and Bernstein are currently stars of the college lecture circuit. That's a role you've filled twice—during the Sixties, as the author of *Catch-22* and one of America's leading antiwar spokesmen, and again recently, since the publication of your new book, *Something Happened*. Do you find that students have changed much since the war?

HELLER: For the record, the Vietnam war is still being fought. But if you're asking if college students have changed much since the draft was abolished and most American forces pulled out of Indochina, I'd say there has been a decline in political action and interest.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HELLER: There are two conditions that must exist simultaneously to excite political activity in *any* population. First, the issues must be important and, second, one must know *exactly* how one feels about them. For college students in the Sixties, the war and the draft met those conditions. Today, though the questions are important, there is no clear-cut sense of what to do about them. So we are back

to a normal state of political interest—practically none.

PLAYBOY: We haven't talked about your own college experience. After you completed your wartime tour of duty and were shipped home—

HELLER: Shipped is right. I was so terrified on my last few missions, I made a vow that if I got out of the war alive, I would never go up in an airplane again. The guys who were in a hurry to get home flew back across the Atlantic. I waited for a boat.

PLAYBOY: How long did your antillying vow last?

HELLER: Until 1960, when I got stuck on a train for 24 hours. Suddenly, falling out of the sky didn't seem like such an objectionable alternative.

PLAYBOY: What happened next, after you were literally shipped home?

HELLER: I met my wife, got married, entered college on the GI Bill, did graduate work at Columbia and Oxford and began writing seriously. And reading.

PLAYBOY: After reading something you liked, did you find yourself saying, "I wish I'd written that"?

HELLER: No, but with some authors I found myself saying, "I could have written that if I'd thought of it."

PLAYBOY: For instance?

HELLER: I felt I could have written the plays of Clifford Odets. Unfortunately, Odets had already written those plays.

PLAYBOY: Odets? That's not your style!

HELLER: I didn't have my style then.

PLAYBOY: But you *were* being published. Even as an undergraduate, your *Esquire* and *Atlantic* stories made you one of the country's most promising young writers.

HELLER: Those stories were written while I was taking a creative-writing course at NYU in 1946. After the war, everyone who could write dialog was copying Ernest Hemingway and John O'Hara, and everyone who couldn't was copying Irwin Shaw. It took more talent to copy Shaw, because he used language better. My stories were as imitative as the rest.

PLAYBOY: Imitative of whom?

HELLER: I was writing *New Yorker*-type stories, stories by Jewish writers about Jewish life in Brooklyn. By the time I was a senior in college, I'd done a little more reading and I began to suspect that literature was more serious, more interesting than analyzing an endless string of Jewish families in the Depression. I could see that type of writing was going to go out of style. I wanted to write something that was very good and I had nothing good to write. So I wrote nothing.

PLAYBOY: Did you formally "give up writing," or was it a day-to-day thing?

HELLER: I formally gave up writing those trivial stories. In fact, I haven't written a single short story since. But I formally began looking for a novel that I could consider important.

PLAYBOY: You mean you didn't come home from World War Two with *Catch-22* rattling around in your head?

HELLER: As I've said, *Catch-22* wasn't really *about* World War Two. It was about American society during the Cold War, during the Korean War, and about the possibility of a Vietnam. I didn't get the idea for *Catch-22* until I had read many more writers. Louis-Ferdinand Céline's *Journey to the End of the Night* was the book that touched it off. Céline did things with time and structure and colloquial speech I'd never experienced before, and I found those new experiences pleasurable. It was unlike reading Joyce, who did things I'd never seen but that weren't pleasurable.

PLAYBOY: How did Céline's book touch off *Catch-22*?

HELLER: I was lying in bed, thinking about Céline, when suddenly the opening lines of *Catch-22* came to me: "It was love at first sight. The first time he saw the chaplain, Blank fell madly in love with him." I didn't come up with the name Yossarian until later, and the chaplain wasn't necessarily an *Army* chaplain. He could have been a *prison* chaplain. Ideas of plot, pace, character, style and tone all tumbled out that night, pretty much the way they finally appeared in the book. The next morning, at work, I wrote out the whole first chapter and sent it to my agent, Candida Donadio, who sold it to *New World Writing*. I was so excited I couldn't wait to begin chapter two.

One year later, I did.

PLAYBOY: You're not one of the world's fastest writers, are you?

HELLER: By the time I began *Catch-22*, I'd become so slow I suspected that might well be the only book I'd ever write.

PLAYBOY: Is one of the reasons for your breath-taking lack of speed the fact that you insist on doing all your own editing?

HELLER: If it weren't for the fact that I do practically *none* of my own editing, I'd never finish *anything at all*. As I submit sections of a manuscript to my editor, Bob Gottlieb, I indicate areas that might be cut. Then we discuss them and a decision is reached. That's the ideal situation for me, because without an editor I could trust, I'd still be in the middle of *Something Happened*, cutting out a section one week, putting it back the next, getting nowhere. I'm a chronic fiddler.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think this business about lines "coming to you in bed" is rather unusual?

HELLER: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Did *Something Happened* start out that way, too?

HELLER: No, I was sitting in a chair when the opening lines of *Something Happened* came to me.

PLAYBOY: And where was that chair?

HELLER: On Fire Island. *Catch-22* had been out for a while and was doing pretty

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well but wasn't near the best-seller lists. I wanted to quit my job writing promotional copy, but I had a wife and two kids to support. I wanted to do another novel but had no ideas. I was worried. Then two sentences came to me: "In the office in which I work, there are five people of whom I am afraid. Each of these five is afraid of four people." In a dream, a kind of controlled reverie, I quickly developed the characters, the mood of anxiety, the beginning, the end and most of the middle of *Something Happened*. And I knew Bob Slocum, my protagonist, intimately. Eventually, a better opening line came to me: "I get the willies when I see closed doors," and I wrote the first chapter around that line. But I kept the original to lead off the second part.

PLAYBOY: Do your closing lines come to you the same way your opening lines do?

HELLER: Yes. The closing line of *Catch-22* came to me on a bus.

PLAYBOY: How about the closing line of *Something Happened*?

HELLER: For six years, I had what I thought was going to be the closing line of *Something Happened* on an index card. The line was, "I am a cow."

PLAYBOY: "I am a cow"?

HELLER: It seemed good at the time and, besides, I can't start a book until I have a closing line.

PLAYBOY: Have you a new book in mind?

HELLER: Several prospective openings have come to me. But I've been too busy to develop them.

PLAYBOY: Would you be willing to try out some possible openings on us?

HELLER: All right. People have always asked me what happened to Dunbar, a character who disappeared in *Catch-22*. That question intrigues me, so I considered writing a novel that would begin: "Dunbar woke up with his name on the door and a Bigelow on the floor and wondered how he had got there." It was going to be a novel about amnesia. It went nowhere.

PLAYBOY: Any others?

HELLER: "The kid, they say, was born in a manger, but frankly, I have my doubts." I liked that line for a while, but nothing came of it, either.

PLAYBOY: Can you produce these on command?

HELLER: I have to be bored. I'm going to Mexico for a couple of weeks with the hope of achieving perfect boredom. New York is distracting. I suffer from a nervous impulse that makes me find excuses to call my publisher.

PLAYBOY: Since *Something Happened* is one of the biggest money-makers Knopf has ever had, they must always be glad to hear from you. Why would you need an excuse to call them?

HELLER: I always need an excuse, because I can never bring myself to reveal the true nature of the call.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

HELLER: To prevent them from forgetting about me.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that's a somewhat unrealistic fear?

HELLER: I don't think so. I also fear that a day will go by in which nobody in the whole country buys a copy of the book. I once mentioned this to the people at Knopf and they laughed, as though such a thing were totally out of the question. But I need constant reassurance that my publisher remembers me and that Americans are still buying books.

PLAYBOY: Besides striving to achieve perfect boredom, you're teaching. Why? Presumably, you don't need the money.

HELLER: I teach fiction writing at City College in New York to students who are either very interested or drop the course. I believe I'm known as a hard marker. Money is no longer a primary consideration, but I enjoy the feedback I get from the better students.

PLAYBOY: For some reason, we have difficulty relating to the idea that Joseph Heller still grades papers.

HELLER: That strikes me as a little fishy, too.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered giving up teaching so you could spend more time on your writing?

HELLER: If I gave up teaching, I would have no time at all for writing. When I was working on *Catch-22*, I had a demanding job during the day. I was too tired to go out at night, so I wrote *Catch-22*.

PLAYBOY: You wrote *Catch-22* in the evenings?

HELLER: I spent two or three hours a night on it for eight years. I gave up once and started watching television with my wife. Television drove me back to *Catch-22*. I couldn't imagine what Americans did at night when they weren't writing novels.

PLAYBOY: You're not into TV, then.

HELLER: There's nothing I like on television. I used to watch ball games.

PLAYBOY: Are you a sports fan?

HELLER: Not anymore. My wife and I went through a period of going to hockey games. We haven't done that for a while.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time?

HELLER: Nineteen fifty-four.

PLAYBOY: How about football, baseball, basketball?

HELLER: I'm not a football fan, but I was a fan of the football strike last year.

PLAYBOY: Were you sympathetic with the players' demands?

HELLER: I never found out what their demands were. I just like it when things erupt. That's why I was sorry to see Nixon resign. Impeachment, like the football strike, was a pleasant change in

the news. Otherwise, it's just laws and wars, winning and losing, elections and touchdowns. I like it better when something happens.

PLAYBOY: What would you do with your time now if you weren't teaching?

HELLER: I'd probably run amuck in Rome. When a writer is between books, he needs responsibility to keep him from making a fool of himself. Authors go through a period of craziness between books. Some invest in uranium stock, others change wives and agents. Some commit suicide. It's worse when you're young. Luckily, I was 38 and pretty well set in my ways when *Catch-22* came out. I had a good job and a nice apartment. If I'd been, say, 27 and living in a cold-water flat, my marriage would have broken up, I would have bought an estate in East Hampton I couldn't afford and, to pay for it, I would have started a second novel too soon.

PLAYBOY: Do you think success is more damaging to a writer than failure?

HELLER: Both are difficult to endure. Along with success come drugs, divorce, fornication, bullying, travel, meditation, medication, depression, neurosis and suicide. With failure comes failure.

PLAYBOY: In balance, which is more beneficial to one's spiritual health?

HELLER: Failure.

PLAYBOY: Which do you prefer personally?

HELLER: Success.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?

HELLER: Most of the things I've wanted in life I've either gotten or stopped wanting. *Catch-22* fulfilled all my fantasies but two: It didn't make me rich and it wasn't on the *New York Times* best-seller list. But in critical and popular esteem, it exceeded my wildest dreams.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever tire of reading and rereading your own work?

HELLER: No, I learn a lot from reading my work aloud, as I do on college campuses. I read sections of *Something Happened* at the University of Michigan recently and learned that for it to have remained a best seller as long as it has, it must be reaching a wider, older audience than *Catch-22*. I got a great response from the students with those passages dealing with Slocum's children. But during parts about his office, about fearing old age, there was silence. The attention was there, but the magic was gone.

PLAYBOY: During the 12 years it took to write *Something Happened*, you were no longer working as an adman, so presumably you wrote during the day. What was your schedule like?

HELLER: I wrote for two or three hours in the morning, then went to a gym to work out. I'd have lunch alone at a counter, go back to the apartment and

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work some more. Sometimes I'd lie down and just *think* about the book all afternoon—daydream, if you will. In the evenings, I'd often go to dinner with friends.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you and your friends invented a game called Scapegoat and you played it fanatically while you were writing *Catch-22*.

HELLER: I and a few friends—George Mandel, Mario Puzo and some others—re-designed a board game played with a deck of cards. It's a good gambling game.

PLAYBOY: Did you, in fact, play fanatically?

HELLER: I don't know what you'd call fanatic. We'd stay up all night three or four times a week—

PLAYBOY: That's what we'd call fanatic.

HELLER: We were all writing novels at the time. It was a good release.

PLAYBOY: Would you tell us how it's played?

HELLER: No.

PLAYBOY: Most writers will do anything for money before they become successful; but you rewrote the screenplay for *Sex and the Single Girl* after *Catch-22* came out. Why?

HELLER: For the money. They paid me \$5000 a week. I wish somebody would offer me \$5000 a week to work on something right now. I'd take it.

PLAYBOY: Did you work on any other films?

HELLER: *Dirty Dingus Magee* and *Casino Royale*. Charley Feldman, a nice but very nervous man, was producing *Casino Royale* and he traveled all over the country, hiring writers to do various scenes. He wanted to make sure he had enough material. Woody Allen later told me that he and I both did versions of the same scene.

PLAYBOY: Few film makers have the luxury of choosing the Woody Allen or the Joseph Heller version of a scene. Which one ended up in the movie?

HELLER: Neither. Feldman threw them both out.

PLAYBOY: What was it like working on *Sex and the Single Girl*?

HELLER: It was an enriching experience. Natalie Wood didn't want to do the picture, but she owed it to Warner Bros. on a three-film deal. And Tony Curtis needed the money to settle a divorce. That's what I like best about the movie industry: the art and idealism.

PLAYBOY: Did you participate in the film version of *Catch-22*?

HELLER: No, because I was experienced enough in film making to have virtually no hope that *Catch-22* would become a good film. And if I had participated in making it, I would have been compelled to care how it turned out. So I refused generous screenplay offers.

PLAYBOY: Did you like the film?

HELLER: It was OK, but I can never get

the image of Buck Henry, who did the screenplay, out of my mind. I imagine him tearing through a dog-eared copy of the book while moaning, "Oy, vay, there's no *plot* here!" But when they were getting ready to shoot, I became friendly with Alan Arkin and Mike Nichols. They were so concerned about doing "justice" to the book—which is, of course, impossible in *any* film—that I found myself rooting for them.

PLAYBOY: But the picture bombed. Do you think it deserved its bad reviews?

HELLER: I think if the same film had been foreign, in black and white, without stars and based on an unknown novel, it would have been a major critical success. This is not a comment on the quality of the film but on the consistency of film reviews.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that there is an exceptional thrill in seeing your work performed?

HELLER: It's intoxicating, misleading. It appeals to the basest parts of one's mental anatomy. I love it.

PLAYBOY: Your play, *We Bombed in New Haven*, opened to worshipful reviews. Several critics called it the most important play of the Sixties—

HELLER: And the Seventies.

PLAYBOY: But it was not a commercial success. Why?

HELLER: Because it made people feel guilty, made them accessories to murder. People like to walk out of a theater feeling virtuous.

PLAYBOY: Do you admire the work of any writers in particular?

HELLER: Hawkes, Barth, Céline, Beckett, Pynchon, Faulkner, Shakespeare. . .

PLAYBOY: You have a pile of Dickens novels lying around.

HELLER: This year I'm alternating between one Dickens novel, or biography of Dickens, and one contemporary book. Last year I did that with Jane Austen. The year before that, Henry James.

PLAYBOY: Sounds as if you're catching up on your schoolwork.

HELLER: When I was in school, I had neither taste nor patience. Now at least I have patience.

PLAYBOY: How, in your view, does contemporary American fiction stack up against that of other countries, other periods?

HELLER: The health of American literature is excellent. Unlike the movie business, which cannot make money with serious works, there is enough of a market for good literature in this country to support many novelists who are not commercially minded. I would put Updike, Cheever, Vonnegut, Bellow, Mailer, Baldwin, Roth, Styron, Malamud, Barth, Pynchon and Hawkes in that category. And there are perhaps 15 or 20 more I haven't mentioned, who will never speak to me again. There is a reading public in America that wants good, challenging books. That public is one of our national treasures.

PLAYBOY: What about the rest of the reading public and the "popular" authors they support?

HELLER: There are two kinds of people doing what we'll call popular fiction. One kind is the hack, the producer of quick pornography, quick mysteries—opportunistic books. The hack knows he is writing junk. The other kind may not be an "intellectual" writer but believes that he or she is producing works that are as good as anything that has ever been written. This type of writer puts as much effort into the work as Beckett or Mann or any conscientious writer does. The readers of that type of book are not to be looked down upon, either. They're reading what, to them, is good literature.

PLAYBOY: What authors would you put into this category?

HELLER: I'd rather not mention names.

PLAYBOY: Oh, go ahead.

HELLER: Jackie Susann, Erich Segal, Irving Wallace.

PLAYBOY: Do you—or did you—know any of them personally?

HELLER: I know Irving Wallace. He may not write the type of book I enjoy reading, but he starts work at six in the morning and puts as much effort and energy into *his* type of book as I put into mine. Anyone who wants to usurp Wallace's position with his particular readers is, literally, going to have to get up pretty early in the morning.

PLAYBOY: Have you read *Love Story* or *Valley of the Dolls*?

HELLER: No, but I know people who read *Love Story* and were moved by it. They might have been embarrassed afterward, but there apparently was something in that book—a legitimate reading experience—that I can almost guarantee was quite difficult for Segal to achieve. The proof is that it is not as easy to imitate these people as it looks. Even Segal himself can't seem to do it. I know a woman who was envious of Susann's success, felt she was brighter, more talented, and tried to write a *Valley of the Dolls* type of novel. In spite of a lavish advertising campaign, the book did not succeed. The more intellectual writer is likely to have a hack attitude toward that type of story and not spend enough time with characterization and detail.

PLAYBOY: What about your old friend Mario Puzo? Where does he fit in?

HELLER: After two intellectual novels that did not sell, Mario did attempt to write a popular book and succeeded. But *The Godfather* was not an imitation of any particular author or style, and I don't believe he approached the work with a condescending attitude. Perhaps he is an exception.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever attempted any hackwork?

HELLER: When I was an undergraduate publishing in the *Atlantic* for \$200, I figured I might as well publish in *Good*

Housekeeping for \$1500. So I tried to write what were then called women's stories and never came close. I'd send off first drafts with the feeling I was doing hackwork, whereas the people who were writing good *Good Housekeeping* stories were rewriting them eight, ten, 12 times.

PLAYBOY: Could you select one theme that you think connects all your writing?

HELLER: The two novels are so different. I put everything I knew about the external world into *Catch-22* and everything I knew about the interior world into *Something Happened*. But in both books I am concerned with the closeness of the rational to the irrational mind, the location of reality.

PLAYBOY: Reality is particularly difficult to locate in *Something Happened*. For example, in the scene in which Slocum discusses his problems with a psychiatrist. Afterward, the reader discovers that there is no psychiatrist.

HELLER: Slocum tells the psychiatrist he never has hallucinations. The psychiatrist replies, "What would you call this?"

PLAYBOY: In mapping that boundary between rational and irrational, you often employ humor. Why?

HELLER: I'm inclined to be serious about most matters, yet jokes keep coming to mind. This disturbs me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HELLER: Because humor comes too easily and I'm suspicious of things that come easily.

PLAYBOY: Your conversation seems similar to your writing, in the sense that it careers between the serious and the farcical. Could this be "the Heller style"?

HELLER: Perhaps. . . . Perhaps there is more truth in that than I realize. I wasn't aware that *Catch-22* was a *funny* book until I heard someone laugh while reading it. The experience was pleasant but also unsettling. As I said, I'm suspicious of comedy.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider comedy trivial?

HELLER: Yes. I can spend an evening with the best comedian and love every second, have a very good evening, but it's not going to affect me or change my life.

PLAYBOY: And that's your definition of triviality—whether or not something changes your life?

HELLER: A good novel will permanently alter the way I think. Nothing else does that for me.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, while disclaiming responsibility for soldiers in Vietnam who deserted after reading *Catch-22*, you said one book couldn't shape an attitude or an action. Now you seem to be contradicting yourself.

HELLER: I don't believe one book could convince a "good soldier" to go over the hill. Perhaps one book could convince a soldier who was thinking of it anyway, and perhaps a group of books could, over a period of time, completely change

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someone's way of thinking to an extent that would be impossible after reading only one book. But one book *can* change or expand my way of perceiving the world. A comedy routine cannot.

PLAYBOY: When you say one book, do you mean only fiction, or do you read nonfiction, too?

HELLER: I'll read a nonfiction piece about something I'm interested in. I read the newspaper.

PLAYBOY: Are you interested in New Journalism as an art form? What's your opinion of Tom Wolfe's style?

HELLER: I used to read Tom Wolfe in the *New York Herald Tribune* and wasn't even aware he *had* a style. He writes about interesting subjects, so his work is interesting. But for me, reading non-fiction is like going to the movies. Trivial.

PLAYBOY: How much did you and Gottlieb cut out of *Something Happened*?

HELLER: About 150 pages.

PLAYBOY: And from *Catch-22*?

HELLER: Nearly 100.

PLAYBOY: What kind of material was it?

HELLER: Adjectives and adverbs.

PLAYBOY: *Catch-22* is a big, third-person novel in which you had 60 very different characters to play around with. But in *Something Happened*, everything is related through Bob Slocum, a psychic cripple. Didn't you feel cramped working through such a limited persona?

HELLER: T. S. Eliot said that when one is forced to write within a certain framework, the imagination is taxed to its utmost and will produce its richest ideas. Given total freedom, the work is likely to sprawl.

PLAYBOY: You spent eight years working on a book you *thought* was going to be called *Catch-18*, then just before publication, you were told to find another number. Did you take it hard?

HELLER: I was heartbroken. I thought 18 was the *only* number. It took two weeks to select 22. I don't like to rush into things.

PLAYBOY: When did you know that you'd "made it"?

HELLER: Made what?

PLAYBOY: Status.

HELLER: I knew I'd achieved *something* the first time someone I'd heard of but never met invited me to a party by naming all the famous people who were going to be there and indicated that those famous people were being invited at least partly on the basis that *I* would be there.

PLAYBOY: Any other times?

HELLER: Yes, when I bought a car recently. I didn't haggle, but if I had, I felt I could have gotten a sizable discount.

PLAYBOY: Just because you're Joseph Heller?

HELLER: No, because I'm a friend of Mario Puzo. I had to go around shaking hands with all the Italian salesmen. Status isn't all gay parties and caviar.

PLAYBOY: The title of *Catch-22* has passed into the language as a slogan, a concept. How do you feel when you see and hear it in everyday life?

HELLER: Good, proud. Again, that is something that appeals to one's basest instincts—an appeal I, for one, find irresistible. But I don't always like the people who use *Catch-22* or the way it is used. James St. Clair, Nixon's attorney, tried to get away with it before the Supreme Court. He made the argument that you can impeach a President only if you have evidence that he committed a crime, but you can't collect criminal evidence against a President. One of the Justices had to play Yossarian and say, "Wait a minute. You lose me there."

PLAYBOY: Do you think *Catch-22* is a radical book?

HELLER: Its structure is more radical than the content. The morality is rather orthodox—almost medieval. With the exception of the aforementioned "appreciation of lechery," the seven basic virtues and seven deadly sins are all in their proper place.

PLAYBOY: How about *Something Happened*? Would you consider *that* radical?

HELLER: Yes, but again, only in structure. The first and third person are fused in a way I've never seen before, and time is compressed into almost a solid substance.

PLAYBOY: Most of the reviews of *Something Happened* were quite good. But some were terrible.

HELLER: Apparently, I don't write books people like a *little*.

PLAYBOY: Were the reviews better or worse than you expected?

HELLER: Three out of four were favorable—better than I expected. I think most of the negative reviews and most of the positive reviews were good.

PLAYBOY: How can a bad review be good?

HELLER: Most negative reviewers either found the book repetitious or found Slocum not a sufficiently interesting character to warrant such a detailed examination. Those are valid opinions. The reviewers analyzed the book carefully. That's all any author can ask and far more than most authors receive. **PLAYBOY** published the only review I think of as being snotty. It wasn't really a review, just a paragraph that dismissed the book in an insulting way.

PLAYBOY: *The New York Review of Books* accused you of overweening ambition. It said *Something Happened* was a failed sequel to *Catch-22*, a sort of Everyman in war and peace.

HELLER: That review, along with some others, couldn't resist the temptation to compare the two works, taken together, to *War and Peace*. They said *Catch-22* was perhaps the definitive book about war, but that *Something Happened* was *not* the definitive book about peace. But

it wasn't *my* hypothesis that Slocum is the Everyman of his generation. In fact, I'd *never* write a book in which the leading character was not a very distinct personality. I've said many times that I thought Slocum was perhaps the most contemptible character in all literature. Yet people have found him pathetic, even sympathetic. This surprises me. All these reviewers now claim to have loved *Catch-22*. Where were they when *that* book came out?

PLAYBOY: At least *The New Yorker* was consistent. Its reviewer hated both books.

HELLER: Consistency may be overrated as a virtue.

PLAYBOY: There's never much physical description in your writing. Is it that you don't want to distract the reader or that you think descriptive writing is trivial?

HELLER: Neither. I admire writers like Updike and Nabokov and Vidal, who have great powers of observation. I just don't seem to respond to visual stimulus. I once told my editor I couldn't write a good descriptive metaphor if my life depended on it. Every once in a while, I figure I'd better put in some visual description, but a flushed face and white shingles are usually as far as I get. Recently, someone told me my nephew has blue eyes. I said I'd never noticed. The boy is 28 years old.

PLAYBOY: There is a minor character in *Catch-22* named Scheisskopf. At one point, someone refers to him as a Shithead, with a capital S. Since *Scheisskopf* is German for shithead, it works like a pun, though it looks as if the capital letter were a typographical error. Was that intentional?

HELLER: Yes, and you're the first one to comment on it. I've waited 14 years for someone to pick that up. I've blabbed it to a couple of people *myself*, but nobody's *asked* about it.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other so-far-undetected jokes in *Catch-22*?

HELLER: There is one more.

PLAYBOY: Any chance you'll tell us what it is?

HELLER: No chance at all.

PLAYBOY: *Catch-22* has been translated into all the Western and many Eastern languages. Is there a special pleasure in knowing you are read world-wide?

HELLER: Yes, but there's a certain queasiness that goes with it. I can never be sure about what's *in* those foreign editions. They *look* like *Catch-22*, but who knows? I got a rather unsettling letter soon after the book came out. It said: "I am translating your novel *Catch-22* into Finnish. Would you please explain me one thing: What means *Catch-22*? I didn't find it in any vocabulary. Even assistant air attaché of the U.S.A. here

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in Helsinki could not explain exactly." I suspect the book lost a great deal in its Finnish translation.

PLAYBOY: You've been married to your first and only wife for nearly 30 years. To what do you attribute this unusually successful marriage?

HELLER: I didn't say it was successful. Maybe we just don't quit easily. I know many people whose marriages have ended for reasons that I don't think are serious enough. If everyone were to end a marriage because of disappointments or dissatisfactions or moods or temporary attractions, almost no marriage would survive.

PLAYBOY: Slocum says he would leave his wife if she had an affair. Would you?

HELLER: That falls into the realm of imagined experience.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine leaving her?

HELLER: I think you may now be slipping into the tendency to assume that a novel is a personal statement rather than a work of literature. *Something Happened* seems to invite this sort of thing. While my agent, Candida Donadio, who knows me as well as I know myself, was reading *Something Happened*, she found herself continually saying, "Joe wouldn't do that!" I had to keep reminding her it was fiction. Now that we're back on the topic of sex, I'll have to remind you to ask another question.

PLAYBOY: OK. In *Something Happened*, Slocum says he can't run off with a 19-year-old girl because after two hours he won't have anything to say to her. He claims he is unable to fall in love and that is what keeps his marriage together. Is that your feeling, too?

HELLER: I would generalize and say that my imagination, like Slocum's, keeps me from making foolish mistakes.

PLAYBOY: Slocum says his fantasies are worth while only as long as he remains inert. Do you have any cherished fantasies you feel would be ruined if you acted upon them?

HELLER: Shirley and I often discuss moving to the south of France. But then I start thinking about getting a new driver's license, and what will happen when it gets cold and we have no one to talk to? And what are we going to do if we want a good piece of salami? I end up realizing that I like to live in a city that I know pretty well, among people I know pretty well, and the only place on earth that fits that description is Manhattan. But the south of France continues to be an appealing fantasy for us as long as we do nothing about it.

PLAYBOY: Have you any fantasies that are closer to home?

HELLER: Well, sometimes I think about moving out of the city, but it always takes the form of going to New Hampshire and living next door to J. D. Salinger. But, of course, if that happened, Salinger would immediately move to

Montana. There I'd be, stuck out in the country with nobody to talk to.

PLAYBOY: You claim you're fond of young people, yet you once locked your daughter out of the apartment. Why?

HELLER: That was during my Pizza Period, when I didn't let any people in unless they were bringing me a pizza.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you have an insatiable appetite. Is it true that some of your closest friends, members of the famous Gourmet Club, call you The Animal?

HELLER: It's not a club and we are not members. But, yes, the nonmembers do call me that.

PLAYBOY: You are apparently quite an expert on food. In the February *Playboy Interview*, Mel Brooks, a fellow Gourmet Club nonmember, quotes you as saying that 1000 years ago, there may have been egg in egg creams.

HELLER: I belong to the catastrophist school of egg-cream history, whereas Mel is a steady-state theorist. When Mel is in New York, we spend a lot of time together searching for egg creams.

PLAYBOY: Yossarian was orally fixated and, in *Something Happened*, Slocum sees the deterioration of American life in terms of food. Nothing tastes as good as it used to. He remembers the day he found out about a former girlfriend's suicide by recalling not his sorrow but the taste of the sandwich he ate afterward. Do you share the oral fixations of your two protagonists?

HELLER: Possibly. But I also believe that young people today will never know the taste of a good seeded roll or a mellow roll. They will never know good ice cream, good butter, good whipped cream—the stuff they spray out of cans isn't whipped and isn't cream. This is a legitimate measure of the deterioration of our standard of living.

PLAYBOY: How did the Gourmet Club start?

HELLER: Thirteen years ago, Ngoot Lee, the famous Chinese advertising man, began cooking dinner for a group of us once a week. Then Ngoot became successful and decided cooking put him in a subservient position, so we began going to Chinese restaurants instead.

PLAYBOY: We didn't know there were any famous Chinese admen.

HELLER: Ngoot cunningly hides his nationality by speaking Yiddish.

PLAYBOY: We've talked about your devotion to food. Are you a drinker?

HELLER: Yes, but never alone. If I'm at a party, I'll drink all night. I'm known as a nice drunk. I get very funny.

PLAYBOY: Do you think most writers like to drink?

HELLER: I can't speak for most writers. But most people I know who are writers don't like to drink as much as I do.

PLAYBOY: Are you into any other drugs?

HELLER: No, and I don't think drugs are valuable to a writer. They might distort your perceptions in a way that enables you to see more, but the ability to coordinate what you're experiencing with the very acute discipline of writing will be absent.

PLAYBOY: Do you have vivid dreams?

HELLER: Sometimes.

PLAYBOY: In color?

HELLER: No, black and white.

PLAYBOY: Have you used your dreams in your work?

HELLER: Almost all of Slocum's dreams are my own: ones in which he must get from one place to another and can't; he's in school and has to take a test, but he can't find the classroom. Freud himself had a recurring dream about not being able to pass an exam. When I was teaching at Penn State, I used to dream I was in the classroom with 15 minutes left and I couldn't think of a single thing to say. It was terrifying.

PLAYBOY: What else terrifies you? Do you believe in hell—or God?

HELLER: I don't care if there's a God or not.

PLAYBOY: What if Ralph Nader came up with a scientific study that proved there was a God and a heaven and a hell? Would that alter your behavior?

HELLER: No. The experience of life is more important than the experience of eternity. Life is short. Eternity never runs out.

PLAYBOY: Is there any special way you'd like to be . . . remembered?

HELLER: Remembered? In order to understand that question, am I to assume you have euphemistically deleted the word death?

PLAYBOY: We were hoping you wouldn't notice.

HELLER: It is impossible to predict or control how you will be remembered after your death. In that way, dying is like having children: You never know what will come out. In Beckett's *Endgame*, he asks his parents, in effect, "Why did you have me?" and the father replies, "We didn't know it would be you."

PLAYBOY: Yossarian wants to "live forever or die in the attempt," and Slocum wants to "outlive the Rockies." Do you fear death?

HELLER: I fear death, nursing homes and vaccinations.

PLAYBOY: Snowden's secret, which Yossarian learned when the young gunner's guts slithered out through a flak wound over Avignon, was that "the spirit gone, man is garbage. . . . Ripeness was all." Can you bring yourself to contemplate that inevitable transition from spirit to garbage?

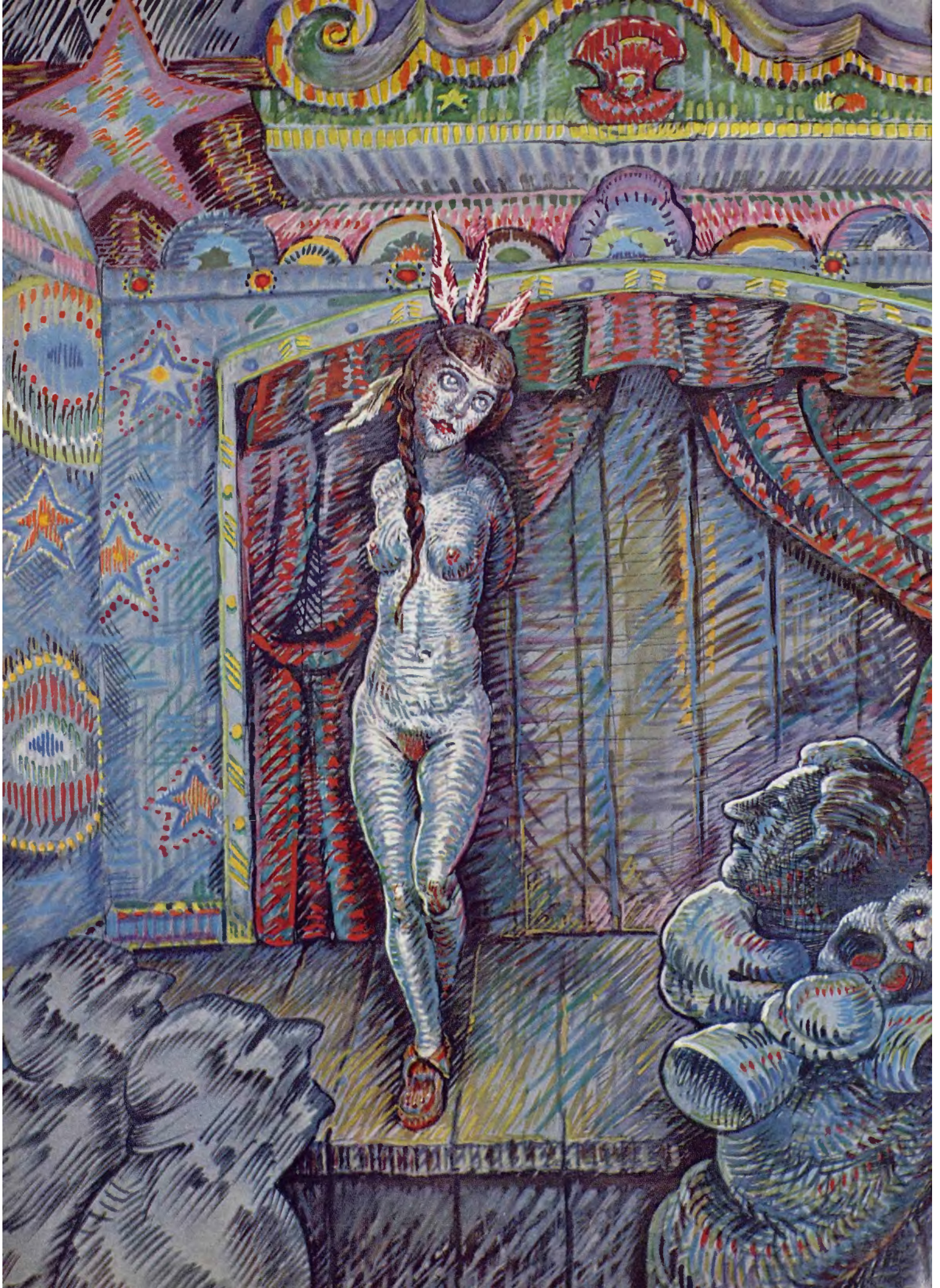
HELLER: I've come to look upon death the same way I look upon root-canal work. Everyone else seems to get through it all right, so it couldn't be too difficult for me.



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fiction

By PETER LARS SANDBERG

LARGE HANDS trembling, Jack Burton Doyle, 43, opened his trip log, balanced it carefully on his lap, wrote in pencil:

15 September, Angusport, Nova Scotia—sea-coast fishing village—R.V. parked with full hookup top of steep "Angusport Hill." Weather: clear, crisp. Five minutes ago, 1:40 P.M., heard (or damn well *thought* I heard) female mayday over C.B. radio, channel 11. Responded repeatedly, but no further transmission. Had definite sense someone was monitoring but could not raise him. Maybe did not want to get involved. Her call specifically as I read it: "*Help, help me, please help. . .*" Voice definitely young. Excellent 5 x 5 copy, no static (Angusport Base?). Background engine noise could have been local trawler; but most of those people talk some kind of Canuck French. Festival week here. Carnivals, parades, replica schooner due to arrive soon. Possibilities (1) somebody's prank; (2) my imagination, fantasy, whiskey dream; or (3) legitimate mayday, someone in trouble.

He paused, touched the tip of his pencil to his tongue, added:

So what does Doyle do now???

For openers, he poured himself a drink.

He had read in his tour guide that in 1815, one of the inland valleys of Nova Scotia had

BLUE DOG MOBILE ON ANGUSPORT HILL

had he really heard the girl's mayday call on his c.b., or was it a whiskey dream?

ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR ROSOFKY

suffered an unprecedented invasion of mice. The mice had arrived without warning in early May and had by September laid such waste to the local crops that a near famine ensued. Doyle's own plagues had arrived the same way, without warning and in the spring. He had summed it all up one bleary night in the R.V. (Beacon Hill, Boston?—he liked hills) by printing in his trip log:

DROPPED BY EMPLOYER, DESERTED BY DAUGHTER, DIVORCED BY WIFE.
signed D for Dismal Doyle

With his share of the money from the house sale he had bought the motor home, secondhand, from a retired U.S.A.F. pilot in Warrenville. A deluxe rig, 26 feet long, 8 feet wide, 11½ feet high, it featured a twin-bunk bedroom aft, toilet with tub and shower midships, combination kitchen-dinette forward. A propane refrigerator and stove, two television sets, heat, air conditioning and stereo throughout completed the appointments. He had stocked its numerous cabinets with the best of what Jen had left him, his half of their linens, flatware, silver service; had laid in a store of good whiskey and wine. . . .

"What are you going to *do* in that thing?" Mark Tolliver had wanted to know. "Besides visit old friends, I mean."

"Screw my brains out," replied Doyle, whose plan had been exactly that: a way of getting even, he supposed. Tolliver had looked on wistfully when Doyle rolled out of Pittsburgh. (Did he know Jen had been sleeping all those years with Russell Bird? Everyone else seemed to know. Everyone except Doyle.)

Other old friends looked on wistfully, too, in Wilkes-Barre, Paterson, Pittsfield, Boston. . . . Their wives, most of whom Doyle had never met, uniformly treated him as though he might be contagious. He discovered the phenomenon that in the homes of the married, unattached women are seldom seen. The girl hitchhikers he picked up usually traveled in pairs. Scruffy teenagers in Levis and denim (ah, Sarah! Only child of my flesh!), they would usually sit on the dinette lounge nearest the R.V. door and would, as he drove them to their uncertain destinations, answer his questions warily.

Except for an old hooker in Hackensack, he had managed to score exactly nothing in six weeks on the road. He ached for a woman, someone to sleep with, talk with, react to. Married 20 years, he had gotten used to that kind of company, had, he realized too late, come to take it for granted.

The citizen's-band radio helped. Out of his loneliness, he monitored it continuously.

. . .

He sat now in the high-backed swivel seat behind the wheel of the R.V., sipping whiskey from a china cup, listening attentively to the hum and buzz of his

C.B. receiver. He was a big, still-solid man of expanding girth. For three years out of college he had been a defensive lineman with the Steelers (they had named him Blue Dog for his persistence on the field). He had had one fair season before he ripped up a heel cord and had to retire. The scent of a locker room could still make him giddy. He jogged when he could, lifted weights. Usually a careful, even fussy dresser, he had, since leaving Pittsburgh, taken to wearing sweat shirts, Levis, boots, an orange serape in place of a sports coat. Already these things had begun to seem familiar, as had the lengthening of his reddish-brown hair.

You'd like me better now, he thought, not sure whether he meant Sarah or Jen.

Through the rear windows of his vehicle he could see the outfits of the campers: cabovers and pop-up trailers, mostly; one big Airstream parked obliquely across the lot. Unable to sleep well for weeks, he had been dozing fitfully in the early afternoon when her voice had come to him: "*Help, help me, please help. . .*" That was all. Stunned with whiskey and fatigue, he had grabbed his mike and responded:

"This is Blue Dog on Angusport Hill. I copy your mayday. Come back."

The receiver buzzed, clicked; for a moment, he was sure someone was on channel, listening to him but not replying.

"Repeat, repeat," he called. "This is Blue Dog mobile on Angusport Hill. I've got a good copy on your mayday. Give me a call."

But she had not given him a call. Nor had anyone else.

He was parked facing east at the edge of the lot where the 1000-foot hill began its steep slope to the sea. Through the canted, buslike windshields of the R.V. he could see the parti-colored roofs of early-century homes, many of them newly and brightly painted, dropping in tiers of narrow, leafy streets to the wharves, where trawlers were moored. A stiff breeze was coming up onshore. Doyle watched it unfurl the campground flag, point it his way. Fifteen minutes had passed since the call for help had startled him out of his half sleep.

I heard it, he thought. *I didn't make it up.*

It was, he decided finally, an incident he should report.

. . .

The Angusport police station was located next to the brassworks on Q, a street that paralleled the waterfront. He arrived there shortly after two P.M., having jogged belatedly down the hill, his serape an orange cape tugging at his throat. The station anteroom was jammed: native Nova Scotians, U.S. tourists; all apparently in for the festival. Through air blue with cigarette smoke

and a cacophony of dialect, Doyle shoved his way to the front desk as politely as he could.

"I've picked up a mayday on a mobile C.B. receiver," he said. "Who should I talk to?"

The desk sergeant led him to a small office away from the anteroom. The captain in charge, a slender French Canadian in powder blue, listened while Doyle, poised at the edge of a chair, heart beating now with a sense of mission, quickly related his story.

"You heard this call a half hour ago?" the captain queried.

"About that," Doyle admitted. "I probably should have gotten to you sooner, but I kept thinking she might come back, or we'd get a breaker. . . ."

"Just the one transmission?"

"Right."

"On channel eleven?"

"Right. She sounded as if she'd managed to get to the mike just long enough to transmit that message: 'Help, help me,' and so on. Then it was as if somebody yanked her away, cut her off."

The captain nodded. "Of course, you know channel nine is the emergency channel."

"Sure, right. That's why I think she could be being held against her will. I know it sounds dramatic, but she might not have had time to get on nine, see what I mean? Maybe this guy was monitoring eleven and left it on—"

"This 'guy,' you say?"

Doyle shrugged.

"She sounded young," he said. "I've got a sixteen-year-old daughter and this one sounded about that age to me. She could have been hitchhiking and some guy with a problem, well, you know, could have snatched her. Believe me, it happens."

The captain smiled. *Oh, boy*, Doyle thought. Suddenly, he felt weak. Sarah had left in the middle of the night, had written him one letter since. She did not intend, she said, to choose between her mother and him. The postmark had been somewhere in Oregon. No return or forwarding address. Your fault, Jen had said. No. Yours.

"Did anyone confirm this transmission?"

"No. I think somebody else might have been monitoring—just a feeling I had—but nobody came up."

"Not much to go on, is it?"

"Well, to begin with, it was a good strong transmission with some kind of engine noise behind it, high-pitched, up and down—"

"Fishing trawler?"

"I don't know; I don't think so. I've copied them before. This sounded different."

The captain touched the tips of his fingers together, gazed through the spotless lights of his office window. The

(continued on page 122)

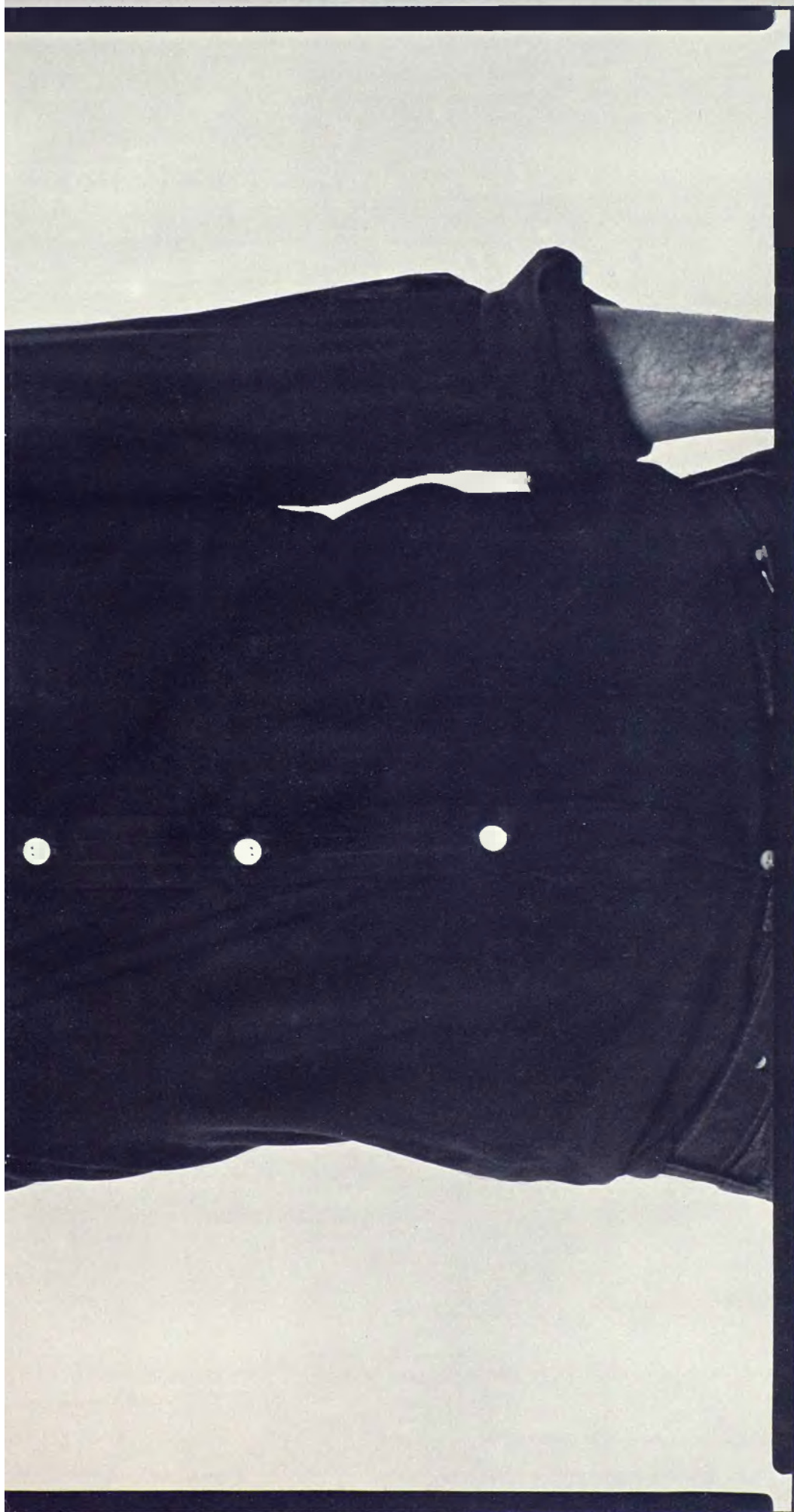


"Thank goodness you're safe, Grandma—it sounded as though you were being gobbled up by that big bad wolf!"

PICTURES OF AVIDDON

he photographs
lauren hutton, elizabeth taylor
and dozens of
other beautiful people.
he makes more money than
the law ought to allow.
everybody has heard of him.
but just who is he?





personality **By OWEN EDWARDS**

ON A CERTAIN BEIGE day in late spring, I'm sitting in a room in New York Hospital, surrounded by the well-meaning, god-awful gadgetry of modern medicine, earnestly scratching out notes while Richard Avedon, high on cortisone treatments for a heart inflammation, takes my carefully considered questions, warps them into *his* questions, then spins out rich, seductive answers that he approves of with an ingenuous smile.

It is the photographer as subject, shamelessly using the myriad camouflage tricks used on him by a thousand sitters. I recall his own definition of a photographic portrait: that it is a picture of someone who knows he's being photographed, no more and no less. And his warning: that if the photographer is not to be seduced by the sitter's idea of the best in him or her, the process of portraiture must become a sort of contest. So be it.

To come up, then, with a portrait that is not entirely his creation—to be not Avedon's

Boswell but Avedon's Avedon—perhaps the best tactic would be to adapt the photographer's contact sheet, making impression after impression, in order to trap one precious fraction of a second when the mask has slipped.

• • •

On the eve of May 1, 1974, Avedon finished hanging his one-man show at New York's Museum of Modern Art and went to dinner with a friend. The exhibition consisted of eight large blowups of his father, Jacob Israel Avedon, taken during the final six years of his life. They are extraordinary pictures, almost unbearably powerful; they represent the peak of Avedon's considerable achievements in portrait photography and may be the finest camera portraits made since Julia Margaret Cameron's Victorian masterpieces.

The night was a milestone for Avedon for many reasons. For one thing, after 30 years of consistent success as a New York commercial photographer and growing critical

recognition of his portrait work, this was his first one-man show in his home town. And despite the fact that the exhibition was in one of the art world's most prestigious showcases, beautifully displayed in a specially constructed ground-floor room where thousands would see the pictures, it had been a long time coming. More important, though, was the fact that the pictures were the final, bittersweet fruit of an intense labor that had gone far beyond photographic or artistic boundaries. With the work, or through it, Avedon had managed to bridge the sad chasm that separates fathers and sons; while making hundreds of pictures of his dying father, he had made a belated peace with him, too. The portraits are, in a sense, the by-product of this process. They are not serene studies of an old saint waiting for his ride to paradise (old-saint pictures are surprisingly easy to come by). Rather, they are visual metaphors for the cosmic unfairness of death, coming along, as it does, full of disdain for all the sweat and pain of survival. The pictures discover a man, brimming over with time and its numberless imprints, confronted by the unthinkable irony of leaving the profound familiarity of it all—an old man, like Beckett's old men, very used to being alive.

After dinner, Avedon went back to the small room he uses above his studio and went to bed. He was scheduled to meet with a television-news crew at the museum the next morning. At two in the morning, he woke up with severe chest pains. Nothing like it had ever happened before, yet he was not totally unprepared. At 51, his consistent good health and phenomenal energy had created a deep distrust of his body (*why* doesn't anything ever go wrong?). He immediately called his doctor and announced that, as was altogether fitting and poetically proper, he was dying.

An hour later, he was at the hospital, plugged into a piece of thinking furniture that was deciding that he had not had a heart attack but that he had not had *nothing*, either. Relieved enough to feel really awful, he settled in for the first three weeks of inactivity he had spent in his life.

Over a week into his stay, the first review of his MOMA show appeared in the Sunday *New York Times*. In the past, the *Times*' second-string photography critic had been consistently cool toward his portrait work, determined for reasons of his own not to take him too seriously (terms such as wicked fun, theatrical spectacle, lack of humanity and first-rate glamor portraitist of famous ladies are characteristic of his reviews), so when the paper arrived, Avedon put it aside, figuring he felt bad enough without help and that it was a measure of *menschhood* not to read reviews.

Late that night, he couldn't get to

sleep. He called in a nurse and urged her to tell him some nurse stories, which she did, gory arabesques and starchy sex rampant (he has the director's talent for eliciting these performances). After she left, he again tried to sleep, without success. Finally, he switched on the bedside lamp and opened the *Times*. The review was even worse than he had expected. Among other things, the critic wrote that he suspected that "the subject is caught . . . in moments of wholly untypical dopeyness," "the effect comes more from the virtuoso style than from any real penetration of subject matter," and even "the average conventional viewer is bound to ask what kind of son it could be who would take such pictures of his dying father, yet."

Avedon folded the paper. He told himself that the review didn't matter, that this particular critic had always got it wrong and probably always would. Still, the review rankled enough to overpower his nightly sleeping pill. For better and often worse, the *Times* is the major arbiter of opinion in New York; Avedon knew how good the pictures of his father were, and he hated to think of people looking at them through a haze of secondhand prejudice.

It was three in the morning. Avedon lay there, staring up at the gray ceiling, feeling the dreaded nocturnal creature he calls his *Wereschmuck* taking over. Suddenly, he got up and took the newspaper into the small bathroom that adjoined his room. He lit a match and carefully set fire to a corner of the paper, holding it at arm's length while the fire progressed from cheery glow to slightly out-of-control inferno. Panicking, he stuffed it into the toilet. Fire billowed volcanically from the bowl, filling the room with black smoke and flakes of charred newspaper. There he knelt, world-famous glamorous person Richard Avedon, flushing the toilet again and again, forcing down the soggy glob of paper until he was elbow deep in intimate plumbing. Finally, with a gurgle, the cremated remains started off to sea.

Feeling much better, he stood up and carefully wiped the walls clean of soot with damp toilet paper. The plastic seat had partially melted into a distinctive, not unpleasant shape. Thinking of all the rooms in the hospital commemorated to those who had gone on to a presumably better place, he dedicated the fire-warped seat to that photography critic of *The New York Times*, washed his hands and went peacefully to sleep.

Four weeks later, art critic Hilton Kramer said in the *Times*, about the pictures: "We feel ourselves, oddly enough, intensely in touch with life—and with a side of life that rarely, if ever, is captured in the art of any medium. . . . Avedon has brought . . . courage and affection to his 'forbidden' subject, and the result will forever alter the way

we think about such subjects in the future."

. . .

A young writer named Doon Arbus has worked closely with Avedon during the past four years. She is memorably beautiful in an offbeat, languid way, yet in all their time working together, she has never sat for a picture. When I asked him why he didn't photograph such a likely model, he said that at a good sitting an intimacy develops between him and his subject that is totally unlike the intimacy between friends. He describes it as an intimacy with no past and no future. Like a sexual encounter with a stranger in a darkened room, he says, a portrait sitting can leave both participants with a feeling of embarrassment if they meet later on the street. Keeping a certain distance lets him concentrate solely on what he sees. "I have great faith in surfaces," he says. "A good one is full of clues."

. . .

Occasionally, Avedon takes pictures of himself. It is one way to check up on that notoriously unreliable witness, the bathroom mirror. Invariably, in these pictures, he appears without a trace of expression. It is either a method of presenting himself as a stranger to his own spiritual X ray, an attempt at honesty that is literally self-effacing, or the ultimate mask.

. . .

As a gift once, Doon and Laura Kane-lous, Avedon's representative, thought up and put together a little blue book of remarks he had made to a variety of people. The book is called *The Little Wisdoms of Richard Avedon*. Here are some samples, not without shades of revelation:

- See, I was Dick. And I was short. And I was dumb. And I was Jewish. So I used to walk around as Short Dumb Jewish Dick.
- Next to minds, I like bodies best.
- He sleeps fastest who sleeps alone.
- My success depends more on the pictures I didn't take than on the ones I did.
- There's this profound fat man inside me struggling to get out.
- Good night. I'm having a nervous breakdown.

And this:

- Scratch the surface, and if you're really lucky, you find more surface.

. . .

An untaken self-portrait stays fixed in Avedon's mind. He is rushing along 57th Street, 22 years old, headed for *Harper's Bazaar*, clutching still-damp prints to be presented to his mentors, editor Carmel Snow and the fearsome Russian art director Alexey Brodovitch. He glances to one side and sees his

(continued on page 208)



SEX IN CINEMA FRENCH STYLE

the newest wave rolling in from paris is soaked with eroticism

article

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A FUNNY thing happened to Valéry Giscard d'Estaing on the Avenue des Champs Elysées one fine day. As the president of France went riding along the thoroughfare that is the pride of Paris, he saw something he did not like: billboards. Never mind the ads for men's briefs and Pernod. Ça, c'est normal. But the elegance of the Champs, universally acknowledged to be the most glorious stretch of main street in the civilized (continued on page 146)

When Zig-Zig's dance-hall girls Bernadette Lafont and Catherine Deneuve (left) can't scrape up the funds to buy their dream house in the mountains, they do a bit of humping for hire. Among the kinks in *Le Jeu avec le Feu* (Playing with Fire) is this scene between Anicée Alvina and screen papa Philippe Noiret (top).

Three leading ladies of le film érotique: Brigitte Ariel (right) of *La Môme Piaf* and *Rosebud*—the latter with, among others, ex-New York Mayor John Lindsay; Aurore Clément (bottom left) of *Lacombe, Lucien*; and Anne Libert (inset), star of a half dozen films, who claims she really likes to stay home cooking leek soup.



The plot of *L'Important C'est d'Aimer* (*The Important Thing Is to Love*) calls for Fabio Testi, as a photo-journalist in love with Romy Schneider, to shoot pornographic pictures in order to fend off a mafioso moneylender. Appearing in one of his films within the film (scene at right) is actress Laure Cotteau.

Mireille Darc (below), actor Alain Delon's real-life lady, followed up her hit role in the sex comedy *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe* with a sequel, *Return of the Tall Blond*. In *Sexually Yours* (below left), stud-for-rent Yan Brian finds that his services encompass some bedroom calisthenics.





In *The Murdered Girl* (left), Sirpa Lane finds a use for Mathieu Carrière's mother's jewels. *Porcelain Wedding* (bottom left) boasts an orgy whose principals include Christine Lelouch, Claude's ex, and Pierre Blaise. At right, booted Frédérique Baralle, in *Hot Sex*, recalls a lesbian encounter to titillate her shrink.

Didier Haudepin and Muriel Catala are participants in a tale of teenage sexual initiation, *Vous Intéressez-vous à la Chose?*, to be seen here as *First Time with Feeling* (below). Paloma Picasso, Pablo's daughter, stars as a countess who bathes in virgins' blood in *Contes Immoraux* (Immoral Tales), below right.





The Grand Old Man of the French erotic cinema is the durable Michel Piccoli, seen at bottom center in *Le Trio Infernal* (under the appreciative eye of Romy Schneider) and at near left embracing his pneumatic made-in-Japan mistress in *Life-Size Doll*. The gadget cost \$150,000 and, reports *Variety*, was well worth it.



In *Emmanuelle*, star Sylvia Kristel undertakes a sort of erotic *Pilgrim's Progress*, during which she falls head over heels for Bee, a lody archaeologist (Marika Green) whom she pursues to her digs (left). Since making *Emmanuelle*, the Dutch-born Sylvia (right) has completed three more films and started a fourth.



Below: Turned on by a photo of Poul Newman, *Emmanuelle's* nymphet friend Marie-Ange (Christine Boisson) colmlly mosturbates on the terrace of the Bangkok villo leased by *Emmanuelle's* diplomat husband. Despite *Emmanuelle's* success, Mlle. Kristel (right) claims she'd like to change her movie imoge.



Sompling the joys of sex at 30,000 feet or thereabouts, *Emmanuelle* and on anonymous fellow passenger bang away in the lovatory of a Paris-to-Bangkok jet (obove). The lody relaxing at right is actress Marika Green, looking considerably more languorous thon she did os *Emmanuelle's* love object.







Never Beat a Full House

*the girl was stacked and so
was the deck in a wild-card
game of highway poker*

fiction *By William Kuhns*

DEREK FIRST SAW the hitchhikers when he took the expressway turnoff just after Rapids, Kentucky. The first thing he wondered was whether it was anyone in particular that they wanted to kill. They stood on what narrow shoulder there was to the tightly curving access road—a pinched lean man in a tennis windbreaker and a blonde girl, maybe in her teens, in denims and a T-shirt—and Derek thought that anyone who stopped for them *deserved* the Mack that you couldn't see behind you, 20 tons of kick and a long twisted roll.

At the Shell station, the attendant, a kid all scoured with acne, spent more time petting the white Continental than cleaning



ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

the windshield. As usual, Derek distrusted him. Feckless way the kid stroked the Continental, suspicious way the kid looked at him. Not the type. You're supposed to look sleek and suburban to drive a Lincoln. Even with his new Sundance Kid mustache, Derek looked like somebody who sold fabricated sidings to developers (which he did), possibly in deals salted with kickback action (when it helped). But you don't explain to a stranger that there are ways anyone can afford a Lincoln—anyone, that is, who's mastered the Byzantine possibilities of the modern expense account. Just so you make sure your boss gets to see only your wife's car.

He paid with a credit card and swung back onto the road and squinted as he tried again to remember Wyona's last name: Shaker Heights, husband a proctologist—do they list MDs anywhere by their specialty?—and she had played some marvelous games with a peeled peach; this time he'd take a basket of peaches. He followed a Mazda into the access curve; saw that the hitchhikers were still there, now fighting. The man—he had to be twice her age—had both her arms by the wrists, and she was kicking; and she was lovely. Was she trying to free her arms and wave to him? Did he know her? Impulsively, Derek drummed his horn twice as he approached, distracting both of them. He pointed ahead as he swung past; couldn't hurt to wait a minute, see if they showed.

He began braking as soon as he reached the highway. Wide, voluble mouth and upswung hair that flashed with her anger. A fantasy flashed through Derek's mind: Just take off, shoot off without him if she made it to the car first. Driver's prerogative, and maybe she'd like to go to Cleveland with him. He glanced back and she came into view.

He wasn't so far behind her, but he was carrying both suitcases and shouting something that got lost in the whoosh of passing cars. Derek reached over and opened the passenger door. Panting, she reached the car and slid inside and gave Derek a smile that he had never seen before. She was soft-featured, a child—she could be 12 or 20—whom you might expect to be demure and modest, but there was a glint of craziness in her smile. As if anticipating Derek's wish, she closed the door behind her and locked it. Derek wanted to start the car and wave goodbye to the man still running toward them with the heavy suitcases dragging. She was definitely young, but her T-shirt and bell-bottomed jeans weren't saying how young. Thinking that too many judges had daughters under 18, Derek waited and smiled back at her.

The older man reached the car and opened the back door to sling the suitcases inside. He looked 40, going on a sullen 70. He had a crabbed crow's mouth and dots for eyes, long hair thinned across

his scalp, with one ugly strand that came down over his forehead almost to the sharp corner of his nose. His breath was hard and ragged. He tried the front door and discovered it was locked.

"Open it, Nat," he said. His voice had the texture of sandpaper rubbing against sandpaper. She made a mock sour frown and flicked the lock. Derek watched apprehensively as he got inside. What the hell was she doing, traveling with this Neanderthal?

"Thank you, sir, thank you," he said with that voluble sincerity that always made Derek instantly suspicious. Gruffly, he added, "Over, Nat."

"There's a back seat, you know," she said to him with fluted lips. Derek watched him to see how long it took before he brushed that ugly forelock back above his forehead.

"Over, Nat." She squirmed emphatically toward Derek, as if to ensure maximum space between her and the companion.

"I'm Lowell Perry," the man said to Derek, reaching a hand around Nat. Derek made a wan smile.

"Derek Feld." Like giving your name to a panhandling wino: Derek resented it. "And you're . . . Nat? For Natalie?"

She cast a malignant glance at Lowell and sulked. "I'm not supposed to talk to strangers," she said, pouting. The words rolled from her mouth as distinctly as marbles. Derek put the car in drive and pulled it out onto the highway. She must be 12, he decided; she had a 12-year-old's contempt for Lowell, whoever he was. Her father? Somehow, that didn't fit.

"Nat, be nice to the man. He gave us a ride."

"He gave *me* a ride. He wouldn't have picked you up if you weren't with *me*. Isn't that so?" she asked Derek with a sudden sprightly lift to her voice and a finger plucking as a cue at his sleeve.

If she were 12, Derek thought, it was a devious 12. "I wanted to stop a fight. What were you fighting about?"

"He started it," Nat flashed. "He likes to pick on people."

"Derek, you'll have to excuse my niece. She has a temper."

"Would you like to see my temper?" she said with raised eyebrows and a piquant smile. Wasn't Lolita 12? Derek thought. He adjusted his rearview mirror to watch her.

"Nat. We're going to Cincinnati. Where are you going, Derek?"

The use of his first name grated on Derek. He lied. "Louisville. Sales conference. Do you hitchhike much?" Pointedly, he directed it at Nat.

"Not with *him*."

"Shut up, Nat. What happened, the Pinto fell apart in Rapids. Clutch, transmission, what a mess. I called the bus station and we would have had to wait all day."

"You weren't likely to get a ride, standing in the crook of the road back there. Nobody's going to stop on a curve like that."

"That's what *I* told him. He never listens."

She squirmed lower, out of the range of the mirror. Derek decided to be direct. At least indirectly. "What year of school are you in, Nat?"

"I don't *like* school," she said sullenly, folding her arms.

"What do you like?"

She rose high enough to become visible again in the mirror. "Ohhhhh, mostly, I guess, I like to play." Her lips gave the last word as much succulence as a nectarine, and she added a bright vivid smile, without turning. So she knew she was in the mirror. That had promise. Then she lifted her index finger to her open mouth, at first tapping her lips, but gradually closing her mouth round the finger and sucking on it, withdrawing it slowly, distressingly slowly, till it burst loose in a loud pop. "I don't like to play alone," she added, half-poutingly, then made another, longer, even more fetching smile, straight into the mirror, directly at Derek. The Continental skirted the shoulder.

"I still can't decide whether you're twelve or eighteen. Maybe it doesn't matter," Derek said.

"She acts like twelve, that's her problem," Lowell grunted. He'd been glancing out the window and missed the performance: Just as well. "She wants people to think she's still a child."

"I'm eight-*een*," she said with wonderful insouciance. "That's old enough to do whatever I want." She nodded with a child's sure authority. "Don't *you* think?" she asked Derek brightly, tugging again at his sleeve.

"Absolutely," Derek assured her. "But what do you want?"

She squeezed her hands between her thighs and bounced her knees together. "I want to play a game. Do you want to play?"

"Nat, the man is driving. He should keep his attention on his driving."

"Sure," Derek said, ignoring Lowell. "What kind of game?"

Listlessly, she traced a finger across her leg and down to the seat and across the scant inches of seat to Derek's leg and paused, touching his leg so gently that he tingled everywhere. He knew what kind of game.

"I know *one* game we can play in a car," she said, leaving her mouth oval and playing her tongue slowly over her lips, as if to taste lingering traces of earlier ice cream.

"For how many?"

"Ohhh, just for two. I wouldn't play with *him*, anyway. He's a sore loser."

"How do you play this game?"

"Derek, I think it would be safer if

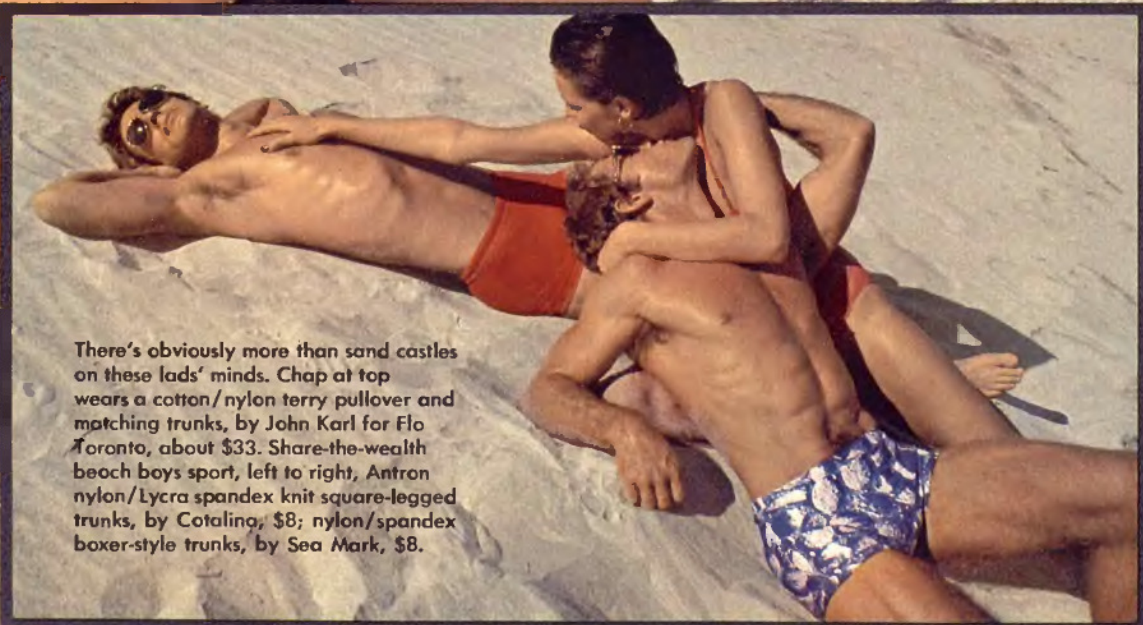
(continued on page 98)

SWIM SUITABLES

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

*how to be the
best man at a wetting*



There's obviously more than sand castles on these lads' minds. Chap at top wears a cotton/nylon terry pullover and matching trunks, by John Karl for Flo Toronto, about \$33. Share-the-wealth beach boys sport, left to right, Antron nylon/Lycra spandex knit square-legged trunks, by Cotatino, \$8; nylon/spandex boxer-style trunks, by Sea Mark, \$8.



Picture of a man being held captive
by one thong. He's doing fine, though, in
a nylon striped bikini, by Gil Cohen
for Boulet Sportswear Limited, \$4.



The relaxed fellow, above, pausing for a buss stop has on an Acrilan fleece zip-front hooded short caftan, \$27.50, and cotton madras patch-pattern trunks, \$18.50, both by State-O-Moine. No trouble here watching the birdie. At left: A terry beach outfit, by Egon Von Furstenberg, \$45. At right: A hooded terry top, \$35, and in post position, "basketball"-style trunks, same fabric, same manufacturer, same price.



Never Beat a Full House

you just kept your attention on the road. Nat, leave the man alone."

"You're in my car now, Lowell," Derek flashed. "In my car."

Nat giggled and clapped. "You tell him. Here, here, I'll show you how to play. First you have to let that car pass." She twisted in her seat, against Derek's side, to point to a beige Volvo, and Derek slowed to let it pass. She leaned forward into the windshield and Derek couldn't avoid glancing at the outline of her high and not-so-small breasts. So. "AAJ737. Ohhhh, that's good. That's very good." She giggled excitedly. "Do you know what that means?"

"I'd like to."

"That's two aces and two sevens. And, of course, a jack and a three, but they're not worth anything."

"Poker."

"Uh-huh. It's got to have at least five numbers or letters. A's and ones both count for aces, 'cause you get better hands. And K, you know, is a king, and Q is a queen, and Os and zeros are tens. Only there're no suits, so you can't get flushes. Do you want to play?" She turned and her smile was dazzling.

"Sure. What kind of stakes?"

She leaned back and, perfectly framed in the mirror, her tongue slid forward and made a slow winding progression around the sides of her lips, wetting them to a gleaming vermilion. Derek forced his eyes forward, at the road. And he felt something flicking lightly at the flap of his fly. "Not money, something else. OK?" she said.

Derek glanced at Lowell, who was looking sideways at Nat darkly. Could he see what her left hand was doing? Still doing? "All right," Derek said. "Against what?"

"Oh, *him*. Of course."

"Lowell."

"If you win, well. . . ." She rubbed her finger against the straining zipper, then drew it to her mouth and rolled her tongue round it, like a lollipop. "Then I give you a surprise! But if I win, you let him out. At the side of the road."

"Natalie, stop this nonsense at once." Iron shavings had gathered in Lowell's voice.

Derek tried to hide a grin and wiped his mouth when he couldn't. "Costly for Lowell."

"Don't, don't, Derek," Lowell said. His voice shook. "She's . . . she's not well. She does things sometimes with strangers. It's embarrassing."

"We each get *three hands*," Nat said, sitting up straight. "And after all three, you pick your best hand against my best hand. We take turns on the cars that pass. But only cars count, no trucks or trailers or, yecchhhhh, motorbikes. OK?" Her smile was superb and Derek decided

(continued from page 94)

that she had no business traveling with Lowell, anyway.

"Great."

Impulsively, she hugged his arm and sat closer to him.

"Derek . . ." Lowell began.

"That's yours, the first one," she said, squirming against his arm. Derek slowed to let a maroon Cougar pass.

"NGK555. Oooooo, three fives. Bet I can beat three fives."

Derek slowed again and let a Volkswagen pass.

"BCJ236. Yech. Bugs are always such yech hands."

"Derek . . . ?" Lowell sounded pitiful.

"Can't you just shut up, Lowell?"

"Yours is the next one. Ha! KJT990. Almost a straight, just dinky nines. Junk."

"I'm really taking her to a hospital in Cincinnati," Lowell said gravely, in a new tone. "This twelve-year-old act she puts on. There are others."

Derek frowned, but he couldn't keep out a brief inexplicable chill. Of course, it was a ruse, Lowell was desperate. He glanced at Lowell: The forelock had slipped down again.

"I want the Cadillac! I want the Cadillac! Caddies are the luckiest, next to Rolls, but you'll never see a Rolls in Kentucky."

The Cadillac shot past too quickly to read the full plate. Derek changed lanes and accelerated.

"The Powell Clinic in Cincinnati," Lowell said. "Have you heard of it?"

"Never." Derek bit his lip: *Ignore him*.

"AAL919. Full house! Ha-ha! Full house! I win! I win!" Exuberantly, she kissed Derek on the cheek, and her delighted shivers rolled against his arm, against his leg and through his blood stream.

"One more hand. I'll win yet."

"Never beat a full house, never beat a full house," she chanted, rocking in her seat.

"The Powell Clinic specializes in nervous and emotional disorders," Lowell said darkly. "Her father had the choice of sending her there quietly or having her stand a manslaughter rap. Right, Nat?"

"Never beat a full house," she chanted, and on a rock forward flashed a quick expletive finger at Lowell. "Never beat a full house."

"Nat," Derek said, patting her knee to quiet her.

"She ran over a filling-station attendant, didn't you, Nat?"

"Never beat a full house," she whispered.

"Here," Derek said, pointing to an approaching Volvo in his rearview mirror. "This is mine."

"He lived three days, he had a chance

to tell about it. It wasn't just hit-and-run, either. Do you want to tell him, Nat?"

"Ha! JDM652. I win. Stop the car."

Too late, Derek realized he could have chosen which cars passed him. But he didn't slow. It might be a problem getting Lowell to leave the car; besides, there just might be something in what Lowell was saying.

"Heyyyyyy. Come on, I won. I won."

"Not here," Derek said. "Wait'll we get to some kind of turnoff, at least. Nobody'll stop for him here."

"Well, that's the *idea*," she said sarcastically, with a great mock frown of disgust. She slumped deep into the seat and crossed her arms.

"Thanks, Derek. You'd be a fool if you did. That attendant . . . he was barely able to talk. But he said she backed up and drove over him again. Twice again. Every rib broken, one of his arms, both of his legs, he couldn't *crawl* to the phone. Nat, do you want to tell Derek what you told the doctor at the hospital? About why you did it?"

"What lies!" she said, heaving her lips.

"Lowell, I'm not sure I believe any of this."

"He called her by her full name. Natalie Gretchen, after her grandmother. She hates being called that, don't you, Natalie Gretchen?"

"You'd better let him out," she said to Derek in a lower, hostile voice.

"Is any of this true, Nat?"

"Of course not. It's all lies." Her hand wandered across his waist and began fingering his belt buckle. "Can't you let him out now?"

Derek rubbed the back of his neck, feeling a vague pale swarming in his head; below, he was beginning to feel like a jackhammer.

"I have a photostat of the arrest record," Lowell said. "Have you ever seen an arrest record, Derek?"

Derek swallowed. Could he be right? And even if he was . . . she had the flap of the belt out, between two fingers, and she flopped it down, up, down, up—

"No," he answered finally.

A hand curled slowly where the belt had been flapping. Lowell reached into the back seat and fumbled with a soft leather bag of many zippered compartments. He tugged at one of the zippers.

"He's lying, he's lying," Nat said, reaching with her free hand to turn the radio on at full volume. Derek turned it off: He had enough chaos without that.

Run over him *three times*? No; whatever she was, Nat didn't go in for vengeance multiplied. Lowell found what he was looking for—a large manila envelope that he set on his lap. He pricked at the metal clips with his fingernails.

Nat, increasingly restless, leaned against Derek's shoulder and he could

(continued on page 216)



"That's enough guilt-free sex for one day."





LOATHE THY NEIGHBOR

article

By **RICHARD RHODES**

*california: where the
neighborhood is ruined
if anybody moves in*

FOR A LONG TIME I wanted to move to California, and now I don't anymore. For a long time the whole country wanted to move to California, and now it doesn't want to anymore. These several changes of mind go together somewhere along the line.

California has been a dream for so long, and we have dreamed of California for so long, that we hardly even notice the mechanism anymore. The audio-animatronic men and women, the vinyl surf, the polyurethane clouds move grandly on the stage; caught up in their verisimilitude—or, rather, their lack of verisimilitude, because it is their difference from us that attracts us—we ignore the whirring of the ordinary gears and the slap-slap of the ordinary tapes running out in the pit below.

The place to go to start thinking about California is the books—*Run River, Slouching Toward Bethlehem, Play It as It Lays*—

of Joan Didion. Didion is a "native daughter," as she puts it. She grew up in and around Sacramento; she lives in Malibu. I've never met her, and I don't think I want to. Her writing is so intense that I suspect she is like the Emily Dickinson of whom an acquaintance wrote, "I never was with anyone who drained my nerve power so much. . . . I am glad not to live near her." Didion's writing drains your nerve power, too, and the only reason you forgive her is that it so obviously also drains her own. Didion is California's Cassandra: She always tells the truth, and it is never the truth California wants to hear. You and I, for example, have sometimes naïvely thought of California as Eden. Didion tells us a darker truth: that Californians also think of California as Eden. "It is assumed," she writes—assumed by Californians—"that those who absent themselves from its blessings have been banished, exiled, by some perversity of heart. Did not the Donner-Reed Party, after all, eat its own dead to reach Sacramento?"

I know a little about the Donner-Reed, the Donner, Party; two years ago, I published a novel about the Donner Party that was as historically accurate as the records would allow. The Donner Party, you will recall, was that group of pioneers from Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Ireland and points between that attempted a new route to California in 1846 and was trapped for five months in the Sierra Nevada below what is now called the Donner Pass, during which time most of its members lived off the dead rather than starve to death. The Donner Party is usually thought of as the archetypal pioneer diorama, despite the fact that our pioneer forefathers didn't make a practice of eating their companions. The Donner Party occupies a special, dual place in the California mentality, as Didion goes on to show: "We were taught," she writes, "that they had somewhere abdicated their responsibilities, somehow breached their primary loyalties, or they would not have found themselves helpless in the mountain winter . . . would not have given way to acrimony, would not have deserted one another, would not have failed."

Well, by any mortal standards, they didn't fail. More than half of them made it through the snowbound Sierras in the middle of the worst winter in 30 years. Nor did they fail at resourcefulness, as their willingness to live off the dead shockingly demonstrated. For their courage they are usually, and rightly, claimed by Californians as fine examples of the state's early pioneer stock. The state even maintains a museum devoted to them, as well as to the other early pioneers, in Donner Memorial State Park, near Truckee. Where they "failed," really, was in discretion. They didn't

keep their mouths shut, so to speak. They brought contumely down on proud California heads. California would prefer that you admired its missions, which Indian slaves built, rather than the Donner Party. Didion once more: "It is characteristic of Californians to speak grandly of the past as if it had simultaneously begun, *tabula rasa*, and reached a happy ending on the day the wagons started west." That scenario isn't likely to welcome a story as grotesque as the Donners'. Californians chewing corpses: The very thought revolts. Why would they need to? "December in California is as pleasant as May," the guidebook, written by a Californian, informed the Donners, the same guidebook that led them astray across a route the Californian was promoting but hadn't personally tried.

We—my then wife, my son, my daughter and I—packed up to go out to California on vacation a while back, to look around, having not found peace of mind in Kansas, having found cold in winter and heat in summer and commerce and small talk. People might live better in California, we thought, because California is said to be a better place to live. We packed our bags and found someone to sit with the dog. Promised the kids a visit to Disneyland. Had lunch before we left with a man who had spent his life fixing up the Midwest, trying to make it livable. He thought the idea of changing your life by changing your residence—the idea that has moved people to California for 300 years—was laughable. "You can't escape anymore," he said, laughing. "There's no escape anywhere. You might as well stay here." I said we'd see.

We arrived in Carmel, on the Monterey Peninsula, where we had rented a house, just before sundown one day, shivering in the unaccustomed chill of an ordinary summer evening by the northern sea. We picked up the key and bought groceries and some of that good California wine and let ourselves in. Fog streamed through the pines. We found wood and built a fire and settled back and toasted our luck, luck to be in California. Did we like Carmel, the sea, the cypresses, the fog, the white sand? We talked of living there one day. It was the best of the California we knew. The only drawback was that even small houses in Carmel started at \$40,000, with no view. We didn't talk about that. We made small talk with wine. Picking our place.

We awoke to cold mornings and turned the furnace up and after we were warm, we walked down the hill, down Ocean Avenue, through the town to the white-sand beach, and watched the breakers and listened to them beat. Dogs ran the beach with handsome middle-aged women following them or elderly men in jodhpurs and riding boots, ordinary neighbors. Girls braving the cold in

bikinis played Frisbee with boys in chopped-off jeans. The fog drifted away like smoke clearing a battlefield to reveal Point Lobos, the wild point of land south of Carmel Bay. Point Lobos is a state reserve, a jut of land where visitors are confined to narrow trails by edgings of wire and poison oak and so a place where wildflowers thrive and deer wander and sea lions bark from protected islands offshore and the cold surf breaks clean on pebble beaches of granite and Monterey jade. Edward Weston spent years photographing Point Lobos, and his photographs of its skinned kelp and Monterey cypresses and eroded coves have been compared, somewhat fatuously, to Beethoven's last quartets. I will give California Point Lobos.

Point Lobos attracted another artist to the Monterey Peninsula years ago, a man who is now dead, a man who is revered in Carmel as saints are revered in Italian villages, the poet Robinson Jeffers. Jeffers hardly ever came down to town, yet he was unwittingly Carmel's seignior, first proof of its dedication to the finer things of life and its disdain for the common. Jeffers was born in Pittsburgh.

He and his wife, Una, found Carmel in 1914. The town was young and wild then and you could buy an acre of shore line for \$100 instead of the \$40,000 or so it would cost today, undeveloped. Jeffers had an income and could afford to live where he chose. He chose Carmel, convinced with his wife that they had "come without knowing it to our inevitable place." Over the years, he built a house and a stone tower on Carmel Point, hauling great rocks up from the shore, wrestling the wrack. The house and tower still stand, occupied now by one of his sons.

Jeffers loved the landscape and seascape of the bay and the peninsula and the points. At the same time, he was intensely shy, almost phobic, of people. He felt so good about the place where he lived, and so bad about people, that he combined the two feelings into a philosophy that threads haughtily, chillingly, through his poetry:

*I must not even pretend
To be one of the people. I must
stand here
Alone with open eyes in the clear air
growing old,
Watching with interest and only a
little nausea
The cheating shepherds, this time
of the demagogues and the docile
people, the shifts of power,
And pitiless general wars that pre-
pare the fall;
But also the enormous unhuman
beauty of things; rock, sea and
stars, foolproof and permanent,
(continued on page 160)*

fiction

By JORDAN CRITTENDEN

he decided that he'd wait until dessert to drop his bomb, but not if they were talking about something incompatible—like sex

ARTHUR WISENER, while still in his 20s, had been on the team of physicists that developed the first atomic bomb; but in the year immediately following the war, he discovered that even though this was true—and it was—there was something about it that sounded unconvincing.

"I'm always trying to shoe-horn it in," Arthur thought to

THE STAIN THAT MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE BEEN GUACAMOLE

himself. "That's probably the trouble."

He attended the next dinner party determined to make no mention of his role in history, at least until dessert, and not even then if the conversation had drifted to some subject that was incompatible, such as sex.

"So that's where I was during (continued on page 116)



RARE JEWEL

*in swahili, that's azizi johari, our june playmate—
who's a great-looking lady in any language*



SEVERAL YEARS AGO, when model Azizi Johari posed for a poster titled *Supernatural Dream*, she had no idea what it would lead to. It was a simple enough picture—her face, encircled by a huge Afro, coming out of a cloud of smoke. But at the time, she had no way of knowing that the poster would strike the fancy of Sammy Davis Jr., travel with him from tour to tour and hang in every one of his dressing rooms, that her face, in effect, would be Davis' constant companion for two years. Then one day, she bumped into one of Davis' musicians, who told her all about it. "It just so happened," Azizi says, "that Sammy was looking for a dancer at the time I found out about his hang-up with my poster. He took one look at me in the flesh and that was that. I was hired on a Sunday and was working in St. Louis





with him on Monday." As a member of the Davis troupe, she has toured to Chicago, Miami Beach, Honolulu, Las Vegas, New York and dozens of other cities. Her role in the show is a small one, an ad-libbed skit in which she goes onstage between numbers, clad in a pair of superhigh platform shoes and an appropriately tight-fitting gown, and takes Sammy a drink. "Then Sammy tries to pick me up," she says. "In those platforms, I stand about six feet to his five feet, two. First he tries the Latin-lover approach, then the soul-sister routine. But I always put him down. That's what gets the laughs." But then, Azizi is used to getting good audience response, having been in the spotlight nearly all her life. In high school in Seattle, where she grew up, she and two friends started a singing group called the Marvelles and put out a single titled *Call Me Back*, which was a local smash. Bitten by the travel bug, Azizi moved to San Francisco and worked for United Airlines as a stewardess and later in reservation sales, until an old friend convinced her to join a new theater group called Black Arts West. After starring in

As part of Sammy Davis Jr.'s troupe, Azizi is also part of his entourage. Below left, she poses for Davis, who's been a camera buff far years. Right: Time out for a little private boogie *au naturel*. "Sometimes I just like to let it all hang out," Azizi says.







A Raisin in the Sun, *Black Girl* and *Ladies in Waiting*, Azizi landed a part in *McQ*, a John Wayne detective flick. It was a minor role, but the experience managed to confirm a suspicion that had been brewing in her head for years: that deep down, her first passion was acting. "It's a really strange contradiction," she muses. "On the one hand, I'm a confirmed introvert, overprotective of my privacy. On the other hand, I want to be a star." Unlike some aspiring black actresses, however, Azizi Johari refused to compromise her values as a black woman. Raised from Creole stock, she gets a particular kick out of describing herself as "literally, the black sheep of the family," a reference to her very dark complexion. In fact, her blackness even moved her to change her name several years ago. The name she chose, Azizi Johari, is Swahili and was conceived by a longtime friend, jazz pianist Herbie Hancock, and two members of his group, who complained that her old name just didn't fit her personality. As for her new name: "Azizi means precious or rare," she explains. "Johari means gem or jewel." But, then, what's in a name? In this case, plenty.



Above: Azizi applies some finishing touches before the show. Below: All of her show gowns have one thing in common: They display her ample bosom. "It's all part of the act," Azizi assures us. "Since I'm the temptress, I have to look tempting."





MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Basically a sensualist, Azizi exercises to keep in tune with her body and meditates to keep in tune with her soul. As far as the opposite sex is concerned, she prefers the subtle turn-on. "A man's eyes can excite me much more than his physical touch," she says.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Sixth-grader Tommy stood squirming in front of his grim-faced mother. "I've had a report from school that you went into an empty room today with a girl in your class and locked the door," she said tightly. "Now, tell me—what happened then?"

"Well," muttered Tommy, avoiding her eyes. "I showed her my thing and she showed me her thing."

"And?"

"And then one thing led to another."

"I don't care if she hasn't got a brain in her head," said the man when asked his opinion of a new callgirl in town, "a fool with her parts is soon moneyed."



"How many more times are we going to do it tonight, darling?" the bride whispered after making love for the first time.

"I—er—really hadn't thought about it in quite those terms," answered the somewhat flustered groom. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, you know, darling," she explained, "I have to know how many more pills to take."

We've been told about one penile desensitizer that's so effective that you have to stroke the tube for five minutes to get the cap off.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *anticlimax* as a boregasm.

A rabbi was seated next to an ornery-looking passenger on an international flight. Seeking to make conversation to while away the time, the rabbi asked his companion what he thought of Golda Meir. "Screw Golda Meir!" was the abrupt reply. A little later, he ventured to ask what the man thought of Moshe Dayan.

"Screw Moshe Dayan!" snapped the fellow.

"And what is your nationality?" persisted the clergyman.

"I'm Irish" was the surly answer.

"In that case," said the rabbi, "screw Ella Fitzgerald!"

"What's the matter, dear?" the wife asked as her husband paused in his lovemaking.

"Nothing, really," the man replied. "It's just that I've noticed you're reading a new magazine."

The shapely young thing smiled winsomely at the naked man. "Is this your first visit to a nudist colony?" she asked.

"Yes, it is," he admitted shyly. "What gave me away—my white skin?"

"No, not that," the girl told him. "It's the way you keep pointing."

The elderly producer had suffered a fatal heart attack while performing oral sex on the lovely young starlet, and the latter had just finished explaining all the circumstances with some reluctance to the hard-bitten man from homicide. "Look, Lieutenant," she went on, "if the precise details get out, the notoriety will be embarrassing. Couldn't you—well, you know—sort of blur things in your report? I'd be glad to—er—express, let's say, my deepest gratitude."

"I think something could be worked out in the circumstances regarding the cause of death," smiled the lieutenant. "How would 'Died in the wool' suit you?"

It was at a cocktail party that a couple began to argue and soon were snarling at each other. "For ten cents," threatened the wife, "I'd never speak to you again!"

Hoping to ease the tension, the host quipped, "Hey! I wonder what she'd do for ten bucks."

"I just found out," roared the husband, "and that's why we're arguing!"

We understand that the Fire Island Deli is featuring a special submarine sandwich this season. Naturally, it's mostly tongue.

There's a rumor that one enterprising sperm bank is planning to distribute its product in aerosol dispensers. It's to be called Heirspray, of course.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nymphomaniac's diary* as an organ recital.



A farm boy, intrigued by the possibilities of a new automatic milking machine, decided to try it out on his own person. Once a highly satisfactory cycle had been completed, though, he tried without success to work the nozzle off and finally yelled for his father, who phoned the local agent for the machine. "Bert," exclaimed the farmer, "it's an emergency! My damfool son went and hooked himself up to your milker and now he can't get his doohickey loose! What can I do?"

"You'd best send down to the bay for some oysters, Cal," replied the agent. "That there machine is factory set for four quarts."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



John
Dempsey

"Hi, honey. Catch anything?"

THE STAIN (continued from page 103)

the war," Arthur said to the guests, after modestly summing up his activities. "Down there at Oak Ridge."

There was a general silence. Then a man whom Arthur knew for a fact to be a manufacturer of patio furniture said, "So was I."

"Me, too," another man said.

A snicker came from the far end of the table.

"I'm really going to insist on your wife's giving me the recipe for these," a lady said to the host.

"Well, it's getting late," Arthur said.

At the door, Arthur said to the host, "You knew I was telling the truth—why didn't you say something?"

"Look, why cause trouble?" the host said. "I thought it was going very well up to then."

. . .

Since the atomic bomb had been considered such a success by high Government officials, it followed, in keeping with basic bureaucratic principles, that the work at Oak Ridge was to become more or less ongoing in nature. Consequently, Arthur was on the premises late in 1946 when a technician stopped by his office one morning. "The *March of Time* people are here," he said. "They're doing a thing on the bomb."

Arthur changed into a fresh smock and went to the main laboratory. Lights and cameras were set up. The Old Man was there. Arthur found out later they'd flown him down from Baltimore just for the film.

The director was a young man in a corduroy suit. He was talking to the Old Man and Dr. Barnes, another physicist. "The point we're trying to get across in this particular scene is that many of the scientists in the early stages of the project were not cognizant of the value of the elements they were dealing with," he said.

"I see," said the Old Man.

"So in this particular scene, Dr. Barnes will walk up to you with a test tube and say"—the director checked his script—"he will say, 'Well, sir, here it is: plutonium!' And when he says this, you, sir, will stick a pan under the test tube and say, 'Very good. However, I will take the precaution of holding this receptacle under it, as the contents of that test tube are worth well over a million dollars!'" The director looked up from his script. "Any questions?"

"I was cognizant of the value of plutonium," Dr. Barnes said.

"Of course you were," the director said. "I'm sure you were *very* cognizant of it. But in this scene, you'll be playing a scientist who wasn't."

"Tupper was never cognizant of it," the Old Man said. "But he's in England now. You couldn't get him."

"No," the director said. "So if Dr. Barnes would—"

Dr. Barnes agreed to cooperate.

They made ready to shoot the scene. Arthur was placed in the background and given a beaker of darkish fluid to study.

The lights were switched on and the cameras began to roll.

"Well, sir, here it is: plutonium!"

"Very good. However, I will take the precaution of—"

"Excuse me—cut." The director called to Arthur. "You, in the background."

"Yes?"

"Just be motionless when you study your beaker. It's too distracting if you raise it up to the light."

Arthur nodded.

"How was I?" the Old Man asked.

"Fine," the director said.

Dr. Barnes said, "I'm going to look surprised when he tells me what it's worth."

"That would be a nice touch," the director said. "OK, let's try it once more."

"Well, sir, here it—"

"No, not till I give you the signal. OK—now."

They did not finish until four in the afternoon.

. . .

Before another year had passed, Arthur was informed that he was no longer needed at Oak Ridge. He settled in New York, took a job as consultant with the American Cyanamid Company and married a lady who seemed to like him. They had a son. Arthur watched him closely, trying to determine whether or not he was a genius. By the age of 16 months, several factors indicated such a possibility, but as the child grew to maturity, the only really outstanding accomplishment Arthur could point to occurred in the boy's 15th year, when he entered a contest sponsored by a menthol-cigarette company and won a sailboat.

In the meantime, the Old Man published his memoirs. Arthur read them eagerly but found his name mentioned only once toward the end, where the Old Man had written: "And, of course, so many other colleagues, such as Arthur Wisener, who is now in England."

By the late Fifties, whenever Arthur mentioned his connection with Oak Ridge, the response was usually something like, "I hear that first one is nothing compared with the babies they've got these days." As a result, Arthur found himself as upset as anyone to see a radical carrying a placard reading BAN THE BOMB, but if the placard read BAN THE H-BOMB, he tended to sympathize.

Early in 1960, Arthur became obsessed with the feeling that his wife had begun throwing large parties in his absence. Sometimes, according to his calculations, the parties had broken up only moments before his return home. "I know what you're up to," he told her. "Don't think I don't."

His psychiatrist had an explanation. According to his theory, the partygoers, so to speak, represented those citizens who had opted for the more-or-less carefree means of conventional warfare, whereas Arthur, due to his nuclear research, represented a latecomer who wanted to enjoy himself but couldn't manage because he had tasted a far stronger punch.

"I don't want to get critical," Arthur said, "but that sounds like a load of horseshit."

"Perhaps we should look into why you feel that way," the psychiatrist said.

"Perhaps you should go fuck yourself," Arthur said.

Both the analysis and the marriage were terminated. Ironically enough, his ex-wife and his ex-psychiatrist met two years later at a fund raiser, and both of them thought how ironic it would be if they wound up in bed together, but, ironically enough, they never did.

Arthur moved to the West Coast, accepting a position with a Santa Ana firm engaged in cryogenics research. He began seeing a lady in her 40s named Lily Fineberg and they were married within a year. She, too, had gone through a divorce. They tried to be open about their respective pasts.

"What can I say?" she said.

"My story's much the same," he said.

. . .

But things were not going so smoothly elsewhere in Arthur's life. Napalm had begun to eclipse nuclear warfare as a controversial issue, making him feel old before his time. In the winter of 1968, he came across a news story headlined: "I'D DO IT AGAIN," SAYS INVENTOR OF NAPALM."

The inventor was a Harvard professor, now retired, and, according to the article, a group of students had staged a protest in front of his home. Reporters learned after the demonstration that in spite of the students' reaction, he was proud of his accomplishment, describing it as a difficult technical problem in which he and his associates had been required to come up with a means of producing substantial conflagrations from modest beginnings. Arthur gathered from the man's words that he was under the impression that napalm was dropped exclusively on buildings, possibly due to a protective wife who had pretended to misplace his newspaper every morning for the past several years.

In any case, Arthur found himself envying the retired professor. Of course, the encounter with the protesting students may well have brought on shortness of breath, loss of appetite, even, perhaps, a nagging headache with accompanying nausea, but along with all this, Arthur felt the man most certainly had been

(concluded on page 198)

"burn
before
reading"

EYES ONLY

"burn
before
reading"

the magazine of the Central Intelligence Agency

TOP SECRET

This is a cover sheet. The information in this document is classified and, as such, will be treated according to security instructions. Writing on this cover sheet is prohibited.



**AT HOME
WITH THE
NEW DIRECTOR**

—a warm, intimate glimpse

SENATE PROBLEMS? LEARN AMNESIA

WAS STONEHENGE A PRIMITIVE MICRODOT?

TEN HELPFUL HINTS ON REWIRING YOUR CAT

"I SAY TRENCH COATS ARE BUNK!" by Lamar "336-42-3871" Cranston

HOW TO BE SURE YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWING YOURSELF—

by the author of My Alias Turned Me In

DISMEMBERED BUT NOT DISCOURAGED—A HEART-WARMING TRUE STORY

MASQUER-AIDS

As most of you know, the old suite on the 18th floor has been closed for some time now.

MASQUER-AIDS



As most of you know, the old suite on the 18th floor has been closed for some time now. That's because Spec. Op. Barton Midwood has come up with a revolutionary method for disguising people and we've moved the labs to an unlisted floor. Touted as the only major breakthrough in disguises since false eyelashes, Mr. Midwood's technique uses simple silicone implants, face lifting, hair transplants, electrolysis, sun-lamp treatments, hormone shots and brainwashing to ensure fool-proof security on the job or off. Shown at far left is agent William F. Buckley, Jr., as you see him on *Firing Line*. At left: what can be done with Mr. Midwood's techniques. The left [deleted] conceals a flame thrower. The right [deleted] is a Hasselblad camera. The [deleted] (not shown) contains silicone "chips," which are synaptic with Polaris missiles targeted for Moscow in the event of penetration by enemy forces.

STOOL PIGEON

A hearty handshake to Bob "Smiley" T, who kept that sunny composure while having his fingernails extracted.... **Promotions:** In Vientiane, Laos, Steve J. has been upped to Assoc. Librarian—which means ole Premier Souvanna now reports to him.... Toddlin' Tommy P. is off again, this time to hustle up a little bang-bang in a country famous for chocolate and cuckoos.... **Flash:** What handsome operative was seen pushing which female enemy agent out of an airborne chopper? Tsk, tsk.... We hear Nelson R. couldn't decide between Honduras and Panama for Happy's vacation, so he bought 'em both!... A hearty *heil* to G. Gordon L.: Keep up the chatter, baby!

MICRODOT
CLASSIC

WAR AND
PEACE

BRUSH UP ON YOUR JARGON WHILE TOUCHING BASE WITH THAT BIG AGENT IN THE SKY

The Lord is my full bull; I shall have a positive fog index. He maketh me to lie down in a classified location; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me to green pastures for the sake of national security. Yea, though I have been seen in close association with the valley of the shadow of termination with extreme prejudice, I shall have no heartburn; for thou givest me thy chop; thy teeth-to-tail ratio comforts me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of subversive elements; thou anointest my head with complex game plans; my cup is in a go configuration. Surely director's approvals and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the head shed of the Lord for an unspecified period of time. —23rd Psalm, Colonel James Version



Commies get hot info by subtle sex tricks. Learn to identify them. Best defense: Lock up your privates before leaving home.

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A MESSAGE

PSEUDONYMOUS

A MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Greetings from your new director! I am pleased and delighted to be on board. And to those of you who pitched in to help purchase my wonderful welcome gift, a special note of gratitude. A bulletproof pace-maker must have set you all back a bit. But let me direct your attention for just a moment to a very serious matter. There have been slanderous reports of domestic spying appearing all over the country and I'd like to assure you that my dear friends on the investigating committee are well informed about the facts of this case. Of this I am positive, because I personally had their phones tapped to make sure they would receive only the right information. Moreover, let me say that no matter what policy has been, there will be no domestic spying as long as I'm with the company. My wife and I have in our personal employ a cook, a housekeeper and a maid. And not once during the ten years we've had them have we so much as eavesdropped on them. I will not—I say again, will not—tolerate any surveillance of domestics, be they foreign domestics or domestic domestics, be they chauffeurs, butlers, maids, indentured servants, slaves or what have you. The sad fact is that those agents who "bug" their domestic help are wasting the taxpayers' precious money, because, as you will no doubt have noticed, domestics rarely have anything of even marginal interest to say, other than to complain about salaries and such (in which case, a sound beating would be much cheaper than wire taps and the like). So please, under no circumstances engage in domestic spying.



PSEUDONYMOUS WRITERS SCHOOL

By Messrs. Agee, Marchetti, Ross, Wise, Dorsen and Gillers
Lesson XVII

In the last lesson, we covered margins, indentation and numbering your pages correctly. If you've forgotten how, please review.

1. *Punctuation.* This is one of the most important techniques you'll learn before writing your CIA exposé. Watch closely.

WRONG: The armed forces of Chile revolted against the Marxist regime of President Salvador Allende Gossens today, destroying the government, the Presidential Palace and Allende himself in a dramatic predawn coup conceived, produced, directed and financed by the Central Intelligence Agency.

RIGHT: The duties of President Salvador Allende Gossens were temporarily taken over by members of his loyal Chilean army today after Señor Allende took his own life with 14 submachine guns and many eight-inch mortar rounds. The reasons for his dramatic predawn suicide aren't known.

As you can see, in the second version, the period breaks up the sentence so that it reads more smoothly. It also ensures the author's continued good health.

2. *Quotation.* Accuracy is the most important part of this technique. When quoting public figures, always make sure they say the right thing.

WRONG: Senator Mike Mansfield, 1954: "Does this incident mean that the CIA is getting into the internal-security field in competition with the FBI? Does it mean that officials of this Government agency can defy the courts?"

RIGHT: Senator Mike Mansfield, 1954: "Oh, man, am I drunk! Rather than make a statement on the CIA, I think I'll go to the nearest whorehouse and get laid. Or perhaps I should see my Communist Chinese mistress today."

Obviously, the first statement makes no sense at all. Be sure you transcribe something you can use.

PHOTO-CONTEST WINNERS

LANDSCAPE



"Palms with Launch Pad,"
by Icarus Jones. F-4 at 80,000 feet.

CANDID



"Couple with Fish," by "Flash"
Malone. F-16 in room 1304.

STILL LIFE



"Stiff with Fruit," by Torpedo Joe.
Type O on 40 percent polyester.

"Palms with Launch Pad,"

by Icarus Jones. F-4 at 80,000 feet.

"Couple with Fish," by "Flash"

Malone. F-16 in room 1304.

"Stiff with Fruit," by Torpedo Joe.

Type O on 40 percent polyester.

CLASSIFIED

Rides

• Former poppies would like ride from Cambodia to Oakland, or nearby. If you know of anyone going on to Harlem, please advise. Will share jet-fuel expense. Contact: Box 1, Air America, Saigon.

• Fifteen cases of fragmentation grenades and 150 M-60 air-cooled machine guns need ride on or about August 2 from Fort Sill, Okla., to Mozambique. Good company—guaranteed rapid-fire chatter. Write: Third-Floor Men's Room, E Ring, Pentagon, U.S.A.

Personals

24-year-old male agent with black hair, brown hair, blond hair, red hair, white hair, blue eyes, green eyes, brown eyes, hazel eyes, 5'10", 6'2", 6'1" or 5'7", wishes to meet female agent aged 22-30 with identity problem. Contact: Box 424, *Eyes Only*. No weirdos, please!

• Puma Wing, please come home.

• Philadelphia-based operative with background in venomous animals wishes to meet discreet foreign head of state with mortal enemies. Object: Exciting phone conversations on those long winter nights. *Eyes Only*, Box 2.

For Sale

• Oregon: Due to budget cutbacks and problems with our domestic operations, we are forced to sell this wonderful state at reduced price or to highest bidder. Featuring mountainous terrain for strategic maneuvers and vast plains of

wheat for sending dangerous micro-organisms overseas. An absolute steal at seven billion dollars. E-Z Terms. Contact The Merry Pranksters, Suite 1600, A Ring, Pentagon, U.S.A.

HOUSE SALE: Everything must go—even the big iron fence around the place. Owner needs to raise immediate cash for extended Argentine trip. Many priceless paintings and used microphones. Also taking bids on house itself—an impressive neoclassic design with a fresh coat of white paint, but a bitch to heat in the winter (and the neighborhood isn't what it used to be, either). 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.

Books

• Complete dictionary of the latest company and Pentagon acronyms, such as PODDI (Portable Oval Do-Do Interceptor), CRAC (Covert Rendezvous Area for Coitus) and FORC (Four-pronged Object for Ration Control). Act now! *Eyes Only*, Box 1100.

• Secrets you always wanted to know, now revealed through this exclusive book offer. The ingredients of Coca-Cola; Howard Hughes's area code; location of the Holy Grail; what they say about Dixie and much, much more. Write: Bus Depot, Far, Texas.

• Is greasy dirt your problem? How about dirty grease? Oily grease? Greasy oil? Whatever it is, solve it with the new text *Laundering Money: No More Ring Around the Dollar*. *Eyes Only* Book Club.

Wanted

Exploding diapers for infant subversive. Will pay premium prices: *Eyes Only*, Box 992.

ZIMMERMAN MARKS FIFTEENTH

Operative Robert Zimmerman



(aka Bob Dylan) is celebrating his 15th year of service with the company this week. Starting in the Sixties, he infiltrated

the Negro Menace and gathered information on important colored leaders. Later, during the Vietnam Bore, he made everyone feel even more miserable. Recently, "Zims" has maintained a low profile while collaborating with the Swiss government to promote anti-Semitism. Many happy returns, Zims! Or, in the language of your own people: *Mazelwurst!*

INOPERATIVES

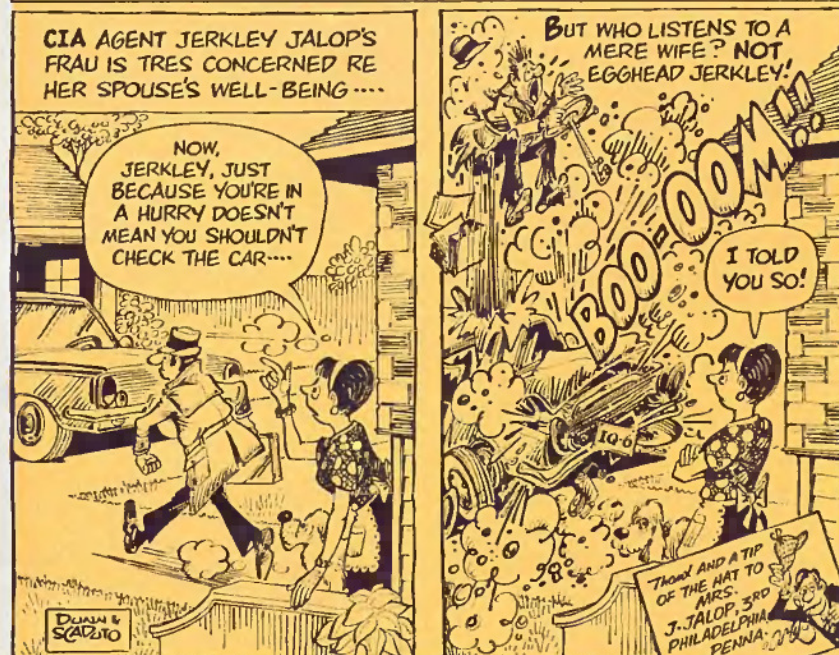
Died: Major Wesley "Dogboy" Smith, 38, assassin, *bon vivant* and twice holder of the coveted Bronze Flak Jacket for outstanding marksmanship in Vietnam (1963) and Chile (1973); of a stroke after plunging into a blast furnace at the Bethlehem Steel Hot Rolling Mill while on his way to ballet class. *Died:* Colonel Arthur "Hotpoint" D'Smith, 58, Bolivian Sun-bathing Enthusiasts Bureau Chief; rendered meritorious service in 1945 by helping fellow sun-bathing aces Hitler and Bormann escape Red clutches; of natural causes while swimming in the La Paz Sheraton pool in the trunk of his Mercedes. *Died:* Captain Ken "Eat Death" Smythe, 34, long in charge of the renowned North Vietnam Horticultural Rearrangement Plan; of accidental dismemberment in his sleep.

POET'S CORNER

By Field Agent Rod McKuen

*As if on a green spring wind
At night you come to me,
Lovely in the luminous
moonlight,
And judo-chop me in my sleep.*

They'll Blow It Every Time



R&D

ACE FACIAL-LIQUIDATION DEVICE: Tired of being a stiff at diplomatic parties? Despair no more: Rolled with the best Cuban tobacco, each device packs enough wallop to make you the life (and end) of the party. Just hand it to someone, give him a light and, a few puffs later, he's in for a



big surprise. The tip contains enough goody to obliterate the upper torso, lower torso and half of downtown Pasadena. Also offers a fine-tasting short smoke as well.

ACME DIGITAL-ELECTROSHOCK DEVICE: Modeled on secret plans stolen from an E.C. Comicsad, this item fits snugly



in the palm of the hand. Shake hands with your victim and he gets a 25,000-volt jolt, enough to turn him into a raisin.

OPERATIVE'S TOBACCO-IGNITION INSTRUMENT: Looks like a camera. Feels like a camera. But it's not: It's a cigarette lighter. Carry it in public and no one will know that you actually have a cigarette lighter on your person. Gives up to 2000 lights. An ideal gift.

DEHYDRATION CONTROL RESERVOIR: Don't let Commie women sap your vital essences and bodily fluids. Our thin, sensitive reservoir protects you and your essences from getting into foreign hands (or mouths or what have you). Also allows levels of sensation unknown with previous controls of its kind. Comes in packages of three or 12 (for the man with whole armies of Marxists after him). Lubricated or dry.

Come One, Come All!
The
Fifteenth Annual

Gala Benefit Coup!!

and
Company Picnic
will be held again this year by popular demand in
sunny, carefree

GUATEMALA

His Excellency,
José Velasquez Cerveza Miguel Goering,
Minister of the Armed Forces
of Guatemala, invites all members of the CIA
and their families to a surprise
coup to be held at the corners of Alameda
and Chingada in the center
of Guatemala City,
Monday, June 16, after siesta.*

All proceeds will go directly to
the United Fruit Company!

So pack up your old Sony
bathing trunks
and .32-caliber suntan
lotion and join us in this sybaritic
staging ground
to paradise—where the politically unstable
tropical skies are always blue
and the classified trade
winds waft gently through the tapped
coco palms.

*In case of rain, the coup will be held inside the
presidential palace.

Lovely in the luminous,
moonlight,
And judo-chop me in my sleep.

BLUE DOG MOBILE

(continued from page 80)

window faced Q Street. People were hurrying by, some in costume. Doyle heard a plodding clod of hooves, a squeak of wheel; impatiently, he watched an oxcart pass.

"Fisheries Festival week," the captain sighed. "We have a schooner due in the harbor soon, a parade that will take two miles to line up, a carnival, an exhibition . . . I suppose we'll have answered a thousand questions this afternoon."

Doyle stood up, legs wobbling under him.

"Look, Captain," he said. "I'm not a kook or anything. I'm on a little vacation now, but I've got good credentials back in the States." Incredibly, he discovered that he was about to weep, blew his nose brusquely into a red bandanna. "That girl is in trouble," he croaked. "I know damn well she is. And I'll bet she's not five miles from here. You could run a check on your local bases. If somebody else was monitoring and picked up that call, maybe they'll confirm for you, even though they wouldn't for me."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't be practical," the captain explained, helping Doyle to the door. "We have over two hundred of those sets in the vicinity of Angusport. Most of them are operated legally and with a good deal of sense. Understandably, every now and then we do get a joker, someone with a few drinks, fooling around, especially at a time like this. Unless you hear something else, I wouldn't worry."

The bedlam had increased in the anteroom. Doyle blinked as he faced it.

"I don't think she was fooling around," he said. "I think she was earnest as hell."

. . .

Under a royal sky and yellow flare of sun, the street crowd jostled Doyle, pulled him along toward the waterfront. One little girl gave him a balloon, which her mother asked him to return. Pamphlets, fliers, programs of the day's events were thrust his way; a swarthy man in buckskins smelling of whiskey gave him a free ticket to the carny burlesque. *Oh, Christ*, Doyle thought. He wanted a drink; his hand shook. The anger he felt for having been written off by the police was only partially relieved by his awareness that had he been in their place, he probably would have done the same.

And if there was a girl and she was in trouble? He was trying to imagine her, trying to complete the image her voice had begun, when two men pressed behind him.

"We've got to do something about the bagpipers," one said.

"Where are they now?" the other replied.

"All the way at the end of the line. They're furious. They say they won't march."

"They've got to march. Put them in back of the horses."

"Lucille, the horses'll go apeshit!"

"Put them in front of the sonar float, then! We move out in half an hour!"

Doyle pressed his hand to his temple, stepped away from the crowd onto an abandoned pier. Clumps of green grass sprouted between its sun-bleached timber planks. At pier's end, he knelt and, clutching a piling with one hand, keeping his serape clear with the other, he vomited a half pint of bile into the suck and heave of the harbor sea. For 17 years with Pittsburgh Forge, a token vice-president in the public-relations department, he had never missed a day's work. When they let him go, after the merger, his friend Tolliver had wanted to quit in protest. "Forget it," Doyle said. He knew they had hired him only because he had played for the Steelers.

To prove his worth, to prove that they had made no mistake in taking him on, he had driven himself, had found things to do. The lower-echelon staff liked him, the secretaries and clerks. Whenever they were overburdened, as they often were, he would help them catch up during the early evenings and on weekends, rolling up his sleeves, stabbing at the keys of an old Hermes stand-ard with his thick, broken-knuckled fingers.

"The old man wants to know what you're doing," Tolliver would whisper on his way out.

"Just giving the girls a hand," Doyle would reply.

"What about Jen?"

"I called. She's fine. She's got something on at the symphony."

In truth, he had wanted Jen to believe that his job was important, that it kept him tied up, that he was involved in the significant affairs of the company. She had always been ambitious for him, and at some point—he was not sure exactly when—he came to realize that her ambitions outran his own.

"Jack," she would say, peering over the top of her fashionable glasses, "you can't tell me you like that job."

"I like it fine," he would say. "I'm probably goddamn lucky to have it." And he would get up and fine-tune the TV.

Now, as the heralded schooner arrived, its great sails reefed, its shrouds bedecked with pennants, the town welcomed it with such a cacophony of siren and horn he thought his brain would explode. Small shops lined the waterfront. From the roof of Lucille's Mermaid II an antenna jutted.

"About one-thirty," he said, ordering a second double whiskey to go with the beer he had been nursing. "With that setup of yours, she should have blown the windows out of this place."

"Well, she didn't," Lucille said. Plump, sullen, her gray hair ludicrously bobbed, Doyle had already persuaded himself that she knew more than she was telling. The Mermaid II was waxy and dark. He sat alone at the bar, the only other customers three men in wool sweaters and watch caps who sat at a table behind him. They had not returned his greeting when he had come in. Next to the cash register, a C.B. radio hummed conspicuously. Illuminated by its channel selector, the number 11 gleamed, a small jewel.

"I told your police," he said testily. "They're not going to do anything about it unless somebody confirms."

Lucille lit a cigarette.

"I'm in the back sometimes," she said, exhaling a jet of smoke. "I don't hear everything."

"Where's the back?"

She looked at him.

"Where's the back?" he repeated, aware too late that the whiskey had reached him, that he should have eaten something first. "Goddamn it, lady, there's a girl in trouble in this town, fucked up somewhere, and I can't. . . ." When he heard the sharp squeak of chairs behind him, he felt a moment of joy, as if in that instant he had been transported back to his college days, when things had been simple and clear-cut and he had been a good man in a brawl.

"Screw off," he heard. "Go back to the States."

They had him by the serape, were pulling him off the stool. "Bash him," Lucille said. Fists thudded against him. Lowering his head, he swung methodically, connected with nothing. The men closed in. He could hear them grunt as they delivered their blows, but he felt no pain. Furniture toppled, tables and chairs. *Three against one*, he thought. *Look at this. I'm still on my feet*. When at last his arms were pinned, his face jammed against the rough beery wool of a sweater, he gave it up and let them catapult him through a rectangle of blinding light. He was still sitting sprawled on the walk outside when a Cockney sailor who had been passing paused to look down. He was older than Doyle by at least a decade, with gray curly hair and a face like the back of a wagon.

"You all right, mate?"

"What's it to you?" Doyle grumped.

The sailor thumbed his nose, told Doyle not to get his knickers in a twist. Doyle pointed at the now-closed tavern door.

"She lied," he said.

"She did, did she?"

"Yep."

"That old scrubber runs this place, you mean?"

"Yep. Right through her teeth." Doyle

(continued on page 199)



"I know what you want, Howard . . . I can read you like a book!"

★★★ **THE FIGHT** ★★★
by
NORMAN MAILER

Part II

ALL NIGHT LONG

finally, ali and foreman stepped into the ring and made all the waiting worth it

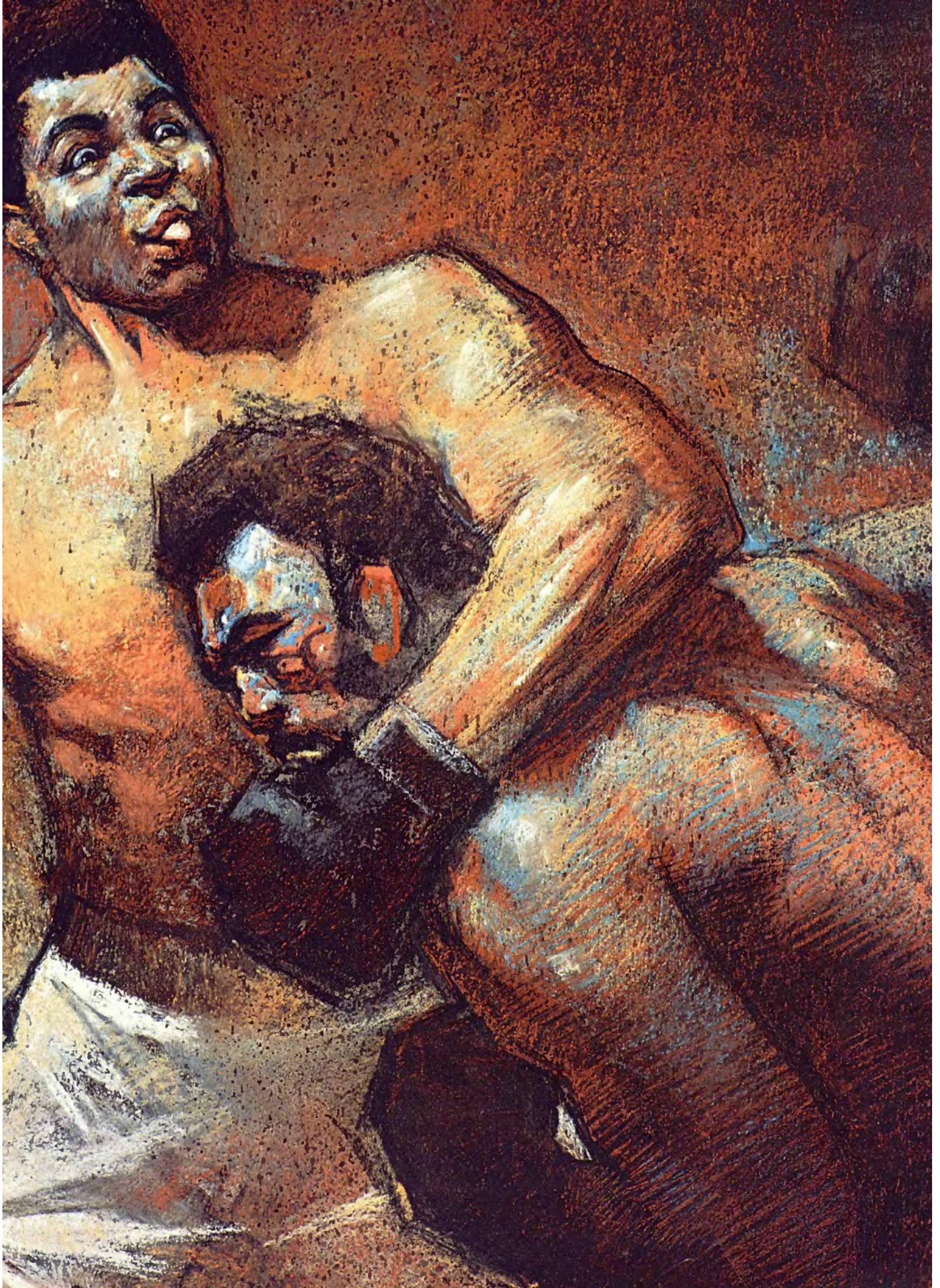
IT WAS A GRIM dressing room. Perhaps it looked like a comfort station in a Moscow subway. A big room, all white, with round pillars tiled in white, and white wallpaper with a design of white tile. It also looked like an operating room or a small gas chamber. It was certainly a morgue. In this room, all groans were damped. White tile was everywhere. What a place to get ready!

The men gathered there had no more cheer than the decor. Dundee, Pacheco, Plimpton, Mailer, Walter Youngblood, Pat Patterson, Howard Bingham, Ali's brother Rachman, his manager, Herbert Muhammad, his business manager, Gene Kilroy. Bundini, a small fat Turk named Hassan and Roy Williams, his sparring partner, were in the room and no one had anything to say. "What's going on here?" said Ali as he entered. "Why is everybody so scared? What's the matter with you?" He began to peel off his clothes and, wearing no more than a jockstrap, was soon prancing around the room, shadowboxing with the air.

Roy Williams, dressed to go into the ring for his semi-final fight with Henry Clark, was sitting on the rubbing table. Through a miscalculation of others', he had arrived at the stadium with the convoy, too late for a ten-round semi-final. They were planning to hold it now after the main



"Ali caught Foreman by the neck like a big brother chastising an enormous and stupid kid brother...and stuck out one long white-coated tongue."



event, not the easiest delay for a fighter. "Scared, Roy?" Ali asked as he danced by him.

"Not a drop," answered Williams in a rich and quiet voice. He was the blackest man in the room, also the gentlest.

"We're going to dance," cried Ali as he flew around, enjoying each near collision with the pillars at his back. Like a child, he had a sense of objects behind him, as if the circle of his sensations did not end at his skin. "Ah, yes," he shouted out, "we're going to stick him," and he threw jabs at the air.

With the exception of Roy Williams, he was the only cheerful presence. "I think I'm more scared than you are," said Norman, as Ali came to rest.

"Nothing to be scared about," said the fighter. "It's just another day in the dramatic life of Muhammad Ali. Just one more workout in the gym to me." He turned to Plimpton and added, "I'm afraid of horror films and thunderstorms. Jet planes shake me up. But there is no need to be afraid of anything you can control with your skill. That is why Allah is the only One who terrifies me. Allah is the only One of whom the meeting is independent of your will. He is One and has no associates." Ali's voice was building in volume and piety. As though to protect himself against too much strength being discharged into a sermon, he went on quietly. "There's nothing to be scared of. Elijah Muhammad has been through things that make this night nothing. And in a smaller way, I have been through such things. Getting into the ring with Liston the first time beats anything George Foreman ever had to do or I have had to do again. Except for living with threats against my life after the death of Malcolm X. Real death threats. No, I have no fear of tonight." He darted away from the writers as if his minute in the corner were up and shadowboxed some more, teasing a few friends with quick lancing shots that once more stopped an inch from their eyes. As he went by Hassan, the fat little Turk, he extended his long thumb and long forefinger to pinch him in the ass.

Yet for all this fine effort, the mood of the room hardly improved. It was like a corner in a hospital where relatives wait for word of the operation. Now Ali stopped dancing and took out the robe he would wear into the ring and put it on. It was a long white-silk robe with an intricate black pattern, and his first comment was, "It's a real African robe." He said this to Bundini, who gave him the full look of a child just denied a reward that had been promised for a week.

"All right," Ali said at last. "Let's see your robe."

Now Bundini displayed the garment he had brought for Ali to wear. It was also white but had green, red and black piping along its edges, the national colors

of Zaïre. A green, red and black map of the country was stitched over the heart. Bundini wore a white jacket of the same material and decoration. Ali tried on Bundini's robe, looked in the mirror, took it off, handed it back. He put on the first robe again. "This one's more beautiful," he said. "It's really prettier than the one you brought. Take a look in the mirror, Drew, it's really better." It was. Bundini's robe looked a suspicion shopworn.

But Bundini did not look in the mirror. Instead, he fixed his look on Ali. He glared at him. For a full minute they scalded one another's eyes. *Look!* said Bundini's expression. *Don't mess with the wisdom of your man. I brought a robe that matches my jacket. Your strength and my strength are linked. Weaken me and you weaken yourself. So wear the colors I have chosen.* Something of that strength had to be in his eyes. Some unspoken threat as well, doubtless, for Ali suddenly slapped him, sharp as the crack of a rifle. "Don't you ever dare do that again," he cried out at Bundini. "Now take a look at me in the mirror," Ali commanded. But Bundini refused to look. Ali slapped him again.

The second slap was so ritual that one had to wonder if something like this was a well-worked ceremony, even an exorcism. It was hard to tell. Bundini seemed too furious to speak. His expression clearly said: *Beat me to death, but I will not look in the mirror. The robe you describe as beautiful is not the one.* Ali finally walked away from him.

It was time to decide on the trunks. He tried several. One pair was all white with no decoration at all, as pure and silver a white as the priestly robes of Islam. "Take this one, Ali," Rachman cried, "take this white one, it's nice, Ali, take it." But Ali after much deliberation before the mirror decided to wear white trunks with a vertical black stripe (and, indeed, in the photographs one would see later of the fight, there is the black stripe articulating each movement from his torso down to his legs).

Now Ali sat on a rubbing table near the middle of the room and put on his long white boxing shoes and held each foot in the air while Dundee scraped the soles with a knife to roughen them. The fighter took a comb someone handed him, the Y-shaped comb with steel teeth that Blacks use for an Afro, and worked with deliberation on his hair while his shoes were being scraped. At a signal of his finger, somebody brought him a magazine, a Zaïre periodical in French that gave the complete list of Foreman's fights and Ali's. He read the names aloud to Plimpton and Mailer, and once again contrasted the number of nobodies Foreman had fought with the number of notables he had met. It was as if he had to take still one more look at the marrow of his life. For the first time in all these

months, he seemed to want to offer a public showing of the fear that must come to him in a dream. He began to chatter as though no one were in the room and he was talking in his sleep, "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee, you can't hit what you can't see," he repeated several times as though the words were long gone, and then he murmured, "I been up and I been down. You know, I been around." He shook his head. "It must be dark when you get knocked out," he said, contemplating the ogre of midnight. "Why I never been knocked out," he said. "I been knocked down, but never out." Like a dreamer awakening to the knowledge that the dream is only a net above one's death, he cried out, "That's strange . . . being stopped." Again, he shook his head. "Yeah," he said, "that's a bad feeling, waiting for night to choke up on you," and he looked at the two writers with the blank eyes of a patient who has encountered some reality in the coils of his condition that no doctor will ever comprehend.

Then he must have come to the end of this confrontation with feelings that moved in on him like fog, for he used a phrase he had not employed in months, not since he had last given great woe to every high official in Zaïre. "Yes," he said to the room at large, "let's get ready for the rumble in the jungle," and he began to call to people across the room.

"Hey, Bundini," he cried out, "are we gonna dance?"

But Bundini did not reply. A sorrow was in the room.

"Does anybody hear me?" cried Ali. "Are we going to dance?"

"We're going to dance and dance," said Gene Kilroy sadly.

"We're going to dance," said Ali, "we're going to da-ance."

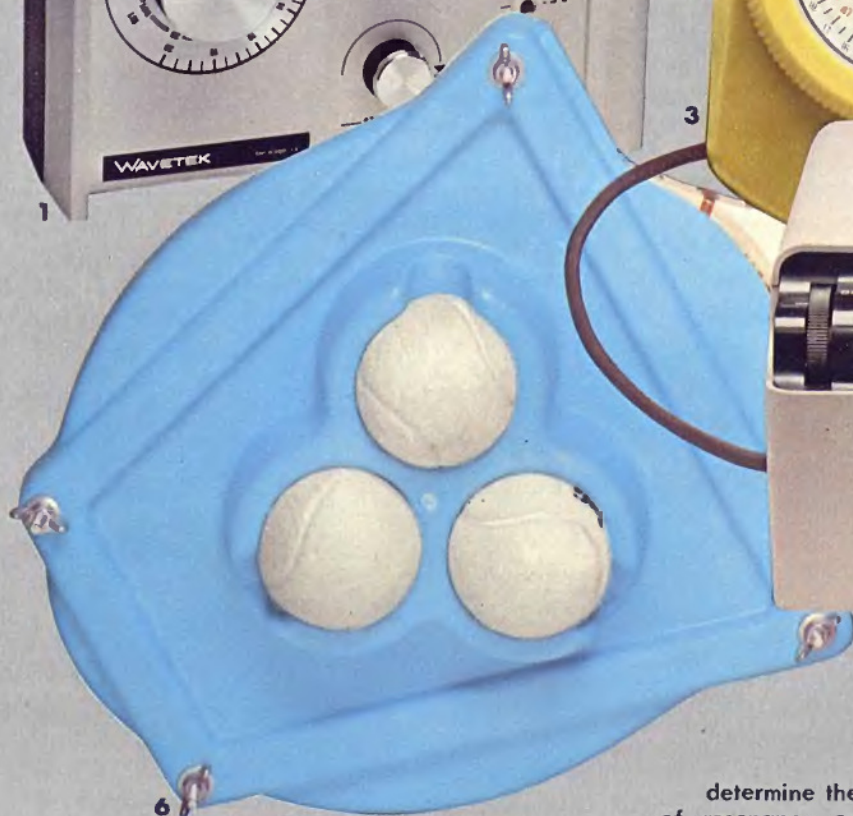
Dundee came up to tape his hands. The observer from Foreman's dressing room, Doc Broadus, now moved up to study the operation. He was a short, sturdy black man about 60 who had discovered Foreman years ago in the Job Corps and had been with George for much of his career ever since. Broadus was well known around the Inter-Continental for his prophetic dreams. In his sleep, he had picked the knockout round for both the Frazier and Norton fights. Now for Ali, he had also had a dream that George would win in two rounds, but this time he wasn't making the prediction for certain. There had been some flaw in the dream.

Ali devoted time to talking to him, as if the most valuable man in the room now might be Doc Broadus, who could take back word to Foreman of every detail in his last-minute condition.

Ali stared at him hard and Broadus shifted his feet. He was shy with Ali. Maybe he had admired his career for too

(continued on page 130)

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS



Three pages of handsome goodies for laying on someone special—and that, of course, includes yourself. 1. Wave oscillator that allows its user to quickly balance two- or four-channel stereo systems, check frequency response and

determine the cause of resonance or other problems that might exist, by Wavetek, \$149.95. 2. Calcron wrist calculator watch features nine-digit display and power-of-10 key for very large or small numbers, by Fonder, \$600. 3. Fiberglass seven-jewel stop watch that's shock-, dust- and

waterproof, by Premier Products, \$39.95. 4. Four ozs. of spray cologne, by Royal Copenhagen, about \$9. 5. Ansafone Model 640 automatically answers your phone, plays a prerecorded message to the caller and records caller's voice; takes standard 30-, 60- and 90-minute cassettes for incoming messages, by Dictaphone, \$375. 6. Protecto-Rac applies pressure to entire tennis-racket head, thus keeping it from warping, and doubles as a ball compartment, by Ohio Tool and Tackle, \$9.95.



7. Model XL-400 Super-8 movie camera comes equipped with a built-in intervalometer for single-frame exposures, 4x power/manual zoom, electromagnetic shutter release and through-the-aperture exposure

meter, by Minolta, \$290. 8. Aquarius Q speakers feature a three-way system that disperses sound in a 360-degree pattern; each stands 43" high and has a removable smoked-glass top, by JBL, \$1266 the pair. 9. Radio-controlled Hobie Hawk sailplane with an 8-foot wing span, by Hobie Model Company, about \$299, including radio. 10. The Cooler Carafe is a 36-oz. crystal wine carafe inside a widemouthed

crystal ice bucket, by Flemington Cut Glass, \$19.95. 11. The Carlisle, a 19-diagonal-inch solid-state portable black-and-white TV with a three-hour timer, by Zenith, \$169.95. 12. Model GXC-510D stereo cassette tape deck features a four-track record/playback system; universal voltage selector can handle power from 100 V to 240 V, by AKAI, \$349.95. 13. Australian outback rugby shirt is made of Creslan and cotton and comes in a choice of vibrant or muted blocks



of colors, from The Chocolate Soup, \$22.50. **14.** Travel alarm that measures $2\frac{3}{4}$ " x 3" x $1\frac{1}{8}$ " comes in a telescopic case; features luminous hands and oversized Arabic numerals, by Bulova, \$15. **15.** The Tennis Attaché, a canvas, leather and brass tote, holds racket, after-tennis change, etc., by Function-form, \$30. **16.** Fountain-pen-style

desk organizer for rubber bands, stamps, what have you, from Raymor, \$16.50. **17.** Digital wrist watch that features solid integrated circuitry; adjustable in accuracy to 60 seconds a year, by Concord, \$275. **18. & 19.** Rack Em Up triangle of jumbo billiard bubble gum, \$8, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of Non-Skid Licorice whirls that resemble tiny wheels and come packed in a tire

box, \$12, both from Food For Thought. **20.** Brass, walnut and glass inkstand, from Sarreid, Ltd., \$46. **21.** Portable or permanent Handi Bar comes with a half-gallon siphon and four one-quart containers that deliver $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of liquid per stroke, by Dolphin Dispensers, \$75.

ALL NIGHT LONG (continued from page 126)

many years to be able to confront him easily now.

"Tell your man," Ali said confidentially, "he better get ready to dance."

Again, Broadus shifted.

At this moment, Ferdie Pacheco came bursting back into the dressing room. He was in a state. "I can't get in to see Foreman," he said to Broadus. "What the hell is going on? What is this?" he said in a tone of fear and considerable shock. "We're boxing tonight, not fighting World War Three!" He seemed disturbed by the fury of the other dressing room. Broadus got up quickly and went out with him.

Now Ali started talking to Bundini. "Say, Bundini, we gonna dance?" he asked. Bundini would not reply.

"I said, are we going to dance?"

Silence.

"Drew, why don't you speak to me?"

Ali said in a big voice, as if exaggeration were the best means to take Bundini out of his mood. "Bundini, ain't we going to dance?" he asked again, and in a droll, tender voice, Ali said, "You know I can't dance without Bundini."

"You turned down my robe," Bundini said in his deepest, huskiest and most emotional voice.

"Oh, man," said Ali, "I'm the Champ. You got to allow me to do something on my own. You got to give me the right to pick my robe or how will I ever be Champ again? You going to tell me what to eat? You going to tell me how to go? Bundini, I am blue. I never seen a time like this when you don't cheer me up."

Bundini fought it, but a smile began to tickle his lips.

"Bundini, are we going to dance?" asked Ali.

"All night long," said Bundini.

"Yes, we're going to dance," said Ali, "we're going to dance and dance."

Broadus was back from the job of getting Pacheco admitted to Foreman's dressing room and Ali began to perform for him again. "What are we going to do?" he asked of Bundini and Dundee and Wilder.

"We're going to dance," said Gene Wilder with a sad, loving smile, "we're going to dance all night long."

"Yes, we're going to da-ance," cried Ali, and said again to Broadus, "You tell him to get ready."

"I'm not telling him nothing," muttered Broadus.

"Tell him he better know how to dance."

"He don't dance," Broadus managed to say, as if to warn: My man has heavier things to do.

"He don't what?" asked Ali.

"He don't dance," said Broadus.

"George Foreman's man," cried Ali, "says George can't dance. George can't come to the da-ance!"

"Five minutes," somebody yelled out, and Youngblood handed the fighter a bottle of orange juice. Ali took a swig of it, half a glass worth, and stared with amusement at Broadus. "Tell him to hit me in the belly," he said.

CHAPTER 2

George would. George was certainly going to hit him in the belly. What a battle was to follow. If the five-minute warning had just been given, it passed in a rush. There was a bathroom off the dressing room and to it Ali retired with his manager, the son of Elijah Muhammad, Herbert Muhammad, a round-faced, benign-looking man whose features offered a complete lack of purchase—Herbert Muhammad gave the impression nobody would know how to take advantage of him too quickly. He was now dressed in a priestly white robe that ran from his shoulders to his feet, a costume appropriate to his function as a Muslim minister, for they had gone into the next room to pray and their voices could be heard reciting verses of the Koran—doubtless such Arabic was from the Koran. In the big room, now empty of Ali, everybody looked at everyone and there was nothing to say.

Ferdie Pacheco returned from Foreman's dressing room. "Everything's OK," he stated. "Let's roll." In a minute, Ali came out of the bathroom with the son of Elijah Muhammad. While he shadow-boxed, his manager continued to pray.

"How are things with Foreman?" someone asked Pacheco, and he shrugged: "Foreman's not talking," he said. "They got him covered with towels."

Now the word came down the line from the stadium outside. "Ali in the ring, Ali in the ring."

Solemnly, Bundini handed Ali the white African robe that the fighter had selected. Then everybody in the dressing room was on their way, a long file of 20 men who pushed and were hustled through a platoon of soldiers standing outside the door, and then in a gang's rush in a full company of other soldiers were racing through the gray cement-brick corridors with their long-gone echoes of rifle shots and death. They emerged into open air, into the surrealistic bliss and green air of stadium grass under electric lights, and a cheer of no vast volume went up at the sight of Ali, but then the crowd had been waiting through an empty hour with no semifinal to watch, just an empty ring, and hours gone by before that with dancers to watch, more dancers, then more tribal dancers, a long count of the minutes from midnight to four. The nation of Zaïre had been awaiting this event for three months, now they were here, some 60,000, in a great oval of seats far from that ring in the center of the

soccer field. They must be disappointed. Watching the fighters would prove kin to sitting in a room in a housing project, studying through a window people in another housing project on the other side of a 12-lane freeway. The fighters would work under a big corrugated-tin shed roof with girders to protect the ring and the 2500 ringside seats from tropical downpour that might come at any minute on this night so advanced already into the rainy season. Heavy rains were overdue by two weeks and more. Light rain had come almost every afternoon and dark portentous skies hung overhead. In America, that would speak of quick summer storms, but the clouds in Africa were patient as the people and a black whirling smoky sky could shift overhead for days before more than a drop would fall.

Something of the weight of this oncoming rain was in the air. The early night had been full of oppression, and it was hot for so early in the morning, 80 degrees and a little more. Thoughts, however, of the oncoming fight left Norman closer to feeling chill. He was sitting next to Plimpton in the second row from the ring, a seat worth traveling thousands of miles to obtain (although, counting two round trips, the figure might yet be 25,000 miles—a barrel of jet lag for the soul). In front of them was a row of wire-service reporters and photographers leaning on the apron of the ring; inside the ropes was Ali, checking the resin against his shoes and offering flashes of his shuffle to the study of the crowd, whirling away once in a while to throw a kaleidoscope-dozen of punches at the air in two seconds, no more—one-Mississippi, two-Mississippi—12 punches had gone by. Screams from the crowd at the blur of the gloves. He was all alone in the ring, the Challenger on call for the Champion, the Prince waiting for the Pretender, and unlike other fighters who wilt in the long minutes before the titleholder will appear, Ali seemed to be taking royal pleasure in his undisputed possession of the space. He looked unafraid and almost on the edge of happiness, as if the discipline of having carried himself through the two thousand nights of sleeping without his title after it had been taken from him without ever losing a contest—a frustration for a fighter doubtless equal in impact to writing *A Farewell to Arms* and then not being able to publish it—must have been a Biblical seven years of trial through which he had come with the crucial part of his honor, his talent and his desire for greatness still intact, and light came off him at this instant. His body had a shine like the flanks of a thoroughbred. He looked fully ready to fight the strongest, meanest man to come along in Heavyweight circles in

(continued on page 172)

STALKING THE WILD GREENBACK

tips on eating the natural way by fuel gibbon, who says, "the cleveland casting works fire hydrant has a wholesome flavor that reminds me of the taste of wild hickory nuts" **parody By LARRY TRITTEN**

DURING the more than 30 years spent eating my way through the meadows and backwoods of America, I have learned a great deal about the health-giving qualities of natural foods and the importance of a balanced diet. It has been a rewarding life—not so rewarding, perhaps, as the life of a stockbroker or a vice-squad

detective, but at least my pulse, respiration and blood pressure are all normal and I haven't had to pick up a check or tip a waitress since the Roosevelt Administration. The fact is, there is scarcely a disease known to society that cannot be either avoided or cured by a proper diet. Proper eating habits are the most

important factor in man's health. The American Indians knew this, which is why they avoided sweets, starches, junk foods and any packaged foods containing a prize (the quality of a product should speak for itself). The diet of the average Indian was remarkably simple, usually consisting of (continued on page 170)



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE GAADT



THE LAST TIME we tuned in on Marilyn Lange, she was about to leave Honolulu for Aspen, to see what she could get into there. At the same time, her boyfriend, Kip, was about to take his soft-rock quintet—appropriately called Long Distance—to Tahiti for a three-month gig. Well, Marilyn spent all of two weeks in Colorado before she realized how much she missed both Howoii and Kip. His group, meanwhile, had run into a hassle—that's showbiz—and never made its trip. So Marilyn and Kip were back together in short order. They have since left their Honolulu apartment and moved to a brick house in a very green, quiet valley, where it rains all the time. There are lots of tropical birds—and avocodos, papayas and mangoes free for the picking. Which is convenient, because Marilyn and Kip have both been vegetarians since a discussion they had with some Hore Krishno people about karma and killing. "Things come back to you tenfold, supposedly," she explains, "and if you kill, soy, a calf, then something drastic will happen



to you." Also, she points out, "In Howoii, you don't need the warmth you get from eating meat; in New York or Chicago, you'd probably need a lot of steaks and stews, but not here." At any rate, Marilyn says she has felt better since giving up meat. She's also been keeping in shape playing forward on a women's soccer team. "I played softball before, and you run a lot in that," she says, "but not continuously for an hour and a half, the way (text concluded on page 216)

As our gatefold queen, Marilyn receives quite a few prizes, including a Playmate Pink Porsche 911S (below). But she wants to do more modeling, so our heroine—a small-town girl—is headed for New York, where she'll stay with her sister while she looks for work. "I'm scared to go," she admits, "but you have to make money." In any case, she doesn't plan to stay away from Hawaii for long.

Playmate of the Year

an eye-filling encore for may's marilyn lange, who proved there's more to hawaii than poi and pineapples





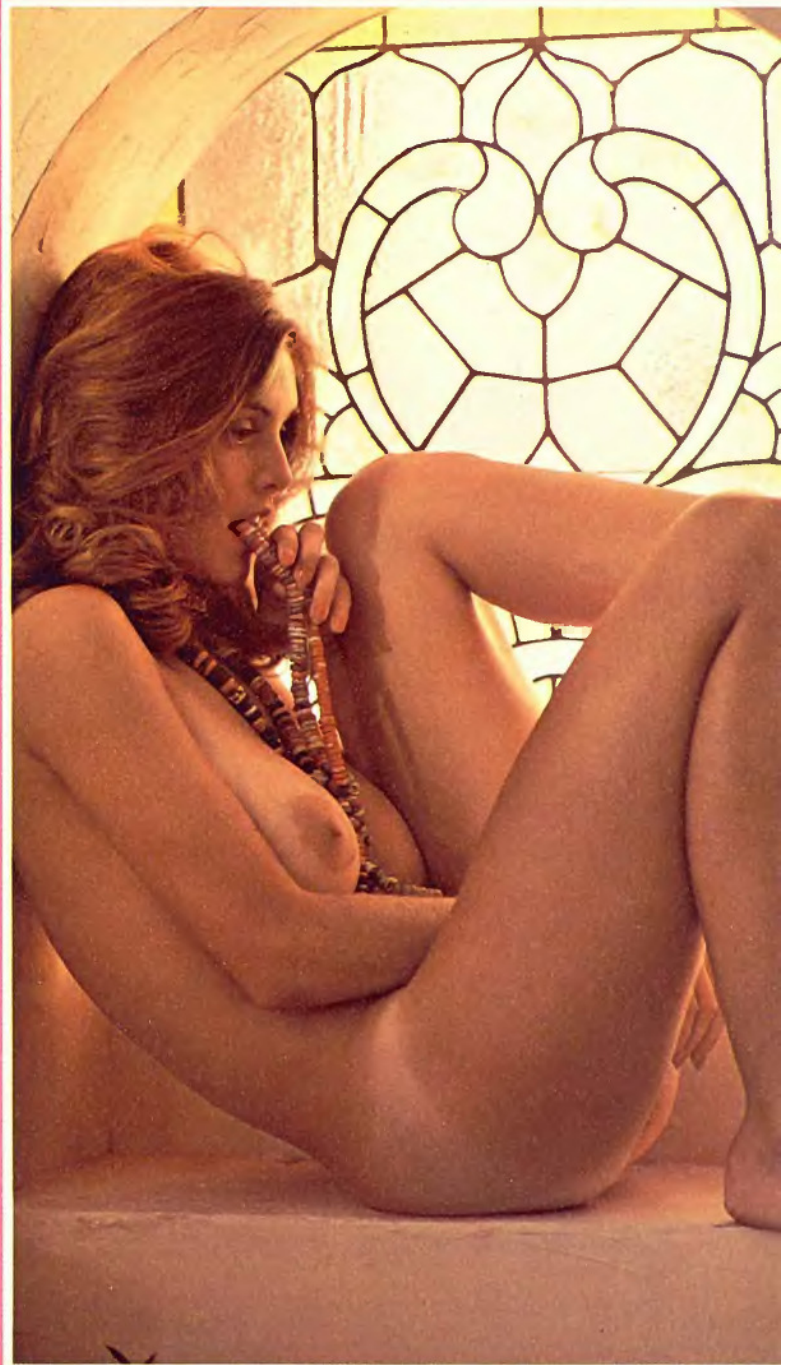
"Sex isn't the only thing in life—other things are important, too. But at the same time, it's a deeper form of communication than some people realize. I don't believe you can ever forget somebody you made it with. Even if you were to just meet someone, do it without talking, and then forget his name, you would always be linked with him somehow, because of all that energy you put into each other. So I take my relationships pretty seriously."





"I kind of like the mystique that sex used to have, back when everyone wasn't so up front about it. It's nice when there's a little room left for the imagination to work. Nowadays, people go to the porno flicks and get hung up wondering, om I supposed to be doing that? Or this? Because they're doing it right in front of you and you can see ond heor everything. I liked *Behind the Green Door*, but I haven't felt the urge to see another one."





"One nice thing about living in Hawaii is that you can make love outdoors. That's an experience that people in New York or Chicago seldom have. But here, if you go to some of the outer islands, you find beaches where you don't see anyone for maybe four, five hours. And you don't hear anything but the birds. Of course, the beaches around Honolulu are usually crowded with day-trippers. But you can still get away from it all if you want to."





"I've always stuck with one guy at a time. You get to know each other's likes and dislikes and you start making it with your minds as well as your bodies. I don't think making love with someone just because you like the way he looks, the way he walks, or whatever, is where it's at. Of course, the flush of newness is great, and it's not going to be there after you spend some time with someone. But my boyfriend always finds ways to surprise me."





SOKOL

THIS HAPPENED in the days when Duke Ranier of Anjou, driven from the kingdom of Naples, was pleased to tarry a few seasons in Florence. Two of the cavaliers who followed him, involved in the shipwreck of his fortunes, were Filippo de Lincurto and Ciarlo d'Amboia, two sturdy, sportive, handsome young men.

They made a habit of daily rides through the streets and it was on one of these that Filippo first noticed Donna Teresa, the lovely young wife of a Florentine nobleman, and was pierced through the heart with a passion for her. Soon there followed the usual course of such matters—letters, meetings, declarations, sighs—except that all had to be of the utmost discretion and the most painful brevity. That prudent man her husband seemed ever-present.

For his part, Ciarlo fell, by coincidence, into the most similar sort of love's pitfall. At one of Duke Ranier's evening entertainments, he met a charming lady called Caterina, who was younger sister to that very Donna Teresa. Caterina was unmarried, but, in place of a watchful husband, she had a mastiff of a mother who was determined that no faintest shadow would cross her daughter's name until she was married to one of the greatest and oldest names in Tuscany.

Thus, these two gentlemen spent their time riding, hunting, drinking, cursing their fortune and devising new ways to smuggle letters to their ladies. To tell the truth, these two cavaliers were adept at leaping over walls—but low walls of no special difficulty. When it came to high, thick Florentine walls with a row of sharp spikes on top, they were perplexed and baffled.

"They must think of something!" Ciarlo exclaimed one day. "It is in the nature of women. Born in every one of them is the secret of devising how to slip past the bolts and guards to reach the arms of their lovers. These ladies must look into their hearts and consult that secret."

"In fact, they have done so," said Filippo, unfolding a letter. "It is all laid out in this missive from my dear Teresa. And it is admirable strategy. If only our noble duke were capable of such thinking in the sphere of politics, he would be ruling in Naples today."

"First, we shall make it a point to take a leisurely promenade past Donna Teresa's house at noon tomorrow. If we see something blue hanging in one of the windows on the second story, our plot is afoot."

"Ah, excellent, excellent," said Ciarlo.

"Then we return at midnight. There is a little, low gate in the garden wall. It is always locked, but tomorrow night it will be open. Inside is an arbor where we shall hide until the maidservant comes to fetch us."

"Splendid, splendid," said Ciarlo.

"Then the servant will conduct me silently to a certain chamber where my dear Teresa will be awaiting me naked



in bed. I shall undress and go to her, and then I shall begin to—"

"No need to go into tedious detail. I already have some notion of what might follow. But, my dear Filippo, where am I and where is my lady at this time?"

"Ah, yes," Filippo said, bringing himself back from his daydream. "My dear friend, your role as safeguard is one of the most important of all and I shall be eternally grateful to you for your vigilant sacrifice."

"And what does that mean?" asked Ciarlo with growing suspicion.

"Only that Teresa's husband is a man who sleeps soundly enough but who seems to have a kind of nervous sixth sense of her absence. Let her so much as stir a few steps from the bed at night and he wakes up in alarm. But as long as there is a warm body breathing by his side, he is content to snore away—so you do not have to be afraid, my friend. You simply strip yourself and, to keep him quiet while my lady and I . . . Well, to keep him quiet, you remain there through the night. At dawn, you arise and steal away."

"Sir!" shouted Ciarlo in high fluster. "I am an Italian gentleman. I do not do such things! And, besides, what if this fellow should waken in the night and, feeling lustful. . . . No, I can't go through with it."

But Filippo pursued the matter—with demands on Ciarlo's friendship and loyalty, with allusions to his own happiness that might be destroyed if anything went awry in the plan and, finally, with promises to do everything in his power to bring about Ciarlo's happiness in the future.

In the end, overcome by all this, Ciarlo could only grumble and give in. "At any rate," he said, "I shall not take off my clothes and the only naked thing about me will be my sword. I'll lay it down between us and if the husband makes even the slightest outcry—"

"I knew that you were the truest friend

a man could ever have!" exclaimed Filippo.

Everything went precisely according to plan the following night until the moment when Ciarlo was brought to the door of the husband's bedchamber. "Take off your clothes now," whispered the maidservant.

"I refuse!" said Ciarlo.

"You must!" said the maid. "He can tell the difference in his sleep." And she began such remonstrances that Ciarlo was afraid that the whole scheme would be given away at that moment. So, perforce, he undressed and got naked into the bed with, nevertheless, his sharp sword ready at hand.

All night long, he lay tense, anxious, hardly daring to breathe. Finally, after an eternity, the wan light of dawn began to come through a little window. The sleeper next to him, who had lain quietly all night, now began to stir and make soft sounds, as if floating upward toward wakefulness. Ciarlo then heard the early-morning household sounds. The fires were being kindled and there were the steps of servants on the stairs as they went to fetch water.

Ciarlo arose and stole to the door. For some incredible reason, it was locked. He heard a low sigh from his bedmate. In desperation, he wedged his sword blade between the door and the jamb and, sweating, began to lever with all his strength. A louder sigh from the bed. Ciarlo was going mad with anxiety.

Suddenly, he heard the door being unlocked from the outside and he stood back, sword at the ready. But when the door came open, who stood there but Filippo and Teresa, tousled from love-play and sleep.

"For God's sake, be careful!" said Ciarlo angrily, but they both burst into laughter and entered the chamber carelessly.

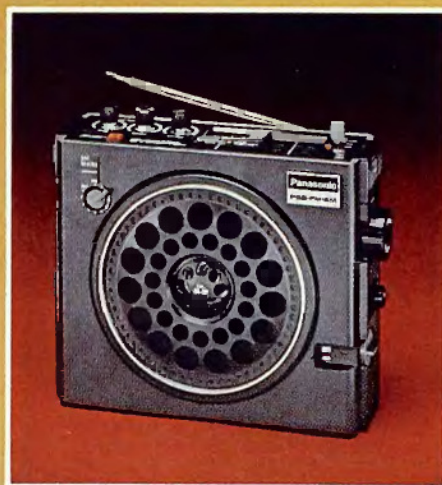
"Dear friend," said Filippo, "by the great love I bear you, be not offended. But I do believe that nature has neglected to bestow on you cold Piedmontese the instinct she gives to all the lower animals. Every male beast, except the Piedmontese, can sense the particular scent, the generous warmth of the female of his kind!" Whereat he stepped to the bed, threw back the covers and revealed the rosy, naked, inviting body of Caterina. "The gentleman you had in mind departed on a journey to Flanders yesterday morning. And you have spent the night one foot away from the lady you love!"

Ciarlo bit his lip with anger and frustration. But in a moment, all was well. Caterina held out her round arms to him. Teresa gave him a reassuring little caress and a push. Filippo and his love returned to her room to do whatever had been left undone the night before and Ciarlo got into his bed to pluck the first fruit by daylight.

—Retold by Clement Bell



from the halls of panasonic to the doors of jvc—a platoon of macho multiband portables has the situation well in hand



Model RF-888 features AM/FM, police, fire and continuous weather reports, plus a mike for use as a P. A. system—or you can do voice-overs or silly sing-alongs to commercials, by Panasonic, about \$100.



This rugged receiver for SW, AM/FM, includes a five-inch woofer, three-inch tweeter, telescoping and ferrite-rod core antennas and an earphone jack, by Sanyo, \$99.95. No, it doesn't pick up Axis Sally.

"Jeez, Willie, Now They've Drafted Radios!"

WE CAN STILL SEE IT: Henry Fonda, playing the war-frazzled GI, sits by the side of a dusty road somewhere in France, a really mean-looking military radio on his lap. Then, from right out of the sun, Messerschmitts—and Fonda dives for the ditch, the radio under him, but you *know* they're both going to be OK. Well, the radios pictured here may not withstand a direct hit from the *Luftwaffe*, but for everyday knocking about, they're pretty tough to beat. All have multiple bands—AM/FM, plus various combinations of police, fire, land-to-air, weather—everything but Monty at El Alamein. And there are all kinds of nice little touches that don't come on those candy-assed models from the local discount house, such as knife switches, multiantennas, metal speaker guards and knobs galore. The sound is also great, but it's the knobs and switches that will get you every time.



An audio eavesdropper's delight: You get AM/FM, high police, low police, aircraft and weather bands; features a leatherette cabinet with removable shoulder strap, by Panorama Radio & Electronics, \$59.95.



Model MB-310 unit gives you AM/FM, plus police high and low public-service bands, UHF aircraft and weather; separate squelch control; swing-open back houses a built-in A.C. cord, by Emerson, \$49.95.



Tough and dependable, the 8240 comes equipped with a three-band AM/FM and police pickup, plus a pin-point tone control, military switches and two-way speaker system; weighs 3.4 lbs., by JVC, \$89.95.



Pickup on AM/FM, two police bands, land-to-air and short-wave with the Model 2929, a unit that includes a crank tuning dial, twin antennas and swivel-stick control for volume, bass and treble, by Ross, \$99.95.

SEX IN CINEMA-FRENCH STYLE

world, was, Giscard noted, blemished by flagrant promotions for sexy movies—and even not-so-sexy movies—cheaply flaunting their charms from one end of the avenue to the other. Neon-rimmed bare breasts and bottoms, or thinly disguised phallic symbols—far larger than life—virtually leaped out at passers-by in shameless sidewalk pitches for such suggestively titled films as *Les Valseuses*, *Les Seins de Glace*, *Les Mille et Une Nuits*, *Contes Immoraux* and *Les Couples du Bois de Boulogne* (which, freely translated into English, would be *Balls*, *Icy Breasts*, *1001 Nights*, *Immoral Tales* and *Couples in the Park*).

It wasn't that Giscard was a prude. What he wanted to get rid of were the sleazy billboards, not the movies they touted. Since coming to power a year ago, Giscard has—officially and personally—established a freewheeling style that recognizes France as a nation of consenting adults. *Le président* himself, in fact, eluded his nervous bodyguards one evening last autumn and accompanied his 20-year-old daughter to a theater showing Ken Russell's uninhibited British-made biography *Mahler*. And, backed by Giscard, a bill to legalize abortion in France was passed against heavy Church opposition.

In this generally permissive moral climate, the French are reasserting their historic claim to leadership in the sexual arena. Decades ago, Gay Paree was the place where one went to buy feelthy postcards and ogle seminudes at the Folies Bergère. The pornography explosion in the U.S., Denmark, Holland and Germany changed all that, and the switch was ironically dramatized early in 1973 by Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*—in which Marlon Brando, as an American expatriate, taught the erotic facts of life to Maria Schneider, as his eager pupil from the French *bourgeoisie*.

France today, under Giscard, is swiftly catching up with the sexual revolution and is moving faster in cinema than anywhere else. The winds of change blew up some controversial film fare even during the latter part of the late President Georges Pompidou's relatively staid regime. During 1973–1974, director Marco Ferreri's *Grande Bouffe* broke precedent with its outrageous black humor about four bored male hedonists (portrayed by Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi and Philippe Noiret) who decide to commit suicide by eating and fornicating *ad nauseam*. Next came *Les Valseuses* (literally, *The Waltzers*, though the term is French gutter argot for testicles—and was prudently changed to *Going Places* for English-speaking audiences), an *Easy Rider* kind of road movie concerning two teenaged petty-thief studs and their ready-and-willing kidnap victim (Miou-Miou), a restless beautician who has never had a satisfactory orgasm.

(continued from page 85)

Les Valseuses, a huge success at the box office, also offered a startling cameo by perennial French superstar Jeanne Moreau, as a sprung jailbird who gives the lads one night of free love before shooting herself in the vagina with a revolver. Expatriate Yugoslav director Dusan (WR—*Mysteries of the Organism*) Makavejev mowed down any still-standing rules of decorum with his French-Canadian *Sweet Movie*—a far-out political fantasy featuring urination, defecation, some tentative fellatio, pedophilia, sex in a bed of loose sugar, plus a chocolate-covered nude bathing scene. Things went so far that leading lady Carole Laure subsequently filed a lawsuit against the producers, claiming that she hadn't known quite what she had got herself into.

But that was only the beginning. "Porno is the New Wave," declared director Claude Chabrol, himself a veteran of the *Nouvelle Vague* group led by François Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard and their ilk—who dominated French cinema throughout the Sixties but have lost ground to a phenomenon known as *l'époque érotique*. In 1974, a banner year for erotic films in France, 15 to 20 percent of French moviegoers spent their francs to see what Americans would call a skin flick. Ask *Pourquoi?* and 40,000,000 Frenchmen are apt to answer with a Gallic shrug, *Pourquoi pas?* Maybe it's sheer escapism for a people currently in the grip of a severe economic recession, beset by inflation, strikes and gloomy forecasts of greater hardship to come.

Cherchez la femme is a facetious but familiar French answer to many a question, and the woman with the hottest clues in this case turns out to be *Emmanuelle*—the title of a breakthrough movie based on a best-selling book of memoirs by one Emmanuelle Arsan, nom de plume for the wife of a French diplomat stationed in Rome (say people who know). The *Deep Throat* of French sex movies, financially if not pornographically speaking, *Emmanuelle* is the most glittering money-maker in the history of *le cinéma français*—having earned, at last count, over \$6,000,000 in France alone, while rapidly upsetting glum box-office predictions in the U.S., Japan, Australia, Finland, Brazil and Italy (where the movie was drastically re-edited by local distributors following a censorship battle, which set off yet another legal hassle).

Soft-core by U.S. standards, *Emmanuelle* looks as innocuous as a shampoo commercial to jaded connoisseurs of New York and Los Angeles porn. To explain its remarkable success, director Just Jaeckin, a 34-year-old former fashion photographer whose friends had warned him that beginning his career in cinema with an erotic film would mean disaster, remarks airily: "People see this film and leave without feeling guilty." They also

see how a star is born in 21-year-old Dutch actress Sylvia Kristel, who fetchingly portrays Emmanuelle as the young Parisian wife of a French diplomat in Bangkok. After winning her erotic wings, so to speak, aboard an Air France jet, Emmanuelle lands amid the lush Oriental fleshpots to plumb the mysteries of lesbianism, masturbation, rape, buggery and *sex à trois*. The film's message appears to be liberation through subjugation (*à la The Story of O*), but Jaeckin speaks loudest when he is showing instead of telling it—in the early sequences, full of beautiful women beautifully photographed with vibrant sensuality and style.

Trim, energetic Yves Rousset-Rouard, prior to *Emmanuelle* a Madison Avenue-type producer of TV commercials, came to launch the picture in New York several months after its astonishing Paris premiere. He shed further light on the film's success: "When I first thought about producing *Emmanuelle*, I was not thinking about porno. I am not a sex specialist. I thought about *Last Tango in Paris*. I wanted to beat *that*—and we did. I undertook what you call motivation research. I began with a well-known book. I found a young bourgeois girl who looks quite pure, like a girl you see every day on the street in your home town. I found a young director and crew who were ambitious to prove themselves. Then we opened at the finest theaters in Paris . . . 20 theaters the same day. It was a test of strength . . . and within hours, at the main theater, there were 300 people standing in a queue around the block."

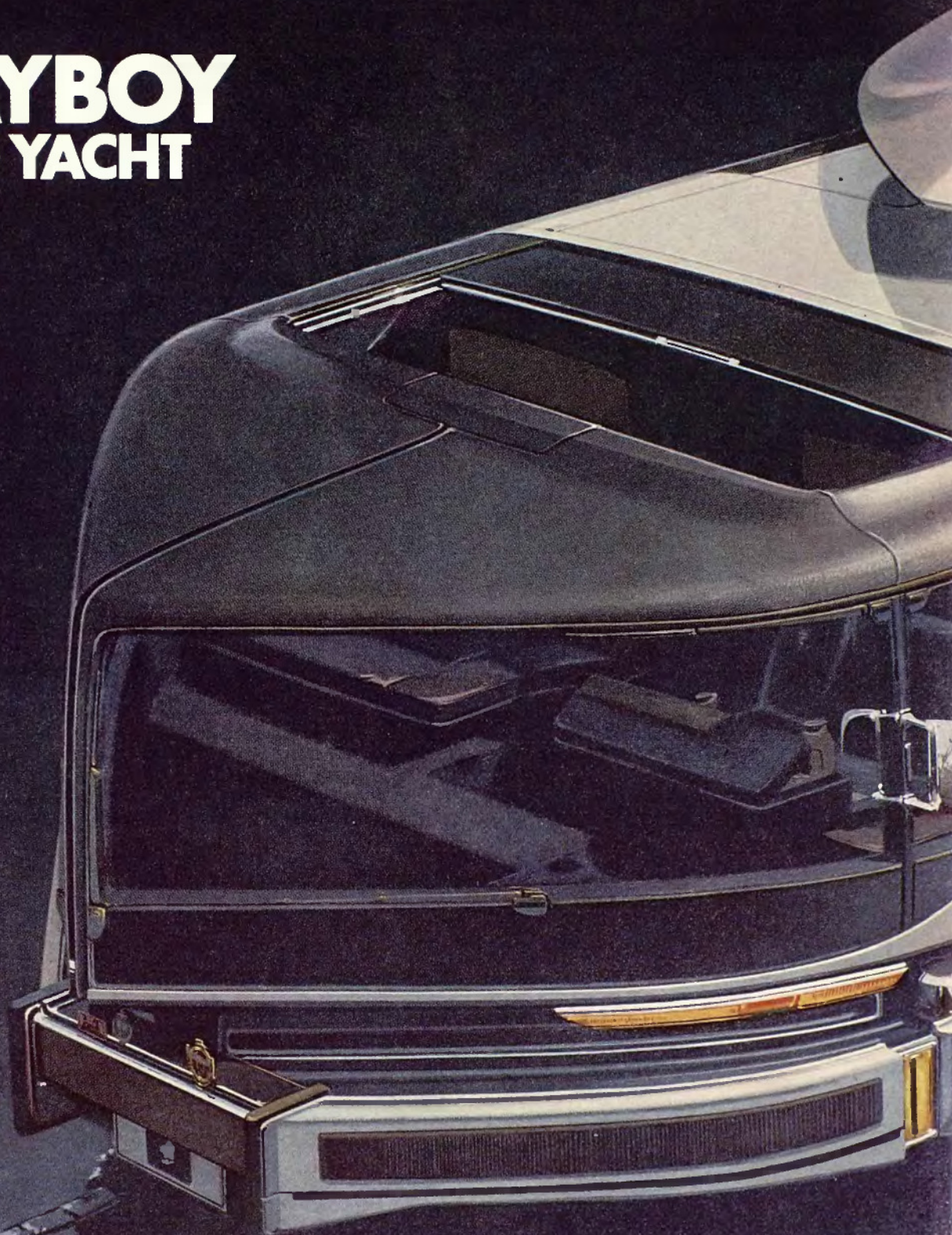
Rousset-Rouard admits, however, that *Emmanuelle* was helped along by a stroke of fate: "When the film was finished, we presented it to the official censors, the *Commission de Contrôle* . . . and the government said *non*, refused to pass *Emmanuelle*. A few days later, Pompidou died. When the new president was elected, he said: 'People over 21 are adults who can decide for themselves what they want to see.' Giscard is a very liberal, liberated man . . . though I don't wish to discuss the president, since he's a friend of mine."

That throwaway line reveals a lot about freedom from censorship in France. Whenever a millionaire producer of erotic movies can casually claim friendship with the chief of state, he must be doing something right. Such a liaison would be unimaginable in Washington, at least since the Kennedy regime gave way to Johnson's cultural rancho, Nixon's asexual power games and President Ford's homey-folksy holding operation. Nixon as President was told by a prestigious, expensive committee of experts that no harm could be detected in the open distribution of pornography—at which he threw the rascals out and ordered a series of obscenity prosecutions (continued on page 202)



*"Hate being a party pooper, but I happen to be engaged
to a truck driver in Great Falls, Montana."*

THE PLAYBOY LAND YACHT



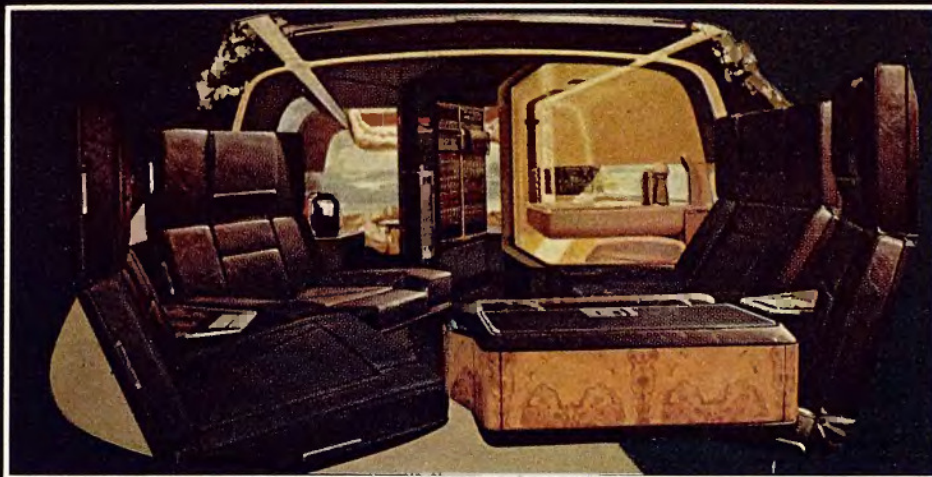
you're looking at the great american dream machine—a wonder home on wheels that even drives itself

THE OLD CHUCK BERRY SONG *No Money Down* told about a fantasy Cadillac with a bed in the back, phone, TV, short-wave radio and other optional extras; but the machine Chuck sang about couldn't touch what's pictured here and on the following pages. The land yacht we commissioned Detroit designer Syd Mead to create is a six-wheel wonder vehicle that combines many of today's mechanical innovations with some space-age technology that you can expect to be incorporated into tomorrow's assembly-line mobile homes. Not only does it contain almost all the amenities you would ordinarily leave behind when embarking on an extended trip, or just out for a day's cruise, it can also drive itself—via electronic sensors—while you and a companion relax in the yacht's luxurious front



At right is the brain box of our motor home. It includes radar-activated sensors for remote-control cruising, trip tapes with recorded tips on throughway exits, etc., a phone hookup with the rest of the vehicle, dials for adjusting the tire pressure and two zoom-lensed TV cameras, with infrared filters, to monitor the road fore and aft.





When our land yacht is parked, its brain box (front center) can be closed and pivoted to double as a cocktail table. The bath is shown with its door cut away; to its left are the food-prep unit and audio-video center. At rear, you see the open-air skylight with its electronic sun deck partially lowered.

lounge. But that's getting ahead of our story. Before entering the yacht, let's take a walk around it and examine some of the exterior features.

Look again at the illustration on the previous page and you'll see that the yacht's pointed nose serves two functions: It provides the aerodynamic styling that a machine of this size demands and it allows for the four lounge seats up front to be arranged at a 45-degree angle to the axis of the vehicle, thus saving considerable interior space.

For night driving, the yacht's front lighting consists of two swing-down iodine quartz lamps, plus four normal high/low/intermediate lights, which



are folded back when off, swinging out against adjustable stops (for proper aiming) when the sliding cover door is activated. In addition, a front-scanning infrared lamp produces a wide-angle fan of radiation, for pickup on the yacht's console-mounted TV screen. What you see in the monitor is an infrared-filter view of the roadway. This system is an outgrowth of the exotic Air Force fighter-pilot technology, which produces an animated, terrain-characteristic "picture" in front of the pilot, regardless of the weather or visibility conditions. Thus, once the driver gets the feel of his infrared screen, he can safely cruise at normal speeds in dense fog, darkness, drifting



This is the rear lounge—and that bed, gentlemen, measures seven feet by six feet. In the center, below the TV and the movie projector (a screen rolls down over the rear window, foreground), is the bar capsule; it's lined with crushed velvet, like the phone container to its right.

The nocturnal view—through the rear window—shows the expandable bathroom wall. Atop is the sun deck; when traveling, a bubble of air arches over the space so that the deck can be open. Obviously, the couple pictured here couldn't care less about all of this.



snow or heavy rain.

As an added safety feature, the yacht's prow consists of twin free-floating bumpers extending along either side of the front peak, with a center section that is projected hydraulically when the vehicle is in motion. (The same section can be protruded when the machine is parked, as a protective measure against ham-fisted drivers who park by ear.)

Furthermore, when the yacht has been driven out to the boonies and parked on uneven terrain, twin electric screw jacks strategically mounted at either side of each wheel can be activated to level the machine. They also come in handy when you have to change a flat.

And while we're mentioning unpleasant chores such as tire changing, it's nice to know that the yacht's exterior body panels all remove quickly for servicing circuitry as well as for allowing access to subsystems behind interior walls, such as lighting conduits, vent ductwork, etc. Tanks for on-board water and the like are slung under the body sill and serve also to disguise the actual floor line. (Incidentally, the engine compartment is designed to handle a flat-8 diesel.)

Atop the land yacht, you'll notice a mini sun lounge or deck that's actually a housing for the air-conditioning unit, the top of the food-service-and-entertainment module and headroom for the rear lounge. The perimeter of this lounge is a glass reveal with a surrounding air channel. This produces, at speed, a bubble of air arcing over the space so that the deck can be open during highway travel and not produce buffeting or excessive wind noise. The floor of the sun deck consists of four motor-driven plates that can be lowered into the rear lounge area for attaching or removing the deck's snap-on waterproof nylon cushions.

Extending along the side of the yacht is a narrow window that's approximately at shoulder level in the front lounge (due to the higher position of the seats) and at eye level, when seated, in the rear lounge. The lights on the sun lounge are legally required clearance markers for width, length and height. Side marker lights are in the bumper collapse space at each end of the vehicle. At the front of the yacht, just ahead of the sun-roof opening, there's a flap, below which is housed the forward-scanning radar fixture.

So much for the yacht's exterior. Let's now step inside, the open-sesame being made either by inserting a plastic phone dial card into a slot concealed in the door or by pushing a special code sequence on a button plate adjacent to the card slot. (Thus, there's no more lost-key blues and you never have to worry about locking yourself out.)

In theory, the yacht's interior is designed to be that of a very large, roomy, consummately comfortable car, rather than a cramped, miniaturized house. This is an important distinction. A 6' x 7' bed, for example, is enormous (that's the size of the one you find in the rear lounge), whereas a 6' x 7' room is tiny. All the design features of the vehicle are geared toward achieving the over-all ambience of luxurious fixtures and appointments in a confined space through the use of proportion, perspective and alignment of various interior spaces.

In the front lounge area, there are four reclining chairs arranged in a conversational grouping not unlike what you'd find in a posh men's club. But when the occasion dictates, these chairs can be lowered to create a 5' x 8' sleeping area, with the center console (which we'll explain) serving as a bedside table. Thus, you have within arm's reach stereo controls, a phone and the option of investigating outside midnight noises with infrared TV or a full-range radar system.

But now we're going to put you into the driver's seat and explain some of the space-age technology that has gone into this wondermobile of the future. In front of your chair is the aforementioned control console—a highly complex brain box mounted on a triangular fixture that allows it to be slid to the center of the vehicle and serves as a bedside or cocktail table housing an AM/FM/SW/LW receiver and cassette unit.

However, you're probably itching to get your hands on the land yacht's steering wheel, but—surprise—it doesn't come equipped with such a pedestrian mechanism. Instead, what you maneuver with are twin control handles mounted on rotating disks; each is connected through electrohydraulic valves to the power-steering system and turn together, although either one may be used, one-handed, to steer. The tear-shaped buttons atop each handle (the far-shaped buttons atop each handle in the picture on page 149) are for signaling a turn.

Adjacent to the left steering handle is a dial with clock markings and a switch below that. This little gizmo is a 24-hour repeat-alarm-and-locking system that automatically locks the yacht within 30 minutes of your leaving, if this function has not already been performed. (You can also use it for activating cooking units at specified times.)

Now we come to something *really* special, available with a little help from the friendly geniuses who reside at Honeywell and other companies that are into the development of recognition circuitry. The current state of the art of this highly specialized field is just this: It now has become possible to construct

"sentient" low-level intelligence capabilities that can relieve a driver of constant control and include corrective surveillance of a vehicle in motion, even in light traffic. What this means is that there now are available exotic recognition/reading sensing devices (being used primarily by the military) that can visually pick up an object, trace its profile and recognize it, along with a dozen other sophisticated tricks. Couple this kind of technology with the power steering and electronic cruise-control throttle system that are incorporated in our land yacht and you are enjoying a control setup that can be instructed to run through thousands of situation analogs per second, select optimum instructions and execute them with nothing more than casual supervision by the man at the wheel (or we should say the twin steering handles).

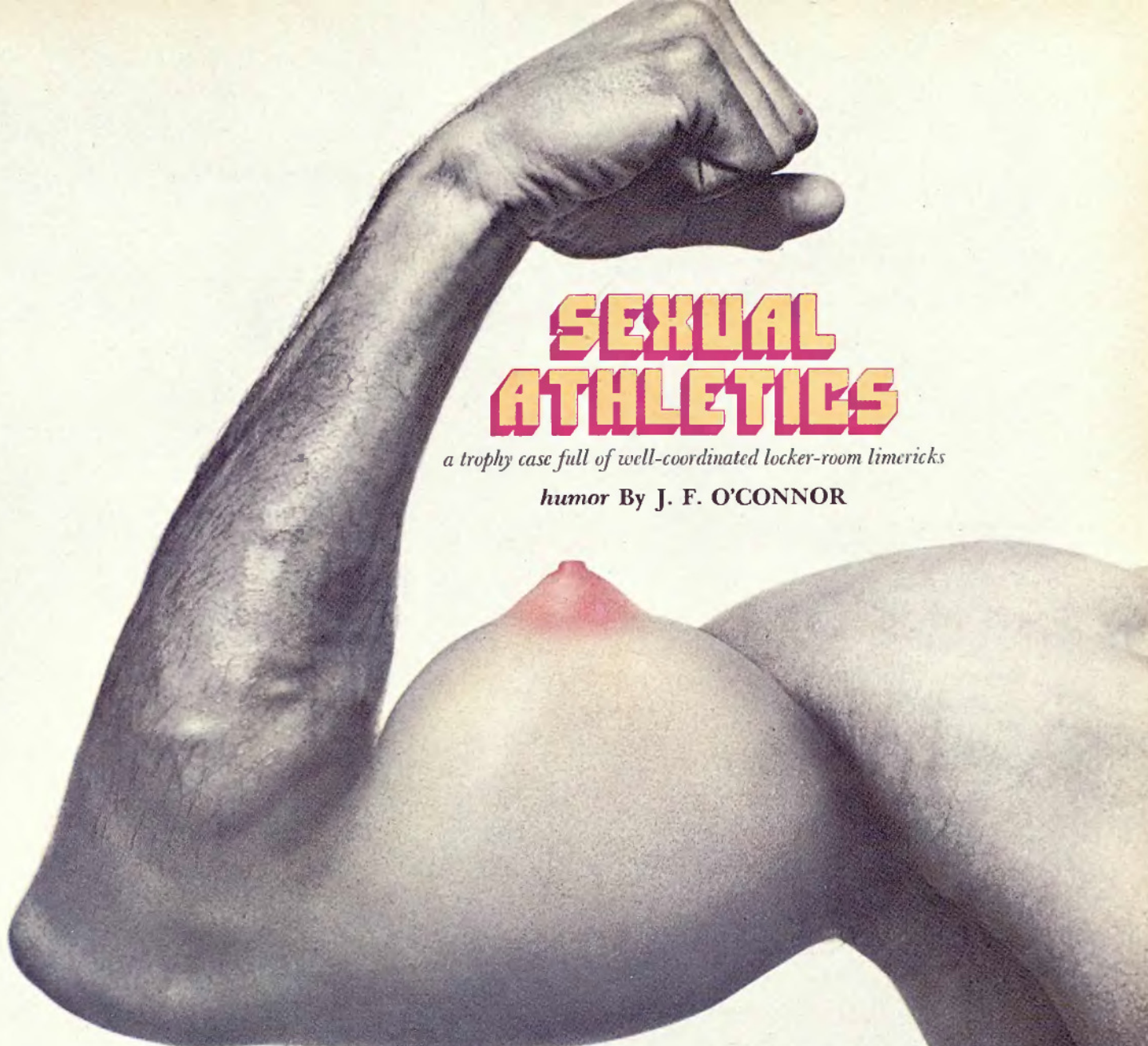
This drive-select control is a padded, palm-operated movable fixture located in the center of the control console. The two program sets you can choose for driving are Full Auto 1 and Full Auto 2, with readout windows in each button to indicate which series of functions, or which control level, is in use. Full Auto 1 would be a predetermined program for long-distance driving on cross-country routes and would be complex enough to pass slow-moving vehicles, look ahead for a vehicle coming onto the road from an on ramp, slowdowns, etc. It would also monitor "closing speed" to avoid rapid braking, which is common on long drives because of the hypnotic effect of hour-after-hour 55-mph driving.

Full Auto 2 would be a more complex program for driving in light urban traffic, slow-moving rush-hour-crawl situations and repetitive circumstances, such as motoring to your country house or to the local airport. Recognition gates would differentiate between, say, trucks and sports cars at any distance, read the traffic lights and determine the boundaries of the road or street by average alignment of other vehicles fore and aft; in other words, fit the land yacht into the sense of the traffic pattern.

Incidentally, the padded bar within arm's reach of the drive-select control is a horn button—and, no, it doesn't play the first eight bars of the theme from *2001*.

Now take a look at the top row of the instrument console that's directly in front of the dual steering handles. Aside from the usual left-right turn indicators, fuel-capacity, water-temperature and oil-pressure gauges, speedometer and odometer, you get a few goodies borrowed from road-rally enthusiasts—specifically, a diode readout that gives the average miles per hour for a constantly "moving envelope" of 100 miles coupled with accumulated mileage from a selected point;

(concluded on page 158)



SEXUAL ATHLETICS

a trophy case full of well-coordinated locker-room limericks

humor By J. F. O'CONNOR

*A pass-throwing wizard named Reese
Prays nightly for marital peace.
There are stadium cheers....
There are bedchamber tears....
Both result from his famed quick release.*

***** ★ *****

*An N.B.A. groupie named Leaming
Liked two jocks at once and was scheming
To combine ass and head
With a duo in bed,
"For I like," she explained, "double-teaming."*

***** ★ *****

*Snarled a hockey defenseman named Cox,
Who'd contracted a case of the pox,
"When you're offered a bod,
Body-checking, by God,
Keeps you out of the penalty box!"*

***** ★ *****

*When a horseplaying golfer named Gray
Balled a girl in the rough late one day,
He found her, though willing,
Just barely fulfilling....
"I would rate her," said Gray, "a par lay."*

*There's a standout young swimmer named Bard
With a style he's been told to discard.
His backstroke's the topic:
He swims periscopic
And competes, say officials, too hard.*

***** ★ *****

*Here's advice from a track coach named Wertz:
"Making love's like the mile," he asserts.
"During most of the race,
One may vary the pace;
At the finish, however—one spurts."*

***** ★ *****

*Says an ace soccer center named Fedder,
"I don't really do well with a spreader.
I prefer my free kicks
With a groupie who sticks
To that great scoring tactic—the header!"*

***** ★ *****

*Says a weight-lifting stud named McGurk,
"I prefer, in my muscle-tone work,
To get satisfaction
From muscling the action
With a snatch as compared with a jerk."*

*A singles-bar hitter named Ford
Leads off with a girl who is bored
By advancing his claim
That the aim of the game
Comes to this: to have singled and scored.*

***** ★ *****

*A gigantic young crewman named Tate
Has a pecker whose weight is so great
That his dates fear to screw.
What's a stroke oar to do?
He's reduced to just pulling his weight.*



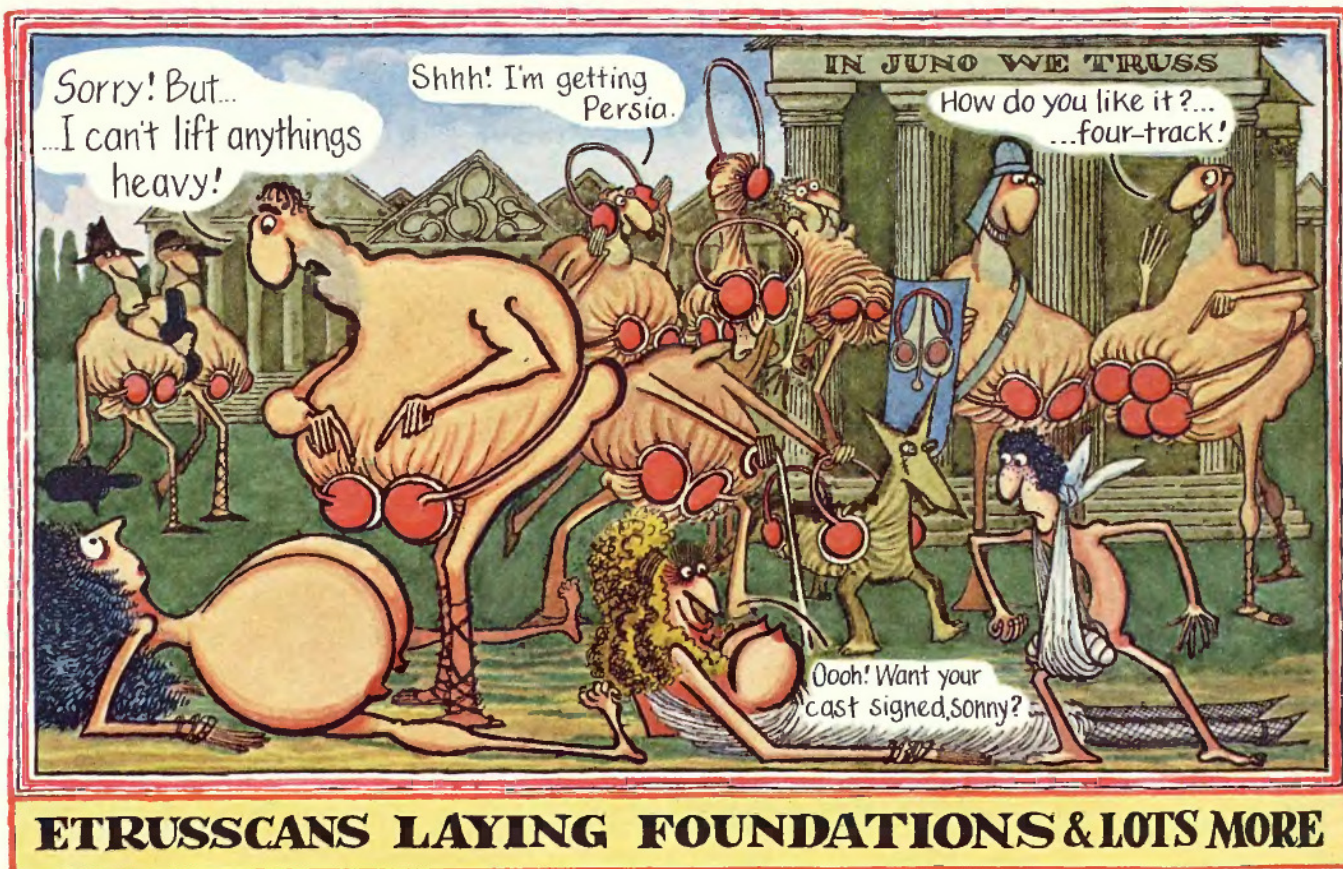
A highly romanticized HISTORY of SEX

PART V

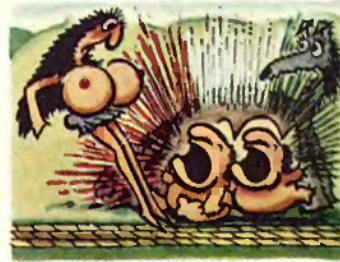
by ARNOLD
ROTH



The Etruscans laid the foundations of Roman civilization and lots more.



Romulus and Remus and the Hills of Rome.



That doesn't look like me!

Aw! Sharrupa you face!

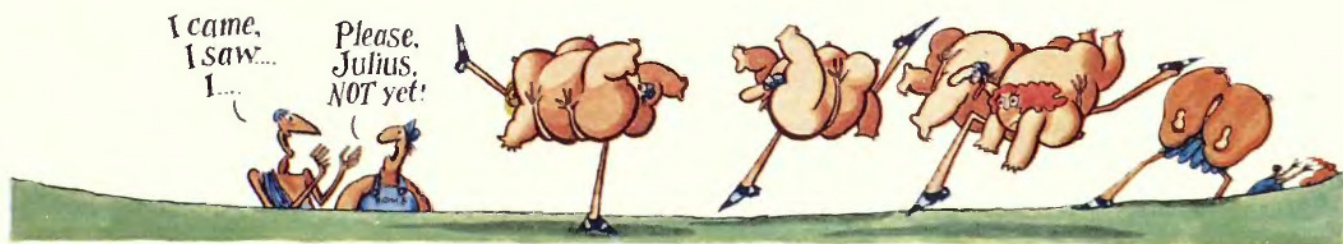
I'm can't get no good models no more!

Fake it, man, FAKE IT!

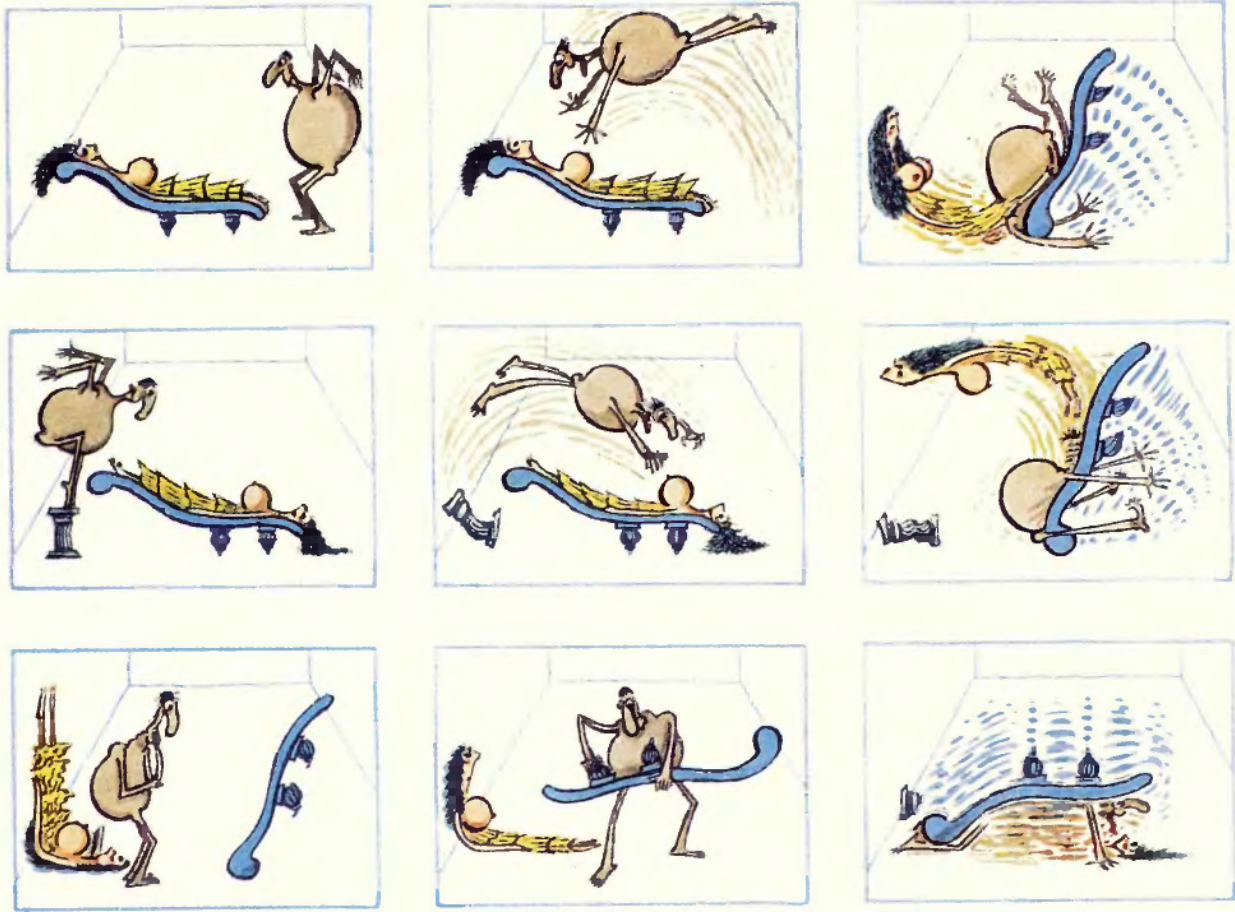
Hell, I'm could do dat!

OK! We finished... let outa you breath.

I came, I saw... Not yet, Julius! Not yet.



Love in the atrium.



Roman galleys were rowed by foreign slaves using the rhythm method.



Nero does his own thing...and so does everybody else.



The great Baths of Caracalla—the original Caesar's Pallets.



PLAYBOY LAND YACHT

and a six-digit time readout below that is accumulated driving time from a selected reference point.

The video screen, located in the center of the control panel, can be used in various ways—as an exterior monitor when the vehicle is parked (both cameras have sweep angle mountings), as a rearview scanner when in motion and, as we mentioned, as a forward-scanning, computer-produced, infrared-filter view of the roadway in fog, darkness or other obscuring weather conditions.

To the right of the screen is a pair of slide scales, with arrow buttons above and below. The lighted scale controls screen brightness; the dark one selects the scanning mode for visual pickup. That is, you push the top arrow for a front view and the bottom one to look behind you. Of course, you not only look around but can zoom a little speck in the distance up to recognition size, scan back and forth across a multilane highway or investigate a selected vehicle nearby. The slide on the scale determines the degree of zoom involved.

We could spend pages discussing other technical innovations built into the Playboy Land Yacht's dashboard; for example, automatic trip tapes activated by the accumulated-mileage indicator to announce exits, route changes, etc.; controls for automatic tire-pressure adjustment; twin auxiliary electric traction motors coupled to the rear-wheel set; a radio-telephone that can be broadcast for conference calls throughout the machine; multiple mikes throughout the yacht for conversations at speed; and multiple trouble-analysis buttons similar to those

(continued from page 152)

built into TV sets and computers to facilitate repairs.

But instead, let's imagine you're on a stretch of uninterrupted highway, the kind, say, you might find in Nevada. We move the padded, palm-operated drive-select control to Full Auto I, knowing it's unlikely that we'll be encountering any heavy traffic, and turn to explore the remainder of the land yacht.

Directly to the rear of the front lounge where we've been relaxing is the yacht's main audio/video center, with storage for 48 or so cassettes ready to be played on the built-in quadraphonic sound system. Above a portion of the cassettes that can be seen (with access door open) on page 150 are the controls for all audio/video functions and a 4" x 5" monitor screen that can be used in conjunction with the portable TV camera housed just above the monitor.

Next to these electronic playthings is the yacht's galley. On board this land-going vessel, however, you've none of the time-consuming chores that traditionally accompany chow time. A microwave oven is your silent chef, turning out piping-hot prepackaged delicacies that only moments before were in the cold-storage unit. Drink to accompany your food is just around the corner, housed in a capsule-shaped compartment covered by a rotating stainless-steel shield. You'll also be happy to know that this unit has an added fillip: a series of foam-rubber "fingers" that can be placed between bottles when the vehicle is in motion, preventing breakage and noise. Built into a small console at the base of the bar pylon are a

glass washer, an insulated ice-storage compartment and an automatic ice-cube maker.

So you've fixed yourself a drink (soft, of course, because the yacht's in motion) and stepped back to relax in one of the rear lounge's deep, spacious chairs. (Come night, these chairs can be electronically converted into an even more spacious bed.)

Above the bar unit are a color-TV set that, for viewing convenience, can move through a 20-degree arc, a digital-time readout and a projection unit that throws a wide-angle movie, TV or VTR image onto the viewing screen, which can be lowered from its housing just above the huge rear picture window.

For additional privacy, a blackout screen and a semidark screen are stored in a full-width slot at the base of the window and can be raised into position by cable and motor. (Bottom-to-top movement allows one to partially lower the blackout screen, thus letting light in, while still ensuring that an interior view of the lounge itself is unavailable to curious passers-by.) Ashtrays and lighters are located around the chairs, per auto manufacturers' practice, and a phone is housed in a stainless-steel egg-shaped capsule just inside the door.

Only one additional element of our Playboy Land Yacht is left to be explored and that's the bath (check the cutaway view on page 150), a compact yet ultraluxe sanctum located adjacent to the audio/video controls. Housed here, of course, is the john (an air-flush/water-rinse type that swivels to a diagonal position for use), a fold-down vanity/basin and—wonder of wonders—an air-inflatable tub that can be expanded along one of the rear lounge's walls to allow for showering or soaking. The dimensions of the bath (with the tub expanded) are approximately 4' x 4½', ample for all but the most Brobdingnagian. Furthermore, the entire bath section can be removed as a unit when the machine is being used for urban/suburban needs, thus increasing interior space and allowing for the inclusion of an additional chair identical to those in the front lounge area.

So there it is, the Playboy Land Yacht; a 21st Century vehicle that's a lot closer to reality than you might think. For come the not-too-distant future, when the oil crunch has been settled and the economy has righted itself, this is definitely the direction that the mobile home away from home will take. Relatively small (the vehicle's over-all length is only 20'8") and virtually all-inclusive, the land yacht will bring ultimate thrills to the open road and also be great for tooling around town—just to see heads turn. In the meantime, it's OK to dream.



"Knowing you has meant a lot to me, Elaine, but this isn't just good night, it's goodbye. When the moon goes down, I change into a man."

**“Before I found Vat 69 Gold,
nobody listened to me.
Now they drink in every word”**



“I used to hang around the public library a lot. ‘Read any good books lately?’ I would say. ‘Shhhhhh,’ they would say. Then I found Vat Gold. That impressive Vat 69 label was on the outside. What was inside was even better. At last a good Scotch I could afford. The whole package was altogether a thing of beauty. To another thing of beauty, I said, ‘Hey, I found Vat Gold.’ ‘You know, I can just tell by your eyes that you’re a really sensitive person,’ she said. Then she started toying with my lapel. Now I mention Vat Gold to every girl I meet. It’s wonderful. I’m happy. But my lapels are getting dog-eared.”

**Vat 69 Gold. The upwardly
mobile Scotch.**



Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Sole U.S. Importer: National Distillers Products Co., New York.

LOATHE THY NEIGHBOR

*The birds like yachts in the air, or
beating like hearts
Along the water; the flares of sunset,
the peaks of Point Lobos. . .*

But because pain stood in the way of Jeffers' pleasure with people, he displaced that pleasure onto nature. Found his beauties there. Notice that he could afford to buy the best view. It is, I think, the basic, generic, archetypal California shuffle: You move to California and buy a little beauty, buy a little space so you can have a little grace, and the neighbors be damned.

Not everyone: Tens of thousands of Californians moved there because they thought they could find a better job, but that hasn't gone too well lately, and when the jobs are off, you can divide the ordinary Californians from the shufflers. The judgment of the executive director of the Sierra Club, Michael McCloskey, a hard man, was: "We are in favor of zero population growth at the earliest feasible time." Just like that: where the

(continued from page 102)

elite meet to eat. It isn't accidental that the Sierra Club was founded in California, which already has more national parks than any other state. It isn't accidental that California these days, having noticed that people, ordinary folks, are moving in among its natural beauties, has decided abruptly to close up shop, discourage immigration, cancel development, as Oregon began doing years ago. (Historically, Oregon was the first Beautiful Place in the American West: people migrated there before they began migrating to California in any numbers. One recalls Dick Tuck's answer to Robert Kennedy when Kennedy asked him what they should have done to win the Oregon primary in 1968: Tuck said they ought to have airlifted in a few ghettos.)

California is the state, above all others in the United States of America, Florida included, where people move who covet the best view, who believe that art, beauty and truth can be bought. People like that don't make the best neighbors. Jeffers would have preferred to be alone on his point, as he grumbled

in one of his poems: "This beautiful place defaced with a crop of suburban houses. . . ." The word for that attitude is greed, and it is greed no less for being masked as nature worship. The people in those suburban houses also like the view. And are, in turn, greedy on their own behalf. For all its beauty, Carmel is in some ways a silly town, a town of tourist shops and tourist shopkeepers pretending to be a town of bohemians, as the adherents of the counterculture were called when Carmel was young. The artists and writers who settled in Carmel in its early years settled there because it was cheap. It is hardly cheap anymore. But the town struggles to keep such "charm" as it has left, and for the past several years, that struggle has taken the form of a battle over an artichoke farm, the Odello ranch at the mouth of the Carmel River, in the valley just below the hills on which Carmel is sited. Developers wanted to put up more than 800 apartments and motel rooms on the Odello property, a huge influx into an area with a population of fewer than 10,000 souls. Carmel succeeded in forcing the developers to reduce the density of their proposed complex to between 300 and 400 units and in setting aside half the Odello ranch for a state park; but so far the town has not succeeded in doing what it wants to do, which is to get the project thrown out entirely and leave the Odello ranch in artichokes.

So the individualists in their proud towers despised the houses packed together on seashore lots, and the owners of houses despised the dwellers in apartments and the visitors in motels. *This beautiful place of suburban houses defaced with a crop of apartments. . .* And not even the apartment dwellers, if they're ever let in, would want the kids sleeping on the beach, which isn't allowed. Is there anyone in California who doesn't think the neighborhood's going to hell?

I discovered one morning a truth about Carmel: that it was beauty without substance; that it was a rest home. I met people there who said proudly that one day they had just dropped everything—and "everything" was usually a *vital* job in New York—and moved to Carmel, and I wondered what sort of people could simply drop all responsibilities and move somewhere pleasant and backwater by the sea. I thought about girls I had known who spoke of Carmel with a catch in their throat—thin, neurotic girls who came out once a year on their vacations to read Hesse or Gibran or Rod McKuen or even Richard Bach (they filmed portions of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* in Carmel, by the way. Where else?) on the beach and reintegrate. They went back to work temporarily calmed, though by the time their tans had faded, they were crying at their desks again, as if a trip to California were no more filling than a



IF YOU CAN ANSWER "YES" TO THESE FOUR QUESTIONS, YOU SHOULD HAVE A PLAYBOY CLUB KEY.

You're going out to lunch with business associates. Do you want to go where you'll feel like more than just another face in the crowd?

Yes? At The Playboy Club, you're always welcomed as a valued friend—because you are! You'll be treated to pleasant, friendly service in a new atmosphere of casual luxury.

1



Would you like to be able to meet friends for a drink, enjoy a gourmet meal, see a great show and buy a special gift for a special friend—all in one place?

The place is The Playboy Club. It's like a night out on the town—under one roof! With a choice of rooms to suit your mood, food to match your appetite and lively entertainment. And each Club's exclusive Gift Shop has dozens of distinctive items, from fine jewelry to sporting equipment.

2



Imagine a beautiful place in the country where you could play a leisurely round of golf or a

3

fast game of tennis, ride horseback or swim, dine according to your whim—then sit down to a fabulous show by someone like Sally Kellerman or Red Buttons. Would you like to be there this summer?

As a Playboy Club keyholder, you could be. In fact, you could have your choice of two spectacular Club-Hotels, one at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and the other at Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey. Both offer sports to suit the season, deluxe accommodations and all the amenities you expect from Playboy.



Do you appreciate exceptional value?

What could be a better value than a Playboy Club Key? For just \$25, you get a whole world of entertainment and luxury at Playboy Clubs in major cities across the United States, in Montreal and Great Britain. Plus two all-seasons resorts. And, as a Playboy Club

4

credit keyholder, you're assured charge privileges at our place in the tropics, the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel and the Playboy Towers in Chicago. You'll also receive a year of VIP, the keyholder's news-packed quarterly. Then, at the end of your first year as a keyholder, you'll have an opportunity to renew your Key for a second year for just \$10. Now that's value! It's easy to apply for your Playboy Club Key. Simply complete and return the coupon. And you're on your way! Do it today.

TO: Playboy Clubs International, Inc.
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611
YES! I want to apply for a Key.

Name _____ (please print)
Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. initial Key fee is \$25. Canadian initial Key fee is \$25 Canadian. Initial Key fee includes a year of VIP, the Club's quarterly magazine. You will be billed for your \$10 Annual Key Fee at the close of your first year as a keyholder. Minimum age for a credit Key is 21.

- ☐ Bill me for \$25 on my keyholder statement.
☐ Enclosed find check or money order for \$25 payable to Playboy Clubs International, Inc.
☐ I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

AB5FA

LOCATIONS.

Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston
(Playboy of Boston) • Chicago
(Club and Playboy Towers Hotel) •
Cincinnati • Denver • Detroit •
Great Gorge, McAfee, New Jersey
(Club-Hotel) • Jamaica (Club-Hotel)
• Kansas City • Lake Geneva,
Wisconsin (Club-Hotel) • London,
England • Los Angeles •
Manchester, England • Miami •
Montreal • New Orleans • New
York • Phoenix • Portsmouth,
England • St. Louis •
San Francisco

Cantonese meal. I called an elderly man who had been powerful in a large Midwestern city before he retired to Carmel. He said he didn't want to talk, he'd had three operations and did I understand? I said I did and thanked him and hung up. Slowly it dawned on me that I was on the trail of privilege and that to find privilege was to find fear. And to find fear is always to find essences—to find what people tremble to protect.

I remembered another powerful man, this one a native Californian, whom I had met on a flight to Africa, where he was going to look into mineral exploitation. When he mentioned that his offices were in a high new tower in San Francisco, I kidded him about the dangers of earthquake, but he took the subject seriously. The building in which he had his offices was earthquake-proof, he said; at most, some of the windows might go. They had enough food up there, high above the city, to last out the aftershocks, and guns to shoot looters. His eyes gleamed at that, and before long he had drunk so much champagne that he couldn't get out of his seat.

. . .

We made a swing north from Carmel to get the lay of the land, still looking for a place where civilized folk could live. A classmate of mine teaches at the University of California at Santa Cruz—a campus started in 1965 high above the

faded town of Santa Cruz at the north end of Monterey Bay, among redwoods on what used to be a cattle ranch—and we stopped there. UCSC takes top students, the next generation of California leaders, the first really numerous generation of natives. At UCSC they live apart, as at a spiritual retreat; the colleges are scattered through the trees. It would be hard to get a mob together: I wondered if the planners had that in mind when they built the place, after Berkeley, after Free Speech. My classmate said the students didn't take very well to the stylized peace and quiet. More and more of them were moving down into town.

His keenest observation, the one that interested me most, because, having come from the Midwest and taught in the East, he was in a position to make the comparison, was that California students were remarkably different from Eastern students. Not necessarily better: different. Eastern students, he said, acted as if they believed the college line that they were training to be leaders. California students came to college with little interest in leadership. They trained in education and social work. They wanted to help.

In families new to wealth, the rapacious first generation gives way to second and third generations that expiate the guilt of acquisition with good works. A generation of Californians was expiating the guilt of acquisition with good works,

expiating the sins of parents who had scratched their way to California for the view. Which helped explain the heat waves of suppressed rage one saw in the California air, because people don't shoulder burdens of blood attainer without rage. The older generation arrived in the land of Nod and made it theirs; the younger generation love the land and help one another. California isn't merely the land of the greedy; it is also the premier land of the guilty. If the picture of college-educated adults liberating vacant lots and bathing oil-soaked birds isn't enough to demonstrate that guilt, only consider the magnitude and the implications of California drug abuse, alcohol specifically included. But greed and guilt together produce offspring far kinkier than either one is capable of breeding by itself. Put greed and guilt together and you get the kind of people who put sugar in your gas tank if you dare disturb the falcons on Morro Rock. Put greed and guilt together and you get the kind of people who live in fine houses on Big Sur and spend conservation money publishing elegant picture books.

Winding north along the Coast above San Francisco under a perpetual fog, we stopped for lunch at Sea Ranch, that celebrated development of weekend and vacation homes for prosperous San

Today's L&M... Proud tradition. Proud heritage. Proud taste.

The proud smoke.

Filter King. 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

Franciscans. Sea Ranch has received more honors than the Taj Mahal for its architecture and landscaping, but it is rather a barren place, weathered wood conferring on expensive houses a specious austerity, a place for people who get their taste from architectural magazines, people who wouldn't think of taping a child's painting to a window or shaking a mop out the back door. Sea Ranch, if truth be told, smelled of money, the kind professionals earn, more than they know what to do with. Canny investing to save the seashore: I thought Sea Ranch rather marred the view.

Mendocino, farther up, was an assay in the other direction. It had the rough, muddy look of a frontier town, which, in a way, it is. Not many years ago, it had a population of 784 souls. Since then, the counterculture has discovered it, building rural communes around it that look to it for supplies as farmers look to farm towns. And some of the counterculture folk, having discovered entrepreneurship, were setting up muddy, fogbound Mendocino to be a tourist attraction. The old clapboard hotel, since remodeled, built in 1872 and identical to the hotel in every Western movie you've ever seen, had been painted a fresh lemon yellow and the management had cleverly made up for the absence of central heating by supplying every bed with an electric

blanket. I found it, as we say, charming, but since the bathrooms were down the hall, as in former days, and there wasn't much to do in town unless you were into wave watching or macramé, my wife found it squalid and we drove on to Fort Bragg and over the coastal mountains to Willits, bulldogged by logging trucks front and rear hustling the redwoods away.

Sea Ranch and Mendocino: The third corner of the triangle was a place called Konocti Harbor Inn, a family resort of vast proportions on the western shore of Clear Lake, the largest body of fresh water completely within the state of California. A nice place; I find no fault with it; I merely want to point out that it is owned and operated, for the benefit of its membership first of all, by the joint board of labor and management of the United Association of Journeymen and Apprentices of the Plumbing and Pipe Fitting Industry, Local 38, San Francisco. And is therefore, like the two other places, like Carmel, like California itself, an enclave. California is a state of enclaves; California is an enclave state.

Let me explain: Years ago, one of our more intellectual generals proposed an enclave plan as a way of solving our problems in Vietnam. According to that plan, rather than try to win the war or settle the peace, we would simply withdraw our troops into protected areas and

let the rest of the country go to hell. As you know, the enclave plan was never effected. If it had been, we would be in Vietnam still, guarding acres of asphalted enclaves while the Cong lobbed in rockets. But the plan didn't die; it only got shifted from the Far East to the Far West, where Oregon, a state stolen from the English by hardy American pioneers, asks hardy latter-day American pioneers to turn their wagons around and head on home, and where California puts week-ending professionals, six-gun-toting communards and sunburned plumbers and pipe fitters in separate housing. San Clemente is an enclave, as was Haight-Ashbury in mistier days, long ago. Not all enclaves are voluntary: Watts is an enclave and in valley towns in California the railroad tracks similarly divide Caucasian from *chicano*. But one thing humble folk know that Californians don't is that regardless of the way the top wires face, an enclave is always a prison.

And not many Americans, scrambling into enclaves right and left though we are, would say they thought the precipitation of people into enclaves was a desirable trend in a democracy. Yet it has been a long time coming, and it is the more difficult to think about because it has its roots in the American dream.

But let's drive on down from Clear Lake to the Napa Valley before we talk



of that, and tour the Charles Krug Winery, admire the huge redwood vats, smell the smells of fermentation that we love so much and that sometimes get us into trouble, stand at the bar in the tasting room and swirl the *chenin blanc* in the late-morning sun, drive over to Sonoma and stand in the square where California was briefly proclaimed a sovereign republic by an inebriate mob of misbespoken men. I am thinking about *freedom* and *comfort*, and I am thinking about the reasons Americans move around.

To begin with, I live in the Midwest, where most of the people who originally settled California and most of the people who moved there after World War Two had come from. The Midwest was never quite comfortable with those emigrations. Watching their neighbors pack up and leave for the West, Midwesterners suspected that the emigrants had the edge in gumption, and perhaps they did. Midwesterners suspected that the best people were moving west and wondered if that was a judgment on those who stayed behind to clean out the barn and see the cows milked.

But "best" isn't really right, is it? "Ambitious" would be more accurate, or, less elegantly, "greedy," as we have discussed. "Come on, boys," went the ad George Donner ran in the *Sangamo Journal* of Sangamon County, Illinois, on March 26, 1846. "You can have as much land as you want without costing you anything." And besides a gout of free land, there would be the good weather, no terrible Midwestern winters, and no disease, and lovely *señoritas*, and those great John Ford skies, and a chance to begin again.

Those aren't the same reasons—or, rather, those aren't the *only* reasons—we had for exploring, founding and settling the United States of America. We also wanted to share equally in the rights of man. Without that sharing, the other reasons become reasons only of physical and psychic comfort, and in the long run, they must prove, are proving, inimicable to the rights of man. Years ago, before he moved to California, Aldous Huxley had something to say about the relentless search for comfort. "Made possible by the changes in the traditional philosophy of life," he wrote, "comfort is now one of the causes of its own further spread. For comfort has now become a physical habit, a fashion, an ideal to be pursued for its own sake. The more comfort is brought into the world, the more it is likely to be valued. To those who have known comfort, discomfort is a real torture." And since California, by most measures—climate, per-capita income, you name it—is the place in the United States where the scramble for comfort has made the greatest headway, it isn't surprising that Californians will do almost anything to

keep what they've got, including shutting the state down. California's version of saving the land is that there isn't enough to go around, so those who have it should keep away those who don't. Which isn't exactly the message delivered to us in the Sermon on the Mount.

I enjoy comfort, you enjoy comfort, we all enjoy comfort; but, as with orgasm, comfort carries you away only when it isn't directly sought. Scrabbling for comfort is always scrabbling for an escape from mortality, and escaping from mortality is an infant's dream, not an adult's realistic hope. In this special way, then, to lust for comfort as Californians have lusted is to be imprisoned in the past, the past of childhood fantasies. To move to California in response to a desire for greater comfort is to move in response to a daydream, and it asks for grief.

We haven't, it seems to me, properly thought the frontier movement through. We wanted the land filled up—it was the only way we could be sure we owned it—and we let that obscure our judgment. I'm not sure I want to be represented in history by people who didn't bother to clean up their trash before they lit out for the territories or to look back once they left. I am a writer, and when I look to my own field of interest, I find that the one area of the country in which the standards of writing are consistently high is the South, whose writers seldom leave home. I think they know what ought to be obvious to all of us, that comfort is a chimera and an excuse, that a lifetime of minute examination, a lifetime of getting to know all the trees and animals and birds and bees, the meanders of every creek and river, the subtleties of weather and season, the patterns of speech, the streets of cities, the lay of the land isn't enough to master even one place, and that moving to another place means nothing grander than having to start all over again from scratch.

And yet Americans move incessantly, at least once every five years, and the affluent more often yet. Move in response to opportunity, of course, move in response to climate, but move, really, in response to daydreams of pitiful grandeur: to live in a "nicer" neighborhood, to have a "nicer" house, to have a beach to dream on down at the bottom of the town, a beach they will visit once or twice a year. Move and leave their graves behind: How many Americans remember where their grandparents are buried? And, having moved to a strange place in a strange season, many of the dreamers then seek out enclaves for themselves, singles complexes, suburban developments, ethnic neighborhoods, country clubs, weekend retreats. Where the wagons are in a circle and the Indians can't get in. Enclaves are identical to communities in every way but one, the most vital: You are born into a com-

munity or earn your place in its hodgepodge through long residence; at an enclave, you buy your way in. An enclave has a history, but it has no past, and we need a past, to lie beneath and behind us and remind us of who we are. To keep us humble. To remind us that there are things left in the world that can't be bought.

We went on down toward Los Angeles, stopping off in Santa Barbara to look up the descendants of the Reed family, the family most prominent in the Donner Party after the Donners themselves, but the Reeds had moved. Bill Loud was in the phone book, not the kind of man to be modest in the face of fame. I called Joan Didion late one evening to tell her she was right, but she had an answering service and I never got through. With work of her own to do, my wife had gone home early; I took the kids and drove through Los Angeles to Anaheim, to the Disneyland Hotel. One of my brothers, a Los Angeles policeman, lives nearby.

My other brother, America's last Fabian socialist, the owner and operator of a Huntington Park welding shop, picked us up for dinner at the policeman's house. I remember the evening as a series of snapshots: three brothers, all of them ruddy, freckled, stocky, rather awkward men, sitting somberly at the umbrella-shaded picnic table beside the modest back-yard swimming pool; the policeman proudly showing off his hand-made pegged-oak bar that he hardly ever uses, because he hardly ever drinks; a pineapple stuffed with toothpick-loaded fruit; the policeman's daughter in her waitress uniform, just back from waiting on table to earn money for school; the kids in the pool riding a giant banana; the policeman's pretty, gracious wife tearing off hunks of string cheese and passing them around; two card tables of kids, their plates loaded with food. The policeman's wife was Italian-American; the three brothers were one generation removed from an Arkansas hillbilly farm; we spent an hour talking about dogs; we agreed that good dogs make good neighbors. Didion speaks of California settlers of "the peculiar flawed strain who had cleared Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri." That was us. I think it helped that I had never left home.

The next day and night my children and I spent at Disneyland, figuring out the best rides and getting there first, before the three-hour lines began to form, beating strategic retreats to the hotel on the monorail whenever our feet got sore. It occurred to me, watching a crowd of teenaged children milling before a rock band, that Disneyland was the ultimate enclave, a place papered with imitation history that had no past at all, a place where the only connections between people were those they brought in through the gate, and that it was the



DWIGHT BROWN

"Dear lady, will you allow me to read this sweet poem affirming my tender undying love, or would you rather we spent the time screwing?"



"This is my brother, the blackmailer."

dream of a Midwesterner who went to California to seek his fortune, and found it, so they say. Not a very original thought. I felt something that was more my own at the end of the evening, after the marvelous fireworks, when a gymnast in silver lamé, lit by blinding lights, slid down a wire as Tinker Bell, poor Tinker Bell on her magic slide. "The answer to fear," Robert Oppenheimer once wrote, "cannot always lie in the dissipation of the causes of fear; sometimes it lies in courage." That was what I felt, something like that.

Easier said than done. But sometimes the real intrudes on our fantasies and requires more of us than we think we can give, and yet we give it. Before we left Carmel, we attended a ceremony dedicating a new eight-cent stamp commemorating Robinson Jeffers' life and work. Dame Judith Anderson, a longtime friend of Jeffers', was there to read from one of his poems, the highlight of the ceremony after the clang of the Fort Ord band and the mild tributes of Postal Service officials shipped all the way out from Washington. Dame Judith chose a poem Jeffers had written after his wife died of cancer, when he set aside, for a time, his disdain for humanity because he found a bond with it in human grief. She read so fiercely, read with such passion and so personal a sense of loss, that all of us, strangers in a chilly room, momentarily shared what she and Jeffers felt, and so we kept our hands clenched in our laps and listened to the words of a dead man spoken and heard through tears:

*The lies—the faithless hopeless
unbelieved lies,*

While you lay dying.

For these reasons

*I wish to make
verses again, to drug memory,
To make it sleep for a moment.
Never fear: I shall not forget
you—
Until I am with you. The dead in-
deed forget all things.
And when I speak to you it is only
play-acting
And self-indulgence: you cannot
hear me, you do not exist.
Dearest....*

That is not greed, or fearful hauteur, that is simple grief, and it is real.

Or again: One Sunday afternoon, my wife and I had gone to an upstairs restaurant on the Monterey wharf and sat sheltered near a fireplace and ordered good wine and crab boiled and crab *cioppino*. Across from us, half the length of the restaurant away, sat a huge family of huge people, men and women averaging perhaps 250 pounds apiece, eight or ten of them, a row of motorcycle helmets hanging on the hatrack beyond them to indicate how they traveled if their boots and heavy sweaters did not.

They had come from somewhere to eat, several generations of the same family, and they looked, from behind, like two backfields of professional football players opposing each other across a picnic table. I had noticed them and forgotten them, watching the people on the wharf below, when the room was suddenly shocked to silence by a great moan as one of the giant men slid off his chair and collapsed on the floor. I saw him grab his throat and saw his eyes roll back, and then the two backfields of his

family surrounded him, shouting and arguing, and the rasping sound of desperate snoring tore the room.

I was frozen to my chair; so was my wife: I thought the man had choked on his food and I could see that his family was trying to get his mouth open while the snoring turned to the terrible silence of snoring cut off, of a wet plug smacking into place in the man's throat, while his feet kicked, drumming the floor, and I thought all at the same time that the man must be an epileptic and that I knew by the book how to perform a tracheotomy but didn't know how to dare to begin but that if I or someone didn't dare something, the man was likely to die of asphyxiation from swallowing his tongue, and I half-rose from my seat and sat down again weak at the knees and half-rose again and then, Jesus God, a black woman at another table got up and ran over and shoved the giant relatives aside and knelt down and someone stage-whispered, "She's a nurse," and she set to work to get his tongue out of his throat, and then she gave out a moaning scream once and again and once again and someone stage-whispered, "He's biting her thumb," her screams so piercing he must have all but bitten it off, and by then the manager of the restaurant had called the police and an ambulance and the fire department, too, taking no chances, and sirens whooped and wailed in the distance while the black nurse popped her dented, quivering thumb out of the man's mouth and wrapped it in a bunch of napkins for safety as well as traction and bravely stuck it back in again and got the tongue turned around and pulled it forward and with great sucking sounds like a drainpipe clearing the man started breathing again, and so did we.

The fire truck was a bilious shade of yellow and the ambulance shining white and the men who piloted them were soothing and competent and by the time the man—the victim, we overheard someone at the next table say, of an insulin reaction—was wheeled out to the ambulance, he had opened his eyes, this huge natural man from California, this huge man who had ridden in with his wife and mom and dad and brothers and sisters, all on motorcycles, artificially kept alive, when he got his dosage right, by regular injections of a drug discovered in Canada only 53 years ago, this huge man saved by a black nurse he'd never spoken to before, and all of us left behind in the restaurant that was quiet then except for the nurse's hysterical giggling waking up then to realize that our comfortable afternoon on the Monterey wharf had been forever altered into a memory of the fragility of our connection to the world, because a chicken bone might as easily have sent any one of us writhing to the floor, our

entire comfortable life caught in our throat, and if we were lucky, as the diabetic had been lucky, there would be someone in the room who knew how to spare us, but it wasn't likely to be someone from our enclave, it was likely to be someone from our community: Our pals back at the enclave hardly knew how to tie their shoes, and no more did we; privilege outfits us as badly for emergencies as it does for the long haul.

Which is most of the lesson the people of the Donner Party learned, those who survived. One of them, Virginia Reed, 14 years old, wrote home about it afterward, wrote the last word about privilege, comfort, nature worship, golden dreams and Pacific sunsets:

We are all very well pleased with Callifornia. Particularly with the climate. Let it be ever so hot a day there is allways cool nights. It is a beautiful Country. It is mostly in vallies. It aut to be a beautiful Country to pay us for our trubel geting there.

It is a beautiful country. It is mostly in vallies. It ought to be a beautiful country to pay us for our trouble getting there. Words that ought to be inscribed above every port and harbor and Customs in the land: two unconsciously lyric sentences followed by an outburst of dry exasperation from a girl who knew better than most men that the going can be rootless and can bring great pain.

We don't need rootlessness anymore, we need roots. Thinking about that several months later, after I was back in Kansas and the winter had closed in, I remembered Oppenheimer again, something he wrote in late 1954, after his security hearing, after the witch-hunters had wrung him out, when his weaknesses and indiscretions, his strengths and loyalties alike were publicly on record and he had nothing, one way or the other, to lose:

This is a world in which each of us, knowing his limitations, knowing the evils of superficiality and the terrors of fatigue, will have to cling to what is close to him, to what he knows, to what he can do, to his friends and his tradition and his love, lest he be dissolved in a universal confusion and know nothing and love nothing.

But, in fairness, you should know that Oppenheimer goes on to say that we must equally remain open to new experience. How we are to do both, the man who moved to California, the man who built the bomb doesn't explain. Nor can I, yet, but I don't think I'd put moving to California or laboring in California to keep the rabble out very high on my list.



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PETER R. BILLYARD

STEVEN SPIELBERG *into the jaws of fame*

STILL SIX WEEKS shy of his 21st birthday, with only an award-winning short to his credit, Steven Spielberg landed an assignment to direct Joan Crawford in a segment of *Night Gallery* for NBC-TV. Now, at the ripe old age of 27, he's just finished what should be *the* hot adventure movie of the year, *Jaws*, from Peter Benchley's runaway best seller. During the years in between, Spielberg won top awards for an ABC Movie of the Week, *Duel* (based on a story that first appeared in *PLAYBOY*), and directed Goldie Hawn in *The Sugarland Express*, which Pauline Kael, the celebrated/notorious critic, called "one of the most phenomenal debut films in the history of movies." Pretty heady stuff for someone so young. Born in Cincinnati, Spielberg began making movies as a hobby in high school, after his family moved to Arizona, and raised the money to pay for developing his films by whitewashing citrus trees—sometimes 30 a day at 75 cents a tree. About his childhood, he says, "I was a TV kid—*Mickey Mouse* and *Sky King*. My parents were strict about the movies I could see, even before the rating system, but it didn't matter: I was star-struck. I still am." He went to California State College at Long Beach as an English major, still unsure about a career. But he did team up with a young producer who had access to financing and together they created *Amblin'*, the short that earned Spielberg a contract with Universal Studios and set him on the road that led to *Jaws*. The book convinced him that the classic man-vs.-beast conflict would translate superbly to the screen. He describes the filming as "months of being pushed around in a boat by King Neptune. I'm not complaining, though. Having talent like Robert Shaw and Richard Dreyfuss to direct was a great challenge." So was the shark—not the beast the studio built; that one took direction like a pro—the *real* one insisted on improvising. Spielberg's next project is a science-fiction movie and he's doing the story and the screenplay. Orson who?

RALPH STEADMAN *pen ultimate*

TO LOOK AT Londoner Ralph Steadman's book of drawings, *America*, you'd think he'd seen only awful things in this country. "Not at all," he says. "There was a certain shock. But I was looking for something to put my hang-ups on." Steadman, however, swings wildly from enthusiastic praise of some of the qualities he's seen here ("One morning in Brooklyn Heights we missed the garbage men. They were already down the road, but they came back and got our garbage. That knocked me out.") to bitter disappointment with others ("I think people are being dishonest with themselves. If they'd only bloody own up a bit. But instead, it's people grabbing around, it's rats in a corner.") He should know about rats. He was a ratcatcher before he started drawing, which was in 1956. Welsh-born Steadman began as a technical draftsman. After a failed attempt to become a pilot, he learned to draw through a correspondence course and started free-lancing. Though his work had appeared in most of Britain's magazines and newspapers, it wasn't until Hunter Thompson took him to the Kentucky Derby that his drawings became truly deranged. Because Steadman calls his current project an "impossible journey by an improbable crew in search of a creature that doesn't exist," it might sound as if he's headed for more insanity, the same old edge he and Thompson reached for in their *Fear and Loathing* pieces for *Rolling Stone*. Actually, he's illustrating a children's book by Lewis Carroll called *Hunting of the Snark*. "I think Hunter and I did a fairly good number and I also think it was time to wrap it up." At 38, he claims, "Working on the edge all the time can get a bit tiring. Certain things I did in the Sixties I know I couldn't do now. I wonder where I ever found the energy. I think *The Snark* is nicely different. There's no ax to grind. I'm just not vicious and nasty like my drawings. It may be that behind all that aggression is a man a little bit afraid of what he sees. I'd like to do happy things now."



CHUCK PULIN

GATO BARBIERI *tracks of the cat*

SUCCESS, Leandro "Gato" Barbieri has found, is no magic pill. You feel good when it happens, but life remains the same; and for the politically conscious Argentine saxophonist—one of the hottest people in music since he composed the score for *Last Tango in Paris*—there are still days when he reads the paper and couldn't feel less like playing. But Gato—who at presstime was awaiting release of a live album and the start of a tour with his five-piece traveling group—does play, because he has to, and because "everything is different when you play." A 40-year-old native of Rosario, Argentina, where his dad was a carpenter and a self-taught violinist, Barbieri started playing the clarinetlike *requinto* at 12. At 17, he heard Charlie Parker and got into jazz. In 1962, after working with

fellow countryman Lalo Schifrin, he and his Argentine-Italian wife, Michelle—fluent in English, she's the medium through which he communicates—left Buenos Aires for Rome, where he became friends with film director Bernardo Bertolucci and played with jazzmen such as Don Cherry, who brought him to the States (he now divides his time among New York, Europe and Latin America). It was in the early Seventies that Barbieri decided to find his own cultural roots. He went back to Argentina, which was not the easiest of home-comings, but he did manage to find some native musicians to play with; the resultant mixture of jazz and Third World sounds, topped by his emotionally charged tenor, sent his reputation soaring—in the jazz world. Then Bertolucci commissioned him to do the *Last Tango* music; the rest is . . . well, you know.

BRIAN D. HENNESSEY



THE WILD GREENBACK

(continued from page 131)

pemmican, buffalo or ferret meat, berries *du jour* and a piece of flavored leather, which he could suck for quick energy. This unusually Spartan diet has led the famous anthropologist Niles Mull to theorize that the American Indians are descendants of the inhabitants of ancient Sparta who came to America by sea to escape the influx of greasy foods from Bulgaria. In any event, the point is that the Indian was a sensible and prudent eater—if only because delicatessens were so few and far between on the Great Plains.

Unfortunately, modern man does not live in close harmony with nature, as the Indians did, and the effects of the devitaminized and adulterated foods he eats are disastrous. I have spent considerable time in cities during the past two years (on promotional tours for my last book, *A Farewell to Gravy*) and can personally testify to the general ill health of most city dwellers. Stand on a busy street corner in any city, watch the passers-by, and you will soon notice that 90 percent of them have the disheveled appearance of shell-shocked infantrymen and wobble from side to side like penguins. This condition is the result of vitamin and mineral deficiency, which is known to claim as many victims annually as the new television season.

Since our health depends on what we put into our bodies (and what we wear, too, in certain neighborhoods), we should be extremely conscious of the nutritive

value of what we eat. But how can the layman determine which foods are good for him and which are unhealthful? Certainly not by counting calories, which are much too small to be kept track of easily, especially without the assistance of a microscope, a pointer and a pocket computer. To my knowledge, a simple fundamental rule is adequate to determine which foods are acceptable from a health standpoint: *Never eat anything that looks more appetizing than compost.* Another way of gauging the value of food is by noting its color. Almost all green and yellow foods are good for you, with the notable exception of bell peppers, peach cobbler, unpeeled bananas and cheese-cloth. White foods are invariably health-destroying—particularly white bread, which does, however, make excellent packing material. As for pink and red foods, I do not intend even to discuss them, since most of them are aphrodisiacal and do not deserve to be put into anyone's hand, let alone into his mouth or stomach.

To a person raised on the kind of food popular in our society today, healthy eating may seem like an altogether unsavory prospect—but nothing could be further from the truth. Of course, as with other kinds of food, it must be acknowledged that wild foods will appeal to various people in varying degrees. There are many wild foods that I don't like at all; for example, the Luther Burbank memorial muskpeach (which, when ripe, has

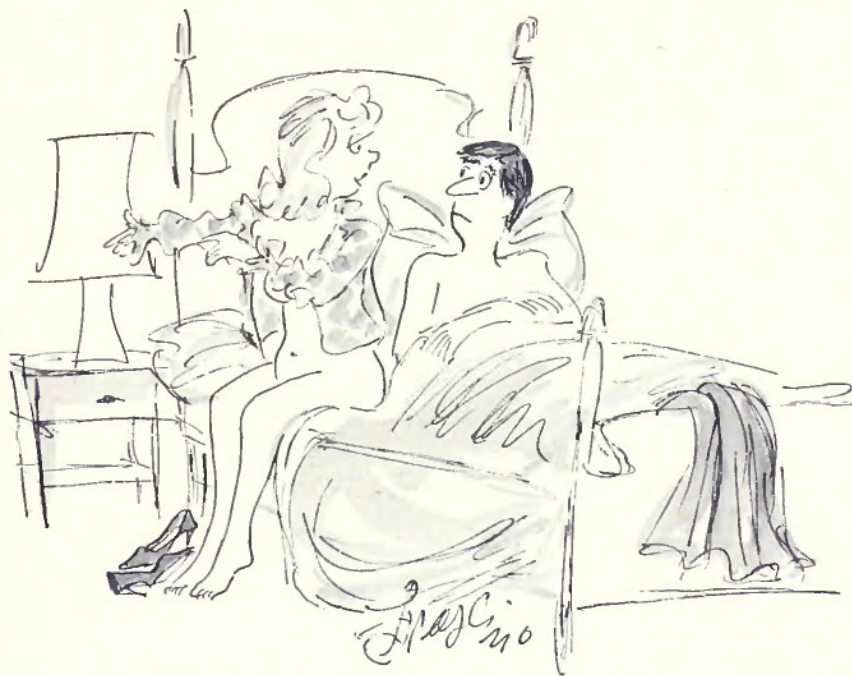
the texture of modeling clay and tastes like a cross between smoked pork chops and a hitchhiker's sleeve—but which many food experts claim is delicious when boiled and buttered or chicken-fried) and Melanesian stuccoconuts (which usually can be reduced to edible fragments only by gunfire or demolition). It should go without saying that the goodness of any natural food is not so innate as to be independent of personal taste, which is a very individual factor. The Apache Indians used to subsist more or less exclusively on a diet of fungi, nettle-and-sweatweed soup and snake-loaf—but today's average urban American would never be able to observe so strict a diet without complaining to his psychiatrist.

As for the advantages of learning to live off the land, it must be said that foraging for your food instead of shopping for it is inexpensive (except in those areas where landowners are beginning to price-stamp mushrooms, nuts, vegetables and the like), enjoyable and exciting (as anyone who has ever had a beaver violate his leg can tell you).

One of the questions people ask me most often is, "Isn't a diet without meat boring?" For some reason—probably the fact that my name is usually mentioned in association with one kind of wild plant or other—many people think of me as a vegetarian. Which is far from true. I was brought up in a family that ate a broad variety of meats. Opossum, raccoon, mule frog, porcupine, grebe, ferret, shot, quail, woodchuck and muskrat were all found on our table—probably because my mother seldom removed the dishes until hours after a meal was over. I've never understood the prejudice against wild meat. Mulled fetlock was a big favorite with us, as was something called *coon d'etat* (fresh raccoon stuffed with frangipani and fatback and flayed with hickory scandlings). And frogs' legs as well as chicken feet (a much-neglected part of the bird) were extremely popular, particularly the latter, which, in addition to being a distinct taste treat, were also perfect for extending from a sleeve with a partially withdrawn hand when introduced to strangers.

When meat is eaten sparingly, it is a valuable and important part of any diet, an excellent source of protein, carbohydrates, Vitamin B, anthrax and gristle. It is the manufactured sauces people put on meat that deserve criticism. Sauces were originally worn by the Irish, rather than eaten, but today the habit of eating sauces on food is widespread. Natural sauces can be found inside culverts, where they collect in small pockets during the summer months, and they look just as good on a necktie or shirt front as the manufactured kind.

Of all the foods man commonly uses,



"Of course, I enjoyed it. You're terrific . . . but
I never move in on the first date."

white sugar is probably the most harmful. White sugar is popular because it is a sexual stimulant. A recent study conducted in collaboration by the anthropology and home-economics departments of General Beadle State College in South Dakota showed conclusively that 97 percent of the men convicted of rape and/or sex crimes were known white-sugar users, some of whom even carried little packets of restaurant sugar with them in their wallets. It should go without saying that white sugar should never be eaten, and it is no fun to walk on, either. A first-rate sugar substitute can be made by mixing zinc granules with honey, wintergreen, sweet balm and marshmallow root—but, unfortunately, it won't leave the spoon.

Honey is the most popular substitute for white sugar. When I was a boy, my mother used to bottle honey, and some of my most pleasant childhood memories are those of slipping a piece of fresh honeycomb into the pants of people who suggested that members of my family be required to register their appetites with the Pure Food and Drug Administration. At an early age, I came to know the bee, which could be recognized by its distinctive wings and buzzing sound (which birds never made). All my life I have been fascinated by wild bees and intrigued by their honey. My grandfather kept a hive and was well known throughout the county as an expert beeman. One of my cousins, Fredna, was equally well known as an expert B-girl—until her parents found out and sent her away to a school for girls in New England. I learned a great deal about bee hunting and honey gathering from my grandfather and I suspect that he would still be hard at it today if it hadn't been for a lepidopterist who, mistaking the old gentleman's bow tie for a yellow-barred heliconian at a Kiwanis picnic, fatally injured him with several swipes of a butterfly net. Grandfather lived for six months after the accident but spent most of that time in treetops, humming and trying to pollinate apple blossoms.

One of the things I'm told most often by city people who show an interest in learning more about natural foods is that they can't really do so in the city, that city living is just not compatible with such an interest. That sounds like a valid argument, but it simply is not the case, as any moderately enterprising stalker can tell you. There are almost as many kinds of edible flora and fauna in the city as there are in the country, and learning to identify them is merely a matter of practice, whether one lives in east Oakland or in the Everglades. Pigeons, sparrows and swallows are all familiar urban birds that, properly prepared, make delicious eating, despite the fact that they spend most of their time hiding in drainage pipes these days as a result of the excess



"Not only have I seen that the emperor has no clothes . . . I am sexually aroused by the sight."

of hydrocarbons in the air. Most urban reservoirs and sewage plants contain large numbers of flivver, tiny scavenger fish that look like Chinese noodles and taste something like bedsores (though their gamy flavor can be eliminated if they are soaked in a bowl of vinegar for two weeks before and two weeks after cooking). Empty lots, especially those in skid row or ghetto areas, are often a rich source of both water cress (*nasturtium officinale*) and wine cress (*vino officinale*)—a related plant whose dusky, smoky berries are similar in taste to the sweetish residue at the bottom of an empty muscatel bottle and which can be used to make a soup potent enough to tan leather. And, like their cactus cousins in the desert, fire hydrants can be bitten at the base of the stalk to provide an excellent emergency supply of water, while chewing the fleshy part does wonders for the teeth. Of the many edible varieties, I find that the Cleveland Casting Works fire hydrant has a wholesome flavor that reminds me of the taste of wild hickory nuts. Then there are the used-car lots and parking lots of the city, which provide the patient forager with a cornucopia of unusual edibles: The upholstery in some automobiles is made from animalskins and can be chopped, boiled and safely eaten by anyone who does not mind a slight paralysis of the internal organs for a day or so; the insulation materials are made largely from sugar-cane products and are at least as tasty as many imported candies after several months in the box; some of the floor mats in late-model cars have a flavor (when braised) that is reminiscent of slightly underdone crayfish; and the vintage V8 engine (like the juice) is a good source of iron as well as several other exotic ingredients that help build

strong bones and cause one to walk with a peculiar twitching gait.

Learning to live off the land, then, is a matter of initiative and practice. The same thing applies to learning about the healing qualities of wild plants and herbs. The art of herbal healing is one of the oldest in Christendom, predating even such primitive curative techniques as magical incantations and putting crumbs in the patient's bed. Historical records show that most primitive peoples frequently used hemlock, fennel, senna, sassafloss, hart moss, leper's nape, mandrake, colombo, mannix and a variety of common herbs in treating a whole spectrum of maladies, ranging from wind burn to falling hair. What most people don't realize is that most of these remedies are still effective. Coriander can be used for headaches, tunnel vision, midnight fits and most diseases of the left ear. Calamus can be used to treat horse bite, glove rash, venereal acne and receding shorts. Burdock is good for mutton breath and dizziness in alcoves. And caraway is useful in the treatment of symptoms of lead poisoning, although it is extremely difficult to pick all those little seeds off the buns.

There are more than 5678 herbs, flowers, roots, barks and leaves on nature's table, so it is impossible for me to go into any detail here about the specific properties and effects of each. My advice to you, therefore, is to douse yourself with Raid, get out into the woods and do your own sampling, starting with aloes and finishing with zinnia (if she will consent to go along). Then, if you still feel that you could use Blue Cross, consult the Yellow Pages.



ALL NIGHT LONG *(continued from page 130)*

many years, maybe the worst big man of all, and while the Prince stood alone in his ring and waited out the minutes for the Champion to arrive and had his thoughts, whatever they were, and his private communion with Allah, however that might feel, while he stood and while he shuffled and while he shadow-boxed the air, the Lord Privy Seal, Angelo Dundee from Miami, went methodically from ringpost to ringpost and there in full view of ringside and the stadium just as methodically loosened each of the four turnbuckles on each post that held the tension of each of the four ropes, and did it with a spoke and a wrench he must have put in his little carrying bag back at Nsele and transported on the bus and carried from the dressing room to this ring. And when the ropes were slack to his taste,

loose enough for his fighter to lean way back, he left the ring and returned to the corner. Nobody had paid any particular attention to him.

Foreman was still in his dressing room. Later Plimpton learned a detail from his old friend Archie Moore. "Just before going out to the ring, Foreman joined hands with his boxing trust—Dick Sadler, Sandy Saddler and Archie—in a sort of prayer ritual they had practiced (for every fight) since Foreman became Champion in Jamaica," Plimpton wrote. "Now they were holding hands again in Zaïre, and Archie Moore, who had his head bowed, found himself thinking that he should pray for Muhammad Ali's safety. Here's what he said: 'I was praying, and in great sincerity, that George wouldn't *kill* Ali. I really felt that was a possibility.'" So did others.

Foreman arrived in the ring. He was wearing red-velvet trunks with a white stripe and a blue waistband. The colors of the American flag girded his middle and his shoes were white. He looked solemn, even sheepish, like a big boy who, as Archie said, "truly doesn't know his own strength." The letters GF stood out in embossed white cloth from the red velvet of his trunks. GF—Great Fighter.

Referee Zack Clayton, black and much respected in his profession, had been waiting. George had time to reach his corner, shuffle his feet, huddle with the trust, get the soles of his shoes in resin and the fighters were meeting in the center of the ring to get instructions. It was the time for each man to extort a measure of fear from the other. Liston had done it to all his opponents until he met Ali, who—then Cassius Clay at the age of 22—glared back at him with all the imperative of his high-destiny guts. Foreman, in turn, had done it to Frazier and then to Norton. A big look, heavy as death, oppressive as the closing of the door of one's tomb.

To Foreman, Ali now said (as everybody was later informed), "You have heard of me since you were young. You've been following me since you were a little boy. Now you must meet me, your master!"—words the press could not hear at the time, but Ali's mouth was moving, his head was 12 inches from Foreman's, his eyes were on the other. Foreman blinked, Foreman looked surprised, as if he had been impressed just a little more than he expected. He tapped Ali's glove in a move equal to saying, "That's *your* round. Now we start."

The fighters went back to their corners. Ali pressed his elbows to his side, closed his eyes and offered a prayer. Foreman turned his back. In the 30 seconds before the fight began, he grasped the ropes in his corner and bent over from the waist so that his big and powerful buttocks were presented to Ali. He flexed in this position so long it took on a kind of derision, as though to declare: "My farts to you." He was still in such a pose when the bell rang.

The bell! Through a long unheard sigh of collective release, Ali charged across the ring. He looked as big and determined as Foreman, so he held himself, as if he possessed the true threat. They collided without meeting, their bodies still five feet apart. Each veered backward like similar magnetic poles repelling one another forcibly. Then Ali came forward again, Foreman came forward, they circled, they feinted, they moved in an electric ring and Ali threw the first punch, a tentative left. It came up short. Then he drove a lightning strong right straight as a pole into the stunned center of Foreman's head, the unmistakable thwomp of a high-powered punch. A cry went up. Whatever else



"However, I understand there may be certain advantages in being a nonprofit organization, even though we became one inadvertently."

happened. Foreman had been hit. No opponent had cracked George this hard in years and no sparring partner had dared to.

Foreman charged in rage. Ali compounded the insult. He grabbed the Champion around the neck and pushed his head down, wrestled it down crudely and decisively to show Foreman he was considerably rougher than anybody warned, and relations had commenced. They circled again. They feinted. They started in on one another and drew back. It was as if each held a gun. If one fired and missed, the other was certain to hit. If you threw a punch, and your opponent was ready, your own head would take his punch. What a shock. It is like seizing a high-voltage line. Suddenly you are on the floor.

Ali was not dancing. Rather, he was bouncing from side to side, looking for an opportunity to attack. So was Foreman. Maybe fifteen seconds went by. Suddenly, Ali hit him again. It was again a right hand. Again it was hard. The sound of a bat thunking into a watermelon was heard around the ring. Once more Foreman charged after the blow, and once more Ali took him around the neck with his right arm, then stuck his left glove in Foreman's right armpit. Foreman could not start to swing. It was a nimble part of the advanced course for tying up a fighter. The referee broke the clinch. Again they moved through invisible reaches of attraction and repulsion, darting forward, sliding to the side, cocking their heads, each trying to strike an itch to panic in the other, two big men fast as pumas, charged as tigers—unseen sparks came off their moves. Ali hit him again, straight left, then a straight right. Foreman responded like a bull. He roared forward. A dangerous bull. His gloves were out like horns. No room for Ali to dance to the side, stick him and move, hit him and move. Ali went back, feinted, went back again, was on the ropes. Foreman had cut him off. The fight was 30 seconds old and Foreman had driven him to the ropes. Ali had not even tried to get around those outstretched gloves so ready to cuff him, rough him, break his grace, no, retreating. Ali collected his toll. He hit Foreman with another left and another right.

Still, a wail went up from the crowd. They saw Ali on the ropes. Who had talked of anything but how long Ali could keep away? Now he was trapped, so soon. Yet Foreman was off his aim. Ali's last left and right had checked him. Foreman's punches were not ready and Ali parried, Ali blocked. They clinched. The referee broke it. Ali was off the ropes with ease.

To celebrate, he hit Foreman another straight right. Up and down the press rows, one exclamation was leaping. "He's hitting him with *rights*." Ali had



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not punched with such authority in seven years. Champions do not hit other champions with right-hand leads. Not in the first round. It is the most difficult and dangerous punch. Difficult to deliver and dangerous to oneself. In nearly all positions, the right hand has longer to travel, a foot more, at least, than the left. Boxers deal with inches and half inches. In the time it takes a right hand to travel that extra space, alarms are ringing in the opponent, counterattacks are beginning. He will duck under the right and take off your head with a left. So good fighters do not often lead with their right against another good fighter. Not in the first round. They wait. They keep the right hand. It is one's authority, and ready to punish a left which comes too slowly. One throws one's right over a jab; one can block the left hook with a right forearm and chop back a right in return. Classic maxims of boxing. All fight writers know them. Off these principles they take their interpretation. They are good engineers at Indianapolis, but Ali is on his way to the moon. Right-hand leads! My God!

In the next minute, Ali proceeded to hit Foreman with a combination rare as plutonium: a straight right hand followed by a long left hook. Spring-zing! went those punches, bolt to the head, bolt to the head; each time, Foreman would rush forward in murderous rage and be caught by the neck and turned. His menace became more impressive each time he was struck. If the punches maddened him, they did not weaken him. Another fighter would be staggering by now. Foreman merely looked more destructive. His hands lost no speed, his hands looked as fast as Ali's (except when he got hit) and his face was developing a murderous appetite. He had not been treated so disrespectfully in years. Lost was genial George of the press conferences. His life was clear. He was going to dismember Ali. As he kept getting hit and grabbed, hit and grabbed, a new fear came over the rows at ringside. Foreman was awesome. Ali had now hit him about fifteen good punches to the head and not been caught once in return. What would happen when Foreman finally hit Ali? No heavyweight could keep up the speed of these moves, not for 14 more rounds.

But then the first was not even over. In the last minute, Foreman forced Ali to the ropes, was in on him, broke loose, and smashed a right uppercut through Ali's gloves, then another. The second went like a spear through the top of Ali's skull. His eyes flew up in consternation and he grabbed Foreman's right arm with his left, squeezed it, clung to it. Foreman, his arm being held, was still in a mood to throw the good right again, and did. Four heavy half-smothered rights, concussive as blows to the heavy bag went up to the head, then two down

to the body, whaling on Ali even as he was held, and it was apparent these punches hurt. Ali came off the ropes in the most determined embrace of his life, both gloves locked around the back of Foreman's neck. The whites of Ali's eyes showed the glaze of a combat soldier who has just seen a dismembered arm go flying across the sky after an explosion. What kind of monster was he encountering?

Foreman threw a wild left. Then a left, a right, a left, a left and a right. Some to the head, some to the body, some got blocked, some missed, one collided with Ali's floating ribs, brutal punches, jarring and imprecise as a collision at slow speed in a truck.

With everybody screaming, Ali now hit Foreman with a right. Foreman hit him back with a left and a right. Now they each landed blows. Everybody was shaking their head at the bell. What a round!

Now the press rows began to ring with comment on those right-hand leads. How does Ali dare? A magnificent round. Norman has few vanities left but thinks he knows something about boxing. He is ready to serve as engineer on Ali's trip to the moon. For Ali is one artist who does not box by right counter to left hook. He fights the entirety of the other person. He lives in fields of concentration where he can detect the smallest flicker of lack of concentration. Foreman has shown himself a lack of quiver flat to the possibility of a right. Who before this had dared after all to hit Foreman with a right? Of late his opponents were afraid to flick him with a jab. Fast were Foreman's hands, but held a flat spot of complacency before the right. He was not ready for a man to come into the ring unafraid of him. That offered its beauty. But frightening. Ali cannot fight every round like this. Such a pace will kill him in five. Indeed he could be worried as he sits in the corner. It has been his round, but what a force to Foreman's punches. It is true. Foreman hits harder than other fighters. And takes a very good punch. Ali looks thoughtful.

There is a sound box in the vicinity, some small loud-speaker hooked into the closed circuit, and on it Norman can hear David Frost, Jim Brown and Joe Frazier talking between rounds, an agreeable sense of detachment thereby offered, for they are on the other side of the press rows. Listening to them offers the comfort of a man watching a snowstorm from his fireplace. Jim Brown may have said last night that Ali had no chance, but Brown is one athlete who will report what he sees. "Great round for Muhammad Ali," he comments. "He did a fantastic job, although I don't think he can keep up this pace."

Sullenly, Joe Frazier disagrees. "Round was even . . . very close."

David Frost: "You wouldn't call that round for Ali?"

Joe is not there to root Ali home, not after Ali called him ignorant. "It was very close. Ali had two or three good shots to the face while George been landing body shots."

Foreman sits on his stool listening to Sadler. His face is bemused, as if he has learned more than he is accustomed to in the last few minutes and the sensation is half-agreeable. He has certainly learned that Ali can hit. Already his face shows lumps and welts. Ali is also a better wrestler than any fighter he has faced. Better able to agitate him. He sits back to rest the sore heat of his lungs after the boil of his fury in the last round. He brings himself to smile at someone at ringside. The smile is forced. Across the ring, Ali spits into the bowl held out for him and looks wide awake. His eyes are as alive as a ghetto adolescent walking down a strange turf. Just before the bell, he stands up in his corner and leads a cheer. Ali's arm pumps the air to inspire the crowd, and he makes a point of glowering at Foreman. Abruptly, right after the bell, his mood takes a change.

As Foreman comes out Ali goes back to the ropes, no, lets himself be driven to the corner, the worst place a fighter can be, worst place by all established comprehension of boxing. In the corner you cannot slip to the side, cannot go backward. You must fight your way out. With the screech that comes up from a crowd when one car tries to pass another in a race, Foreman was in to move on Ali, and Ali fought the good rat fight of the corner, his gloves thrown with frantic speed at Foreman's gloves. It became something like a slapping contest—of the variety two tall kids might show when trying to hit the other in the face. It is far from orthodox practice, where you dart out of a corner, duck out of a corner or blast out. Since Ali kept landing, however, and Foreman did not, George retreated in confusion as if reverting to memories of fights when he was ten years old and scared—yes, Ali must have made some psychological choice and it was well chosen. He got out of the corner and held Foreman once again by the head in a grip so well applied that Foreman had the pensive expression of a steer being dogged to the ground by a cowboy.

Once the referee separated them, Ali began to back up across the ring. Foreman was after him, throwing fast punches. "Show him," George's corner must have instructed, "that your gloves are as fast as his." Suddenly Foreman hit Ali with a straight hard right. Ali held on to Foreman to travel through the shock. After the fight he would say that some of Foreman's punches went right down to his toes, and this must have been one

of them. When the fighters were separated, Foreman chased Ali to the ropes, and Ali pulled out a new trick, his full inch and a half of reach. He held his arm in Foreman's face to keep him off. The round was almost a minute gone before Ali got in his first good punch, another right. But Foreman charged him and pushed him, driving down on Ali's gloves with his own gloves, stalking him back and back again, knocking Ali's gloves away when he didn't like the character of their moves. Foreman was beginning to dictate how the fight should be. If a bully, he was a master bully. He did not react to the dictation of others, liked his own dictation. The force he sought in serenity had locked him on a unilinear road; it was working now. Ali kept retreating and Foreman caught him again. Hard! Once more, Ali was holding on with both hands, back of the neck, back of the biceps, half writhing and half riding with the somewhat stifled punches Foreman kept throwing. Foreman had begun to dominate the action to the point where Ali's best course seemed to be obliged to take what was left of each punch after the attempt to smother it. He kept trying to wrestle Foreman to a stop.

But then Ali must have come to a first assessment of assets and weaknesses, for he made—somewhere in the unremarked middle of the round—he must have made a decision on how to shape the rest of the fight. He did not seem able to hurt Foreman critically with those right-hand leads. Nor was he stronger than Foreman except when wrestling on his neck, and certainly he could not afford any more of those episodes where he held on to Foreman even as George was hitting him. It was costly in points, painful and won nothing. On the other hand, it was too soon to dance. Too rapid would be the drain on his stamina. So the time had come to see if he could outbox Foreman while lying on the ropes. It had been his option from the beginning and it was the most dangerous option he had. For so long as Foreman had strength, the ropes would prove about as safe as riding a unicycle on a parapet. Still, what is genius but balance on the edge of the impossible? Ali introduced his grand theme. He lay back on the ropes in the middle of the second round, and from that position he would work for the rest of the fight, reclining at an angle of 10 and 20 degrees from the vertical and sometimes even farther, a cramped near-tortured angle from which to box.

Of course Ali had been preparing for just this hour over the last ten years. For ten years he had been practicing to fight powerful sluggers who beat on your belly while you lay on the ropes. So he took up his station with confidence, shoulders parallel to the edge of the ring. In this posture his right would have no more impact than a straight left, but he

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could find himself in position to cover his head with both gloves, and his belly with his elbows, he could rock and sway, lean so far back Foreman must fall on him. Should Foreman pause from the fatigue of throwing punches, Ali could bounce off the ropes and sting him, jolt him, make him look clumsy, mock him, rouse his anger, which might yet wear Foreman out more than anything else. In this position, Ali could even hurt him. A jab hurts if you run into it, and Foreman is always coming in. Still, Ali is in the position of a man bowing and ducking in a doorway while another man comes at him with two clubs. Foreman comes on with his two clubs. In the first exchange he hits Ali about six times while Ali is returning only one blow. Yet the punches to Ali's head seem not to bother him: he is swallowing the impact with his entire body. He is like a spring on the ropes. Blows seem to pass through him as if he is indeed a leaf spring built to take shock. None of his spirit is congested in his joints. Encouraged by the recognition that he can live with these blows, he begins to taunt Foreman. "Can you hit?" he calls out. "You can't hit. You push!" Since his head has been in range of Foreman's gloves, Foreman lunges at him. Back goes Ali's head like the carnival boy ducking baseballs. Wham to you, goes Ali, catapulting back. Bing and sting! Now Foreman is missing and Ali is hitting.

It is becoming a way to fight and even a way to live, but for Ali's corner it is a terror to watch. In the last 30 seconds of this second round, Ali hits out with straight rights from the ropes fast as jabs. Foreman's head must feel like a rivet under a riveting gun. With just a few seconds left, Foreman throws his biggest punch of the night, an express train of a left hook leaves a spasm for the night in its passing. It has been a little too slow. Ali lets it go by in the languid, unhurried fashion of Archie Moore watching a roundhouse miss his chin by a quarter of an inch. In the void of the effort, Foreman is so off balance that Ali could throw him through the ropes. "Nothing," says Ali through his mouthpiece. "You have no aim." The bell rings and Foreman looks depressed. There has been premature desperation in that left. Ali shakes his head in derision. Of course that is one of Ali's basic tricks. All through his first fight with Frazier he kept signaling to the crowd that Joe failed to impress him. All the while Ali was finding himself in more trouble.

CHAPTER 3

It seems like eight rounds have passed yet we only finished two. Is it because we are trying to watch with the fighters' sense of time? Before fatigue brings boxers to the boiler rooms of the damned, they live at a height of consciousness and with a sense of detail

they encounter nowhere else. In no other place is their intelligence so full, nor their sense of time able to contain so much of itself as in the long internal effort of the ring. Thirty minutes go by like three hours. Let us undertake the chance, then, that our description of the fight may be longer to read than the fight itself. We can assure ourselves: It was even longer for the fighters.

Contemplate them as they sit in their corners between the second and third rounds. The outcome of the fight is not yet determined. Not for either. Ali has an enormous problem equal to his enormous confidence. Everybody has wondered whether Ali can get through the first few rounds and take Foreman's punch. Now the problem has been refined: Can he dismantle Foreman's strength before he uses up his own wit?

Foreman has another problem; he may not be as aware of it as his corner. There is no fear in his mind that he will fail to win the fight. He does not think about that any more than a lion supposes it will be unable to destroy a cheetah; no, it is just a question of catching Ali, a maddening frustration. Still the insult to his rage has to worry his corner. They can hardly tell him not to be angry. It is Foreman's rage, after all, which has led him to knock out so many fighters. To cut it off is to leave him cowl-like. Nonetheless he must contain his anger until he catches Ali. Otherwise he is going to wear himself out.

So Sadler works on him, rubs his breasts and belly, Sadler sends his fingers into all the places where rage has congested, into the meat of the pectorals and the muscle plating beneath Foreman's chest. Sadler's touch has all the wisdom of 35 years of black fingers elucidating comforts for black flesh, sensual are his fingers as he plucks and shapes and shakes and balms, his silver bracelet shining on his black wrist. When Sadler feels the fighter is soothed, he begins to speak, and Foreman takes on the expression of a man whose head is working slowly. He has too much to think about. He spits into the bowl held before him and nods respectfully. He looks as if he is listening to his dentist.

In Ali's corner, Dundee, with the quiet concern of a sommelier, is bringing the mouth of the adhesive-taped water bottle to Ali's lips, and does it with a forefinger under the neck so the bottle will not pour too much as he tips it up. Ali rinses and spits with his eyes off on the serious calculation of a man weighing grim but necessary alternatives.

Joe Frazier: "... George is pounding that body with shots. He's hurting the body. Ali shouldn't stay on that rope. ... If he don't move or cut George, George will walk him down. He need to move. He don't need to stay on that rope. For what reason's he on the rope?" Frazier

sounds offended. Even the sound of the word worries him. Joe Frazier would consider himself *gone* if he had to work there. Rope is an ugly and miserable *kuntu*.

Jim Brown replies: "Ali is punishing George Foreman even *though* he's on the rope. He's getting some tremendous blows in and"—the wisdom of the professional football player—"at some point, that can tell."

The bell. Once more Ali comes out of the corner with a big and threatening face, as if this round for certain he will bring the attack to Foreman and once again sees something wrong in the idea, profoundly wrong, shifts his plan instantly, backs up and begins to play the ropes. On comes Foreman. The fight has taken its formal pattern. Ali will go by choice to the ropes and Foreman will chase him. Now in each round Ali will work for 30 or 40 seconds or for so much even as a minute with his back no more than a foot or two from the top rope, and he is on the rope as often as not. When the strength of the mood, or the logic of the clinch suggests that the virtue of one set of ropes has been used up, he will back off across the ring to use another set. He will spend on an average one quarter of each round on each of the four sides of the ring. He might just as well be drawing conscious strength from the burial gods of the North, the West, the East and the South. Never has a major fight been so locked into one pattern of movement. It appears designed by a choreographer who knows nothing about the workings of legs and is endlessly inventive about arms. The fight goes on in exactly this fashion round after round, and yet it is hardly boring, for Ali appears in constant danger, and is, and is not. He is turning the pockets of the boxing world inside out. He is demonstrating that what for other fighters is a weakness can be for him a strength. Foreman has been trained to cut instinctively from side to side in such a way as to spoil Ali's ability to circle. Foreman has learned how to force retreat to the ropes. But Ali makes no effort to get away. He does not circle, neither does he reverse his circle. Instead he backs up. Foreman's outstretched arms become a liability. Unable to cuff at a dancing target, he must probe forward. As he does, Ali keeps popping him with straight lefts and rights fast as karate strokes. But then Ali's wife has a black belt in karate.

Sooner or later, however, Foreman is always on him, leaning on him, banging him, belting away with all the fury George knows how to bring to the heavy bag. Ali uses the ropes to absorb the bludgeoning. Standing on one's feet, it is painful to absorb a heavy body punch even when blocked with one's arms. The torso, the legs and the spine take the shock. One has to absorb the brunt of

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the punch. Leaning on the ropes, however, Ali can pass it along; the ropes will receive the strain. If he cannot catch Foreman's punches with his gloves, or deflect them, or bend Foreman's shoulder to spoil his move, or lean away with his head, slip to the side, or loom up to hug Foreman's head, if finally there is nothing to do but take the punch, then Ali tightens his body and conducts the shock out along the ropes, so that Foreman must feel as if he is beating on a tree trunk which is oscillating against ropes. Foreman's power seems to travel right down the line and rattle the ringposts. It fortifies Ali's sense of relaxation—he has always the last resort of composing himself for the punch. When, occasionally, a blow does hurt, he sticks Foreman back, mean and salty, using his left and right as jabs. Since his shoulders are against the ropes, he jabs as often with his right as his left. With his timing it is a great jab. He has a gift for hitting Foreman as Foreman comes in. That doubles or triples the force. Besides he is using so many right jabs Foreman must start to wonder whether he is fighting a southpaw. Then comes the left jab again. A converted southpaw? It has something of the shift of locus that comes from making love to a brunette when she is wearing a blonde wig. Of course, Ali has red wigs too. At the end of the round, Ali hits Foreman with some of the hardest punches of the fight. A right, a left and a right startle Foreman in their combination. He may

not have seen such a combination since his last street fight. Ali gives a look of contempt and they wrestle for a few seconds until the bell. For the few extra seconds it takes Foreman to go to his corner, his legs have the look of a bed-ridden man who has started on a tour of his room for the first time in a week. He has almost stumbled on the way to his stool.

In the aisle, Rahman Ali began to jeer at Henry Clark. "Your man's a chump," Rahman said. "Ali's going to get him." Clark had to look worried. It was hardly his night. First his own fight had been postponed, then called off, now he was watching George from a crate in the aisle. Since he had a big bet on George, this last round offered its woes.

In the corner Sadler was massaging Foreman's right shoulder and George was gagging a bit, the inside of his lips showing a shocking frothy white like the mouth of an overgalloped horse.

Nonetheless, he looked lively as he came out for the bell. He came right across the middle of the ring to show Ali a new kind of feint, a long pawing movement of his hands accompanied by short moves of his head. It was to a different rhythm as if to say, "I haven't begun to show what I know."

He looked jaunty, but he was holding his right hand down by the waist. Fatigue must have lent carelessness to what he did, for Ali immediately answered with an insulting stiff right, an accelerating hook and another right so heavy to

Foreman's head that he grabbed for a clinch, first time in the fight. There, holding on to Ali while vertigo collided with nausea, and bile scalded his breath, he must have been delivered into a new awareness, for George immediately started to look better. He began to get to Ali on the ropes and hit him occasionally, and for the first time in a while was not getting hit much himself. He was even beginning to jam a number of Ali's rhythms. Up to now, whenever Ali took a punch, he was certain to come off the ropes and hit Foreman back. A couple of times in this round, however, even as Ali started his move, George would jam his forearm into Ali's neck, or wrestle him to a standstill.

All the while Ali was talking. "Come on, George, show me something," he would say. "Can't you fight harder? That ain't hard. I thought you was the Champion, I thought you had punches," and Foreman, working like a bricklayer running up a pyramid to set his bricks, would snort and lance his arms in sudden unexpected directions and try to catch Ali bouncing on the rope, Ali who was becoming more confirmed every minute in the sinecure of the rope, but at the end of the round, Foreman caught him with the best punch he had thrown in many a minute, landing just before the bell, and as he turned to leave Ali, he said clearly, "How's that?"

It must have encouraged him, for in the fifth round he tried to knock Ali out. Even as Ali was becoming more confident on the ropes, Foreman grew convinced he could break Ali's defense. Confidence on both sides makes for war. The round would go down in history as one of the great rounds in heavyweight boxing; indeed it was so good it forged its own frame as they battled. One could see it outlined forever in lights: *The Great Fifth Round of the Ali-Foreman Fight!*

Like much of greatness, the beginnings were unremarked. Foreman ended the fourth round well, but expectation was circling ringside that a monumental upset could be shaping. Even Joe Frazier was admitting that George was "not being calm." It took John Daly to blurt out cheerfully to David Frost, "Ali is winning all the way for me and I think he's going to take it within another four rounds!"

Foreman didn't think so. There had been that sniff of victory in the fourth, the good punch which landed—"How's that?" He came out in the fifth with the conviction that if force had not prevailed against Ali up to now, more force was the answer, considerably more force than Ali had ever seen. If Foreman's face was battered to lumps, and his legs were moving like wheels with a piece chipped out of the rim, if his arms were beginning to sear in the lava of exhaustion and



"Then I offered him my body and he said no thank you, sexual intercourse kept him awake nights."

his breath come roaring to his lungs like the blast from a bed of fire, still he was a prodigy of strength, he was *the* prodigy, he could live through states of torture and hurl his cannonade when others could not lift their arms, he had been trained for endurance even more than execution and back in Pendleton when first working for this fight had once boxed 15 rounds with half a dozen sparring partners coming on in two-round shifts while Foreman was permitted only 30 seconds of rest between each round. He could go, he could go and go, he was tireless in the arms, yes, could knock down a forest, take it down all by himself, and he set out now to chop Ali down.

They sparred inconclusively for the first half minute. Then the barrage began. With Ali braced on the ropes, as far back on the ropes as a deep-sea fisherman is braced back in his chair when setting the hook on a big strike, so Ali got ready and Foreman came on to blast him out. A shelling reminiscent of artillery battles in World War One began. Neither man moved more than a few feet in the next minute and a half. Across that embattled short space Foreman threw punches in barrages of four and six and eight and nine, heavy hard maniacal slamming punches, heavy as the boom of oaken doors, bombs to the body, bolts to the head, punching until he could not breathe, backing off to breathe again and come in again, bomb

again, blast again, drive and steam and slam the torso in front of him, wreck him in the arms, break through those arms, get to his ribs, dig him out, dig him out, put the dynamite in the earth, lift him, punch him, punch him up to heaven, take him out, stagger him—great earth mover, he must have sobbed to himself, kill this mad and bouncing goat.

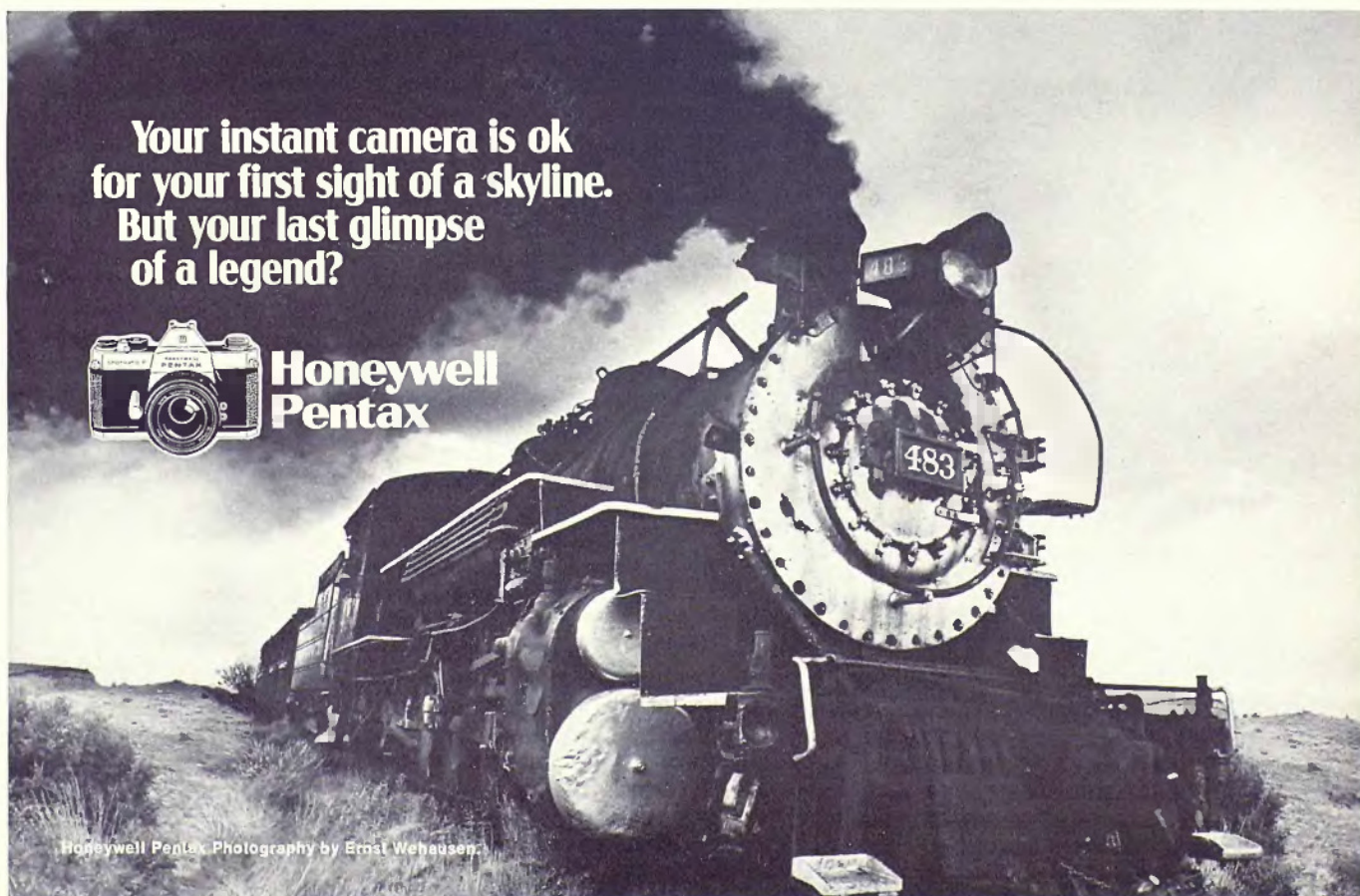
And Ali, gloves to his head, elbows to his ribs, stood and swayed and was rattled and banged and shaken like a grasshopper at the top of a reed when the wind whips, and the ropes shook and swung like sheets in a storm, and Foreman would lunge with his right at Ali's chin and Ali go flying back out of reach by a half inch, and half out of the ring, and back in to push at Foreman's elbow and hug his own ribs and sway, and sway just further, and lean back and come forward from the ropes and slide off a punch and fall back into the ropes with all the calm of a man swinging in the rigging. All the while, he used his eyes. They looked like stars, and he fainted Foreman out with his eyes, flashing white eyeballs of panic he did not feel which pulled Foreman through into the trick of lurching after him on a wrong move, Ali darting expression in one direction while cocking his head in another, then staring at Foreman expression to expression, holding him in the eye, soul to soul, *muntu to muntu*,

hugging his head, peeking through gloves, jamming his armpit, taunting him on the edge of the ropes, then flying back as Foreman dove forward, tantalizing him, maddening him, looking for all the world as cool as if he were sparring in his bathrobe, now banishing Foreman's head with the turn of a matorador sending away a bull after five fine passes were made, and once when he seemed to hesitate just a little too long, teasing Foreman just a little too long, something stirred in George like that across-the-arena knowledge of a bull when it is ready at last to gore the matorador rather than the cloth, and like a member of a *cuadrilla*, somebody in Ali's corner screamed, "Careful! Careful! Careful!" and Ali flew back and just in time for as he bounced on the ropes. Foreman threw six of his most powerful left hooks in a row and then a right, it was the center of his fight and the heart of his best charge, a left to the belly, a left to the head, a left to the belly, a left to the head, a left to the belly, another to the belly and Ali blocked them all, elbow for the belly, glove for the head, and the ropes flew like snakes. Ali was ready for the lefts. He was not prepared for the right that followed. Foreman hit him a powerful punch. The ring bolts screamed. Ali shouted, "Didn't hurt a bit." Was it the best punch he took all night? He had

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to ride through ten more after that. Foreman kept flashing his muscles up out of that cup of desperation boiling in all determination, punches that came toward the end of what may have been as many as forty or fifty in a minute, any one strong enough to send water from the spine to the knees. Something may have finally begun to go from Foreman's *n'golo*, some departure of the essence of absolute rage, and Ali, reaching over the barrage, would give a prod now and again to Foreman's neck like a housewife sticking a toothpick in a cake to see if it is ready. The punches got weaker and weaker, and Ali finally came off the ropes and in the last 30 seconds of the round, threw his own punches, 20 at least. Almost all hit. Some of the hardest punches of the night were driven in. Four rights, a left hook and a right came in one stupendous combination. One punch turned Foreman's head through 90 degrees, a right cross of glove and forearm that slammed into the side of the jaw; double contact had to be felt; once from the glove, then from the bare arm, stunning and jarring. Walls must begin to crack inside the brain. Foreman staggered and lurched and glared at Ali and got hit again, zing-bing! two more. When it was all over, Ali caught Foreman by the neck like a big brother chastising an enormous and stupid kid brother, and looked out to

someone in the audience, some enemy—or was it some spiteful friend who said Foreman would win?—for Ali, holding George around the neck, now stuck out one long white-coated tongue. On the other side of the ropes, Bundini was beaming at the bell.

"I really don't believe it," said Jim Brown. "I really don't believe it. I thought he was hurt. I thought his body was hurt. He came back. He hit Foreman with everything. And he winked at me." Did he wink or stick out his tongue?

In the aisle, Rachman was screaming at Henry Clark. "Your fighter's a chump. He's an amateur. My brother is killing him. My brother is showing him up!"

CHAPTER 4

So began the third act of the fight. Not often was there a better end to a second act than Foreman's failure to destroy Ali on the ropes. But the last scenes would present another problem. How was the final curtain to be found? For if Foreman was exhausted, Ali was weary. He had hit Foreman harder than he had ever hit anyone. He had hit him often. Foreman's head must by now be equal to a piece of vulcanized rubber. Conceivably, you could beat on him all night and nothing more would happen. There is a threshold to the knock-out. When it comes close but is not crossed, then a man can stagger around the ring forever. He has received his

terrible message and he is still standing. No more of the same woe can destroy him. He is like the victim in a dreadful marriage that no one knows how to end. So Ali was obliged to produce still one more surprise. If not, the unhappiest threat would present itself as he and Foreman stumbled through the remaining ten rounds. There is agony to elucidate even a small sense of the aesthetic out of boxing. Wanton waste for an artist like Ali to lose the perfection of this fight by wandering down a monotonous half hour to a dreary unanimous decision.

A fine ending to the fight would live in legend, but a dull victory, anticlimactic by the end, could leave him in half a legend—overblown in reputation by his friends and contested by his enemies—precisely that state which afflicted most heroes. Ali was fighting to prove other points. So he said. So Ali had to dispose of Foreman in the next few rounds and do it well, a formidable problem. He was like a *torero* after a great *faena* who must still face the drear potential of a protracted inept and disappointing kill. Since no pleasure is greater among athletes than to overtake the style of their opponent, Ali would look to steal Foreman's last pride. George was an executioner. Ali would do it better. But how do you execute the executioner?

The problem was revealed in all its sluggish intricacies over the next three rounds. Foreman came out for the sixth looking like an alley cat with chewed-up brows. Lumps and swellings were all over his face, his skin equal to tar that has baked in the sun. When the bell rang, however, he looked dangerous again, no longer a cat but a bull. He lowered his head and charged across the ring. He was a total demonstration of the power of one idea, even when the idea no longer works. And was immediately seized and strangled around the neck by Ali for a few valuable and pacifying seconds until Zack Clayton broke them. Afterward, Foreman moved in to throw more punches. His power, however, seemed gone. The punches were slow and tentative. They did not reach Ali. Foreman was growing glove-shy. His fastest moves were now in a nervous defense that kept knocking Ali's punches away from his own face.

At this point, Ali proceeded to bring out the classic left jab everyone had been expecting for the first round. In the next half minute, he struck Foreman's head with ten or eleven head-ringing jabs thrown with all the speed of a good fencer's thrust, and Foreman took them in apathy to compound the existing near apathy of his hopes. Each time his head snapped back, some communication between his mind and his nerves must have been reduced. A surgical attack.

Yet something in Foreman's response

decided Ali to give it up. Perhaps no more than his own sense of moderation. It might look absurd if he kept jabbing Foreman forever. Besides, Ali needed rest. The next two minutes turned into the slowest two minutes of the fight. Foreman kept pushing Ali to the ropes out of habit, a dogged forward motion that enabled George to rest in his fashion, the only way he still knew, which was to lean on the opponent. Ali was by now so delighted with the advantages of the ropes that he fell back on them like a man returning home in quiet triumph, yes, settled in with the weary pleasure of a workingman getting back into bed after a long day to be treated to a little of God's joy by his hard-working wife. He was almost tender with Foreman's laboring advance, holding him softly and kindly by the neck. Then he stung him with right and left karate shots from the shoulder. Foreman was now so arm-weary he could begin a punch only by lurching forward until his momentum encouraged a movement of the arm. He looked like a drunk, or rather a somnambulist, in a dance marathon. It would be wise to get him through the kill without ever waking him up. While it ought to be a simple matter to knock him down, there might not be enough violence left in the spirit of this ring to knock him out. So the shock of finding himself on the floor could prove a stimulant. His ego might reappear: Once on the floor, he was a champion in dramatic danger of losing his title—that is an unmeasurable source of energy. Ali was now taking in the reactions of Foreman's head the way a bullfighter lines up a bull before going in over the horns for the kill. He bent to his left and still crouched, passed his body to the right under Foreman's fists, all the while studying George's head and neck and shoulders. Since Foreman charged the move, a fair conclusion was that the bull still had an excess of strength too great for the kill.

Nonetheless, Foreman's punches were hardly more than pats. They were sufficiently weak for any man in reasonable shape to absorb them. Still, Foreman came on. Sobbing for breath, leaning, almost limping, in a pat-a-pat of feeble cuffs, he was all but lying over Ali on the ropes. Yet what a problem in the strength of his stubbornness itself. Endless powers of determination had been built out of one season of silence passing into another. The bell rang the end of the sixth. Both men gave an involuntary smile of relief.

Foreman looked ready to float as he came to his corner. Sandy Saddler could not bring himself to look at him. The sorrow in Foreman's corner was now heavier than in Ali's dressing room before the fight.

In his corner, Ali looked thoughtful and stood up abstractedly before the



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bell and abstractedly led a cheer in the stadium, his arm to the sky.

The cheer stirred Foreman to action. He was out of his corner and in the middle of the ring before the bell rang. Ali opened his eyes wide and stared at him in mock wonder, then in disdain, as if to say, "Now you've done it. Now you're asking for it." He came out of his corner, too, and the referee was pushing both men apart as the bell rang.

Still it was a slow round, almost as slow as the sixth. Foreman had no speed, and, in return, Ali boxed no faster than he had to, but kept shifting more rapidly than before from one set of ropes to another. Foreman was proving too sluggish to work with. Once, in the middle of the round, Foreman staggered past Ali, and for the first time in the fight was literally nearer the ropes. It was a startling realization. Not since the first five seconds of the fight had Ali crossed the center of the ring while moving forward. For seven rounds his retreating body had been between Foreman and the ropes, except for the intervals when he traveled backward from one set of ropes to another. This time, seeing Foreman on the ropes instead, Ali backed up immediately and Foreman slugged after him like an infantryman looking at the ground. Foreman's best

move by now might be to stand in the center of the ring and invite Ali to come to him. If Ali refused, he would lose the luster of his performance, and if he did come forward, it would be George's turn to look for weaknesses. While Foreman waited for Ali, he could rest. Yet George must have had some unspoken fear of disaster if he shifted methods. So he would drive, thank you very much, into the grave he would determine for himself. Of course, he was not wholly without hope. He still worked with the idea that one punch could catch Ali. And with less than a minute left, he managed to drive a left hook into Ali's belly, a blow which indeed made Ali gasp. Then Foreman racked him with a right uppercut strong enough for Ali to hold on in a clinch, no, Foreman was not going to give up. Now he leaned on Ali for Ali to cling again in a clinch; no, Foreman was not going to give up. Now he leaned on Ali with one extended arm and tried to whale him with the other. He looked like he was beating a rug. Foreman had begun to show the clumsiness of a street fighter at the end of a long rumble. He was reverting. It happened to all but the most cultivated fighters toward the exhausted end of a long and terrible fight. Slowly they descended from the elegance of their best style down to the knee in the groin and

the overhead punch (with a rock in the fist) of forgotten street fights.

Ali, half as tired at least, was not wasting himself. He was still graceful in every move. By the end of the round, he was holding Foreman's head tenderly once more in his glove. Foreman was becoming reminiscent of the computer Hal in *2001* as his units were removed one by one; malfunctions were showing and spastic lapses. All the while, something of the old panache of Sadler, Saddler and Moore inserted over those thousands of hours of training still showed in occasional gestures. The weakest slaps of his gloves, however, had begun to look like entreaties. Still his arms threw punches. By the end of the seventh, he could hardly stand: Yet he must have thrown 70 more punches. So few were able to land. Ali had restricted himself to 25—half at least must have gone to target. Foreman was fighting as slowly as a worn-out fighter in the Golden Gloves, slow as a man walking up a hill of pillows, slow as he would have looked if their first round had been rerun in slow motion, that was no slower than Foreman was fighting now, and thus exposed as in a film, he was reminiscent of the slow and curving motions of a linebacker coiling around

a runner with his hands and arms in the slow-motion replay—the boxing had shifted from speed and impact to an intimacy of movement. Delicately, Ali would cradle Foreman's head with his left before he smashed it with his right. Foreman looked ready to fall over from exhaustion. His face had the soft scrubbed look of a child who has just had a dirty face washed, but then they both had that gentle look boxers get when they are very tired and have fought each other very hard.

Back in the corner, Moore's hands were massaging Foreman's shoulders. Sandy Saddler was working on his legs. Dick Sadler was talking to him.

Jim Brown was saying, "This man, Muhammad Ali, is *unreal*." When Jim used the word, it was a compliment. Whatever was real, Jim Brown could dominate. And Frazier added his humor, "I would say right now my man is not in the lead. I got a feeling George is not going to make it."

On the aisle, Rachman was still calling out to Henry Clark. "Henry, admit it, your man is through, he's a chump, he's a street fighter. Henry, admit it. Maybe I'm not a fighter, I know I'm not as good as you, but admit it, admit it, Muhammad has whipped George."

Except he hadn't. Not yet. Two rounds had gone by. The two duller rounds of the fight. The night was hot. Now the air would become more tropical with every round. In his corner, Ali looked to be in pain as he breathed. Was it his kidneys or his ribs? Dundee was talking to him and Ali was shaking his head in disagreement. In contrast to Foreman, his expression was keen. His eyes looked as quick as the eyes of a squirrel. The bell rang for the eighth round.

Working slowly, deliberately, backing up still one more time, he hit Foreman carefully, spacing the punches, taking aim, six good punches, lefts and rights. It was as if he had a reserve of good punches, a numbered amount like a soldier in a siege who counts his bullets, and so each punch had to carry a predetermined portion of the work.

Foreman's legs were now hitched into an ungainly prance, like a horse hightailing along a road full of rocks. Stung for the hundredth time with a cruel blow, his response was to hurl back a left hook which proved so wild he almost catapulted through the ropes. Then for an instant, his back and neck were open to Ali who cocked a punch but did not throw it, as though to demonstrate to the world that he did not want to flay this fight with any blow reminiscent of the thuds Foreman had sent to the back of the head of Norton and Roman and Frazier. So Ali posed with that punch, then moved away. Now for the second time in the fight he had found Foreman between himself and the ropes and had done nothing.

Well, George came off the ropes and pursued Ali like a man chasing a cat. The wild punch seemed to have refreshed him by its promise that some of his power was back. If his biggest punches were missing, at least they were big. Once again he might be his own prodigy of strength. Now there were flurries on the ropes that had an echo of the great bombardment in the fifth round. And still Ali taunted him, still the dialog went on. "Fight hard," said Ali. "I thought you had some punches. You're a weak man. You're all used up." After a while, Foreman's punches were whistling less than his breath. For the eighteenth time, Ali's corner was screaming, "Get off the ropes. Knock him out. Take him home!" Foreman had used up the store of force he transported from the seventh to the eighth. He pawed at Ali like an infant six feet tall waving its uncoordinated battle arm.

With 20 seconds left to the round, Ali attacked. By his own measure, by that measure of 20 years of boxing, with the knowledge of all he had learned of what could and could not be done at any instant in the ring, he chose this as the occasion and, lying on the ropes, he hit Foreman with a right and left, then came off the ropes to hit him with a left



"Do me a favor. Find something else to play with while I'm fixing dinner."

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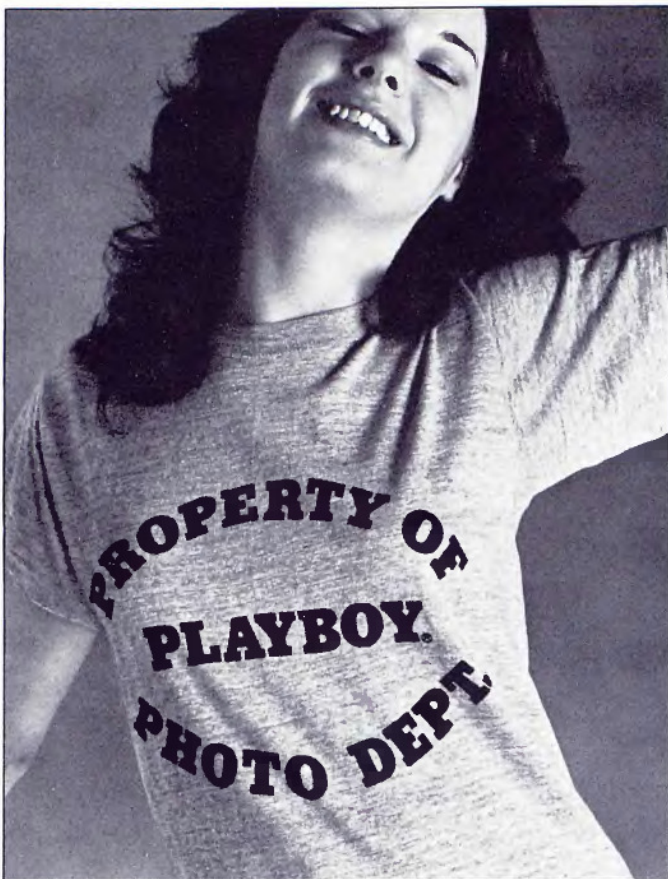
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and a right. Into this last right hand he put his glove and his forearm again, a head-stupefying punch that sent Foreman reeling forward. As he went by, Ali hit him on the side of the jaw with a right and darted away from the ropes in such a way as to put Foreman next to them. For the first time in the entire fight, he had cut off the ring on Foreman. Now Ali struck him a combination of punches fast as the punches of the first round, but harder and more consecutive; three capital rights in a row struck Foreman, then a left, and for an instant on Foreman's face appeared the knowledge that he was in danger and must start to look to his lost protection. His opponent was attacking, and there were no ropes behind the opponent. What a dislocation: The axes of his existence were reversed! He was the man on the ropes! Then a big projectile exactly the size of a fist in a glove drove into the middle of Foreman's mind, the best punch of the startled night, the blow Ali saved for a career. Foreman's arms flew out to the side like a man with a parachute jumping out of a plane, and in this doubled-over position, he tried to wander out to the center of the ring. All the while, his eyes were on Ali and he looked up with no anger as if Ali, indeed, were the man he knew best in the world and would see him on his dying day. Vertigo took George Foreman and revolved him. Still bowing from the waist in this uncomprehending position, eyes on Muhammad Ali all the way, he started to tumble and topple and fall, even as he did not wish to go down. His mind was held with magnets high as his championship and his body was seeking the ground. He went over like a six-foot, 60-year-old butler who had just heard tragic news, yes, fell over all of a long collapsing two seconds; down came the Champion in sections, and Ali revolved with him in a close circle, hand primed to hit him one more time, and never the need, a wholly intimate escort to the floor.

The referee took Ali to a corner. He stood there; he seemed lost in thought. Now he raced his feet in a quick but restrained shuffle, as if to apologize for never asking his legs to dance, and looked on while Foreman tried to rouse himself.

Like a drunk hoping to get out of bed to go to work, Foreman rolled over, Foreman started the slow head-agonizing lift of all that foundered bulk God somehow gave him and, whether he heard the count or no, was on his feet a fraction after the count of ten and whipped, for when Zack Clayton guided him with a hand at his back, he walked in docile steps to his corner and did not resist. Moore received him. Sadler received him. Later, one learned the conversation.

"Feel all right?"

"Yeah," said Foreman.

"Well, don't worry. It's history now."

"Yeah."

"You're all right," said Sadler, "the rest will take care of itself."

In the ring, Ali was seized by Rachman, by Gene Wilder, by Bundini, by a host of black friends old, new and very new, who charged up the aisles, leaped onto the apron, sprang through the ropes and jumped near to touch him. Norman said to Plimpton in a tone of wonder like a dim parent who realizes suddenly that his child is indeed and indubitably married, "My God, he's Champion again!" as if one had trained oneself for years not to expect news so good as that.

In the ring, Ali fainted.

It occurred suddenly and without warning and almost no one saw it. Angelo Dundee, circling the ropes to shout happy words at reporters, was unaware of what had happened. So were all the smiling faces. It was only the eight or ten men immediately around him who knew. Those eight or ten mouths that

had just been open in celebration now turned to grimaces of horror. Bundini went from laughing to weeping in five seconds.

Why Ali fainted, nobody might ever know. Whether it was a warning against excessive pride in years to come—one private bolt from Allah—or whether the weakness of sudden exhaustion, who could know? Maybe it was even the spasm of a reflex he must have refined unconsciously for months—the ability to recover in seconds from total oblivion. Had he been obliged to try it out at least once on this night? He was, in any case, too much of a champion to allow an episode to arise and was back on his feet before ten seconds were up. His handlers, having been lifted, chastened, terrified and uplifted again, looked at him with faces of triumph and knock-down, the upturned mask of comedy and the howling mouth of tragedy next to each other in that instant in the African ring.

Frost was crying out: "Muhammad Ali



"Behind every man there's a woman. For example, my wife is also doing five to ten in Tehachapi."

has done it. The great man has done it. This is the most joyous scene ever seen in the history of boxing. This is an incredible scene. The place is going wild. Muhammad Ali has won." And because the announcer before him had picked the count up late and was two seconds behind the referee and so counting eight when Clayton said ten, it looked on all the closed-circuit screens of the world as if Foreman had gotten up before the count was done, and confusion was everywhere. How could it be other? The media would always sprout the seed of confusion. "Muhammad Ali has won. By a knockdown," said Frost in good faith. "By a knockdown."

Back in America, everybody was already yelling that the fight was fixed. Yes. So was *The Night Watch* and *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

CHAPTER 5

For reporters, the fight had just begun. They had to get into Ali's dressing room. It became Norman's exclusive, his first. How he got in he was never able to calculate later, but a considerable amount of timely pushing through the squad of soldiers at the door had something to do with it. You had to shove hard enough to make progress, but not so hard that you would promote a rifle butt in your ribs—his final grand effort got one leg through just back of a fat man he had never seen before.

In the dressing room they were trying to slam the door to protect Ali from an inundation of flesh, so there was a minute when Norman was happy for every muscle he had. When someone made a lunge to get in behind him, the vanguard came down to parts of three bodies coming through the door at once. Since he was in the middle, and the other torsos were soft, he was ensconced. What a timeless squeeze.

Pat Patterson, with a chrome-plated pistol on his hip and a cop's rage at the assault on his bastion, finally gave a hand to drive the others out and pull Norman in. To his surprise, he was the only reporter in the room. Never did a man proceed to do less with his exclusive. Of course, he would have months to write his piece and half a year to see it printed—there was hardly the need to rush to a telephone in the next ten minutes. But even if a man had been waiting thousands of miles away at a city desk, he might well have done no more. He didn't want to ask Ali questions, he wanted to pay his respects. There are not that many occasions in life, after all, when the sense of irony has clearly departed.

Ali sat on the rubbing table with his hands on his knees, looking like a happy and tired host after a good party. His face was unmarked except for a small red bruise on one cheekbone. Maybe he

never appeared more handsome. He stared out like a child. "I have stolen the jam," said his eyes, "and it tastes good." Lights twinkled in those eyes all the way back to the beginning. Truth, he looked like a castle all lit up.

"You did everything you said you were going to do," Norman offered in simple tribute.

"Yeah. It was a good night." Neither mentioned that he had not danced. That must have been the surprise he promised.

"Fantastic fight," Norman said. "You're going to like looking at the films."

Ali drew a breath. "Maybe they'll admit," he said softly, "that now I am the professor of boxing."

The door to the dressing room was opened again to admit Belinda Ali. In Muslim dress, with a skirt that came to her ankles and a white cloth turban close to her head, she was a statuesque woman—precisely the word. Over six feet tall, as well proportioned as her husband, she had features sufficiently classic for the head of a Greek statue. She came forward and husband and wife looked at each other silently, as if a question of long standing had at last been resolved. They kissed. The object of love would prove for once deserving of love. He gave her a smile as open as the sweetness of his feelings. There was something so tender in Ali's regard, so mocking and so calm that the look appeared to say, "Honey, my ways got to be curious to you, and we both know I am crazy, but please believe me when I try to tell you that I am, my darling, by all scientific evidence, a serious fellow." (Or is that the way Norman would have spoken if he had ever won anything that well?)

Belinda now moved around the room to exchange congratulations. She made a point of going up to Roy Williams, who had waited through this long night without a fight. "I want to thank you, Roy, for all you've done," she said. "We couldn't have won this fight if you hadn't gotten Ali ready the way you did."

"Thank you," he said with pleasure, "it was sure a good night."

"I'm sorry you didn't have your fight."

"Oh," said Roy in his deep voice. "Ali won and that counts."

If Norman had been keeping his journalistic wits, he would now have gone to the other dressing room, but he wanted to discuss the fight with Ali, a feeble practical judgment. Other reporters were getting in to see the new Champion, and so many surrounded the rubbing table and Ali spoke in so low a voice that no more rations for the literary mill were going to be collected. By the time he left, Norman would discover to his unhappiness that he had missed George Foreman in his dressing room, a sore loss, for Foreman had things to say. Other reporters filled him in, notably Plimpton and Bob Ottum of *Sports*

Illustrated. Given the essential generosity of reporters to one another, it was all too easy to form atrocious habits and cover one's stories from the telephone in the bathtub; yes, even as reconstructed, Foreman had things to say. Yet, what a loss not to feel the battered aura of the ex-champion's mood. Every wound has its revelation.

The dressing room Norman never saw had red walls, and the fighter after the fight was covered with towels in gold lamé. "I got to beat this guy," Ali had said once. "I saw him at Salt Lake City. He was wearing pink-and-orange shoes with platforms and high heels. I wear brogans. When I saw his fly shoes, I said to myself, 'I'm going to win.'"

Yes, red and gold might be for fallen kings. Foreman lay beneath ice packs. According to Plimpton, he first asked Dick Sadler if he had been knocked out, then he counted backward for a while from 100, 99, 98, etc., to see if his head was clear, and he called out the names of the 20 people in his camp one by one. "I felt secure," said Foreman. "I had a true feeling I was in control of this fight. I was surprised when the people jumped into the ring." He said everything in a quiet, calm voice. "I was counted out," he said, "but I was not knocked out."

Let us quote Plimpton's account here:

He repeated, at times so slowly that it seemed as if he were stumbling through a written text, what he had so often said in dressing-room statements following his victories: "There is never a loser. No fighter should be a winner. Both should be applauded."

The reporters stood around uncomfortably, knowing that it would finally sink in that for the first time in his professional career his generous words for a loser referred to himself.

Then Foreman spoke of Ali. "A fine American," he said, "great gentleman. A wonderful family man." The reporters were counting how many times Foreman had been hit in the head over eight rounds.

He was still talking as the winner. There is all the temporary insanity of loss. One knows that there is a reality to which one can return, at least the odds are great that it will still be there, but reality does not feel real. It is too insubstantial. Reality has become a theory introduced into one's head by other people. It does not seem as natural as what one feels. George Foreman still felt like the Champion.

He took the ice pack off his face. "I have a statement to make. I found true friendship tonight," he said. "I found a true friend in Bill Caplan."

That was Bill Caplan who beat Foreman at ping-pong every day. Sturdy Bill



"Sorry, I just gave at the office!"



"Let's move to the back seat . . . my eyes hurt if I sit too close to the screen!"

Caplan, with his round face, his eyeglasses and a hundred reporters always mad at him because Foreman was uncooperative about interviews. With what eyes of Jewish compassion must Caplan have looked at Foreman after the fight. George's own people would not be so kind. By black measure, defeat is as bad as disease.

"I imagine," said George, "that the punch that knocks a man down he doesn't really see. I suspect he doesn't know about it."

There were crowds on the street outside the stadium and Blacks celebrating in the dawn. It was as if they had not dared to feel too much hope for Ali in advance of the fight. Yet just as there are men who reach their rightful historical stature only in the hour of assassination, so others do it on the morning of their victory. Outside the stadium, at six A.M., there was a crazy air of liberation all over the boulevards and back streets of Kinshasa. People were drunk, people were bowing to one another, people extended their arms and legs in the long moves appropriate to a basketball court. That seemed the way to float down the road. There was laughter, and people waving to one another two blocks away. Catcalls at the sight of him. A white man. Must certainly be for Foreman. Yes, the sweet spirit of revolution was back, not all sweet, let us say it is the spirit of change, and lions, cockroaches and philosophers are all awake. *Nommo* (if we remember)

is the Word, and the word is in the water, and life is in the air. The damp air on this dawn is full of the *n'golo* of the living and the thirst of the dead. It is a weird morning. Under these heavy clouds, there is a dawn that does not lift. The light is reminiscent of the pallor of the earth in an eclipse.

On the street, Norman has run into a gambling friend he knows at the casino and the two debate whether to try to walk all the way home, but it is eight miles and more. Finally, they get a cab. His friend promotes it. His friend sees a whore he knows passing in a cab and calls to her and offers to pay the fare if she will share it with them. She is a young and lovely whore with a dark-bronze skin, a body as lithe as a climbing vine and an abundance of dark-bronze hair in her armpits. She is at this hour in love with Muhammad Ali—one does not wish to change places with her pimp at this hour. She will not appear again in our account and since Africans, according to good Father Tempels, believe "the name is not a simple external courtesy, it is the very reality of the individual," let us give to print the full value of the reality she chooses for herself—which is Marcelline. They leave her soon at her house, a hovel with a tin roof on a humped dirt road with oil stains, tropical puddles and dead foliage. Marcelline has been as beautiful as a movie star.

At the Inter-Continental, everybody is drinking in the timeless dawn. At the

bar and on the patio, people are celebrating, people are toasting the morning in champagne. Norman runs into Jim Brown and cannot resist asking, "Think the fight was fixed?" Jim Brown grins ruefully, he shakes his head. He is happy to feel in error. "Man," he says, "I never been more wrong in all my life."

One by one, Foreman's people were there to talk to. Maybe it is the mark of a good man that defeat does not leave more than one good sentence in the mouth. Henry Clark, having lost his big bet, merely said, "The better fighter won."

Elmo, encountered in the lobby, was not saying a word. Norman said at last, "George met the man at his best."

Elmo gave a silent nod. He smiled. "Working on it," he said. "Oyé."

Archie Moore let a few words drop: "Boxing is syllables. You learn them one by one." Still his eyes had a light. He was loyal to George, but Ali was the triumph of his own tradition.

Dick Sadler talked at length. If he was a good man, then defeat gives speech to some. "It wasn't what Muhammad did," Sadler said. "it was what George didn't do. He didn't move. He didn't listen. I don't know what was going on. George don't let anybody hold him. He let Muhammad. We told him Muhammad was going to hold. George knew before the fight what Muhammad was going to do. But he punched himself out. George can punch all day. How does he punch himself out? I'm going crazy. Big bad George Foreman, known to be a brutal fighter, hits people back of the head, hits men when they're sitting on the ropes, hits them when they're down, bombs them in the kidney, a rough, mean fighter, and he lets Muhammad hold him. I showed him what to do. If Muhammad's got his gloves up protecting his head, then he can't see, so, George, poke him where he's blind. If he's down protecting his gut, let him hear it in the ear. Set him up with the left, George, give it to him with the right. He wouldn't do it, he couldn't do it."

"Maybe Ali is different from other fighters," Norman was tempted to broach his idea that this was the first major fight that bore serious resemblance to chess. Such comparisons were always sentimental conceits, and this was hardly the time. Still!

It is fortunate that he kept his mouth shut, for Sadler next remarked, "I'm just as stupid on the fight as you are. I got to think about it."

A six-year-old girl, down for early breakfast, early as could be, passed by and Sadler went to give her a hug. "*Bon jour, ma petite,*" he said. "*Bon jour.*"

The conversation still bothered him, however. He came back to Norman and said, "I ain't got the answer."

Then the rainy season, two weeks late and packed with the frenzy of many an

African atmosphere and many an unknown tribe, came at last to term with the waters of the cosmos and the groans of the Congo. The rainy season broke and the stars of the African heaven came down. In the torrent, in that long protracted moon-green dawn, rain fell in silver sheets and silver blankets, waterfalls and rivers, in lakes that dropped like a stone from above, and with a slap of contact louder than the burst of fire in a forest. It came in buckets, a tropical rain right out of the heart overhead. Norman had not seen a rain so bad in 30 years, not since he sat under a pup tent in the Philippines.

Later he heard what the storm did to the stadium. It poured onto the seats and poured through the aisles, it flowed down in jungle falls and streamed through the stairs and narrow entry halls, flooded the soccer field and washed beneath the ring carrying for its message the food and refuse of the 60,000 souls once sitting in the seats. Foreman's dressing room was a dark pool with old towels floating in a foot of water, and kids were prowling the stadium by the end of the deluge. Orange peels and fight tickets drifted into collection beneath the canvas and batteries were drenched, generators gave out. Half the telex machines broke down in the storm and the satellite ceased to send a picture or a word. What a debacle

if the storm had come while the fight was on.

Ali would laugh next day and offer to take credit for holding back the rain.

CHAPTER 6

On that next day (which is the same day just after sleeping from nine to noon) Norman had lunch and decided to go out to Nsele one last time and say goodbye to Ali.

Out there, the new Champion is giving a press conference to a hundred African reporters and media men, who gather around him with the solemnity and respect they might once have offered to Gandhi. It is three in the afternoon, not ten hours since he won, and he has probably not slept for half of that time—nonetheless, his tongue is unflagging and he must talk on fifty subjects, telling the Third World press in just the short time Norman is there how "the long dresses of your women impress me more than your jet planes and your Lumumba monument." A little later, he compliments them on changing their names to African. "On the occasion of his investiture," writes Father Tempels, the chief "receives a [new] name. . . . His former name may be no longer uttered, lest by so doing his new vital force may be harmed." Muhammad Ali, nee Cassius Clay, knew whereof he spoke, and talked of the emergence of peoples and

the disciplines of victory and the need for goals outside the vanity of the self. "These things George Foreman did not recognize," he intoned. "But I know that beating George Foreman and conquering the world with my fists does not bring freedom to my people. I am well aware that I must go beyond all this and prepare myself for more. I know," said Muhammad Ali, "that I enter a new arena."

My God! All of it! He was going after all of it. And why not, given the rate of increase at which he mastered the whole of whatever he was given. Norman was thinking of the first time he met him, there at a crap table in The Dunes, Cassius Clay in Vegas in the summer of 1963, a tall, skinny, nervous young fighter with an undefeated record and a mortal fear of Sonny Liston, whom soon he was going to meet. The boy was unhappy with the half-recognition of the name, "Norm Mailer, I heard of you. You're in the movies or something"—the boy did not like to be unsure—and later throwing the dice, so ignorant of craps he hardly knew when he won, yet still lucky as the vein of his ongoing fortune, Cassius complained when they passed him casino counters after a winning roll. "What are these things?" he cried.

"Chips."

"Don't gimme none of that stuff," he bawled. "Gimme some more of those

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silver dollars!" Just another mad-hat lout from Louisville. Now he was entering a new arena. "He who is not courageous enough to take risks will accomplish nothing in life," he told the representatives of the black media. "That is why I love and respect Africa. It is the land of risks and"—he looked for the word—"endeavor. The people have respect, yet they are brave to new notions. They are the force of the future." With what an immensity of anxiety must Ali live at the size of his world role and his intimate knowledge of his own ignorance.

Later, Norman and Budd Schulberg were alone with Ali for a few minutes and started to have a good talk about the fight. Ali was getting ready to expatriate. He was in the full enjoyment of analyzing his own fight. "George, you see," he said, "has got a breathing problem." But they were interrupted. John Daly and a group of his friends had come to visit the villa. Ali, with the happiest spirit, was soon charming the ladies. "Oh," he said in response to a query, "my mother never worries. I could be getting killed in the ring, but she wouldn't worry. 'My baby's all right,' she'd be saying." And he winked at Tom Daly, John Daly's father, with his 300 fights, to whom he had just been introduced. The phone rang. It was a reporter in New York, and Ali talked to him and made faces with his guests. "Yes, I will rest a few months and let you look at me as the Champ and him as the tramp." Laughter from the people near him. "No, I have no plans. They're talking of giving me ten million dollars"—a straight look at John Daly—"but that's ahead. No, I have no plans to visit the White House. I'm going to visit the Black House right here and see the President of Zaïre again and get my pet gorilla and take my little Joe Frazier home." He waited for the laughter and the next question. "You're asking if I was happy to get the title back in Africa, which is the home of my ancestors? Yes, I was happy, a good feeling, but it don't mean too much. I'd rather have done it in Madison Square Garden, because that's where the real nonbelievers are, that's the real fight crowd."

Later, after company left and evening was falling on the Congo, Ali went out for a short walk, but was followed by so many black people waiting outside the villa for a look at him that he soon came back. The red bruise on his cheek had subsided and his face was unmarked. The only sign he had been in a fight is that he moved with an extra subtlety of anticipation, like a man who has been in a wreck and does not know where pains will yet disclose themselves. He has taken a pounding to the side of his body and the top of his kidneys. In the privacy of his bathroom, doubtless he will wince and piss blood. That is the price after many a fight.

It was his pride, of course, to show

none of this. Feeling good, it was his happiness not to fail to offer happiness. So he paused at the door to his villa, as if he wanted to give the Africans waiting outside more adequate recompense for the time they had devoted, and he roared, "I can lick anybody you got. Give me your best. I will fight your best fighter."

The thin Blacks giggled. Those who understood a little English giggled immediately and the others took it up in ripples of laughter as his words were translated.

"Don't give me nothing but your best," said Ali.

A 12-year-old boy came out and started shadowboxing the air five feet in front of him. "You think you got a chance, huh?" said Ali. "You're in trouble. You're in a lot of trouble." He began to spar with the 12-year-old, who was fast and knew a little about boxing, and Ali slowly sank to his knees and cried out, "I'm the one in trouble. He's too much for me."

Everybody roared. Ali got up and said to the boy, "You whupped me today, but watch out. I'm going to go home and practice, and then I'll come back and whip you." He saluted the crowd and returned inside.

Once more it was time to leave and say goodbye and get ready to leave Africa. Norman made his farewells to Ali and Belinda and had a last look of Ali stretched out on the green-velveteen Borox sofa, his bare feet up on the coffee table, while Belinda, sitting across from him, was now in her turn giggling and tickling the bare soles of his famous flying feet with a small ivory back-scratcher. Farewell to Ali.

Driving on the road back to the hotel for the last time, Norman kept passing groups of young boys jogging on the shoulder. He did not know if it was a brand-new phenomenon, but squad after squad of young adolescents were out there on the dark roads, and once he almost hit a few, they came up so suddenly in the lights. On the night he jogged with Ali—was it five nights ago?—Ali said afterward, "It'll be a great experience for you remembering that you ran with the Champion just a few days before the fight," and he thought it a peculiarly heavy remark at the time but had the recognition now that it was just possible Ali was going to be right once more—already Norman was beginning to think of it fondly.

CHAPTER 7

There was trouble getting home. It would come at Dakar, where a mob, convinced Muhammad Ali was on board, would tear over the runways of the airport and surround the plane. There was, however, no sense of this on departure from Kinshasa. Rather, there was relief. Rumors had been passing that Ali and his camp would commandeer the flight. It was nice to find out at the airline desk

that one's First Class seat was still intact. No small boon. To be trapped in the middle of three seats in Economy on the 19-hour flight from Kinshasa to New York with stops at Lagos, Accra, Monrovia and Dakar had to be one of the intimate clues life offered of suffering after death. It was one of the longest flights left in the world, and sometimes one of the worst. Still, Norman liked it. A share of the action of Africa, legal and illegal, seemed to get on and off the plane: hunters and smugglers, engineers and tribal chiefs, black babies, and a mysterious white man in a black suit, white shirt, black tie, who traveled First Class with a black-leather satchel in the empty seat next to him. The seat had been purchased for the satchel and it was the only empty seat in the compartment. Who in First Class could take his eyes off the black bag? It would later develop that the owner was a King's Messenger, and when a British official met him to give escort off the plane, the man in the black suit exclaimed in a fine high-service English voice, "Thank God, you're here on time." Were the contents fissionable material or secrets of state? Were they crooks in costume and the real crop prove to be diamonds? It was the only flight Norman knew that on any routine night could offer the visual impact of a Hitchcock film.

Besides, there was time to think. Hours to think and hours to read. The boredom of a long flight could turn inside out again and boredom give way to epiphany. He had a few on the trip back. Events of the week enlarged the space he had prepared for them in his brain and he realized he might as well come to grips at last with something he had wanted to avoid from the start—which was what to think of Ali and the Muslims. He had implicitly kept waiting for some evidence that Ali was not a Black Muslim, not really, and that was absurd. It was time to recognize that being a Black Muslim might be the core of Ali's existence and the center of his strength. What was one to do about that? So he turned to the transcript of a speech made by Louis Farrakhan, national representative of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad on Black Family Day, May 27, to an audience of over 100,000 Blacks in the spring of this same year in which Ali would fight Foreman in the fall. He had listened to the speech once on a record late at night and since it was an hour in length, he had fallen asleep right after and remembered it not too well in the morning, more as a cogent, hard-driving piece of oratory than for its content. So he thought to have a transcript made.

The transcript was what he now studied, and it was clear. When he finished, he thought he might have learned a little more about Ali.

All of the black leadership that rose up in the last ten years has



"When counsel asked where the alleged rape took place, Miss Thornton, counsel was referring to the geographical location of the assault."

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died down. And one great leader and one great group is now emerging on the black scene for the whole of black America to look at. And that leader . . . is the Honorable Elijah Muhammad.

Louis Farrakhan spoke of the black people as a family that must take care of themselves. They had to be on guard against the efforts of the white man to turn them on one another, he said. Louis Farrakhan began to list some Black martyrs. First was Marcus Garvey, then Adam Clayton Powell. We may as well take a full section from his speech. It is not hard to read:

Adam Clayton Powell didn't tell you he was Jesus. He told you he was a friend of yours that wanted to do good for black people. But once they had isolated us from Adam Clayton Powell . . . they castrated him while we stood idly by, just looking. And it was only after Adam Clayton Powell was dead that you and I said, you know something, Clayton Powell sure was a great man. How come we can't recognize the greatness of men while they live? How come we have to wait until a man is dead and gone before we recognize what kind of man we have?

Oh, my beloved black brothers and sisters, I appeal to you this afternoon to reason. Look at Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver. Many of you loved the Panther philosophy. You loved to see a young black brother stand up and challenge the system. They were beautiful brothers. Beautiful men who wanted liberation for black people. But Whitey

there again infiltrated the Panther movement, and while many of the brothers and sisters were saying, "Right on, right on, baby! Right on!" within the crowd was an agent of the United States Government planning the destruction of the Panther party. You lived to see them put Huey and Eldridge against one another, bust the movement down the middle, and then break it up. And now they can talk about the Panther party because they destroyed it. Now they can talk about CORE and SNCC because they destroyed it. Now they can talk about Rap Brown because my beautiful black brother's in prison. Now they can talk about Stokely Carmichael because Stokely is out of the picture. But, oh, there's a black man in America who has been in the picture for 40 years, there's a black man in America that time has not destroyed. There's a black man in America who was here in the Thirties, here in the Forties, here in the Fifties, here in the Sixties, and now in the Seventies Elijah Muhammad is still on the scene and still going strong. (Rousing applause) . . .

What has made Elijah Muhammad survive? What has caused Elijah Muhammad to maneuver through the mountains of hate and propaganda? Don't you remember when they said we taught hate? Don't you remember when they said we were violent? Don't you remember when they said we were anti-White, and anti-Christian? And don't you remember when you didn't want nothing to do with the Muslims? Don't

you remember? Don't you remember the time when you wouldn't be caught dead at anything given by a Muslim? Don't you remember? Oh, don't act like you don't remember! 'Cause it wasn't that long ago! Just a few years ago. Here seated before me are ambassadors from the United Nations. Here seated before me are scholars and scientists, educated people who would never come near Elijah Muhammad! I ask you, what brought about a change in you? What made you come here this afternoon? It is because Elijah Muhammad has skillfully guided his followers through the maze of confusion and propaganda, Elijah Muhammad with wisdom never took up the gun. He told his followers, don't carry so much as a penknife. He said, do like I tell you and you will be successful. Elijah Muhammad took the dope needle out of our arms. Elijah Muhammad took the wine bottle out of our hands. Elijah Muhammad stopped us from throwing away our money on horse races and gambling. And he told us, Pool that money, brother. Pool that money, sister. And let's do constructive things. So now that all of the other black groups and organizations have been destroyed by white power, by white deceit, by white chicanery coming out of Washington, D.C., now there is only one leader left, there's only one group left. And that one leader and that one group represents the hope of the black man of America.

Louis Farrakhan did not, of course, mention Malcolm X nor Martin Luther King. The Black Muslims had hardly mended every fence. Nonetheless, what a power had emerged in Black America. If they had long been the single largest force in the prisons, so might they yet be the greatest civil force in black relations with America—farewell to the NAACP. Ali's mind might not be built on whims and contradictions, as Norman had thought for so long, but on the firm principles of a collective idea.

Whether it was an idea that would yet prevail and, if it did, bring more of good than damage, who could begin to estimate? Factors pushed up against one another like playing cards in a game of poker. Norman remained enough of a Marxist to think that the movement of the Black Muslims was first and foremost a historical offensive to forge for Blacks in America their own middle class. "A black man," Farrakhan said, "who only knows how to make a baby but does not know how to protect that child, who does not want to feed and secure that child, is an enemy to the rise of the black man. . . . Until you and I learn to love



"This looks like a good spot."

our children enough to want to protect them with our lifeblood, then we can never be respected as a people. . . . Until the black man learns to take his mouth out of the white man's kitchen, we will never be free. . . . We've got to feed ourselves . . . clothe ourselves . . . shelter ourselves." One of his phrases could have served 150 years ago as the future credo of the *bourgeoisie*—"The marriage of wealth and wisdom equals power."

If encouraged in their aims by the establishment, the Black Muslims would bring the Blacks their share of the middle-class emoluments of the white, including the white sense of order. The contradiction was that the Muslims might yet find themselves willy-nilly a revolutionary vanguard. Especially if they were denied. Besides, their movement was hardly free of many a complex alliance with the Arab world. What an unpredictable pot. No scenario would be too surrealistic to simmer in it. Let us peep in on Ali bringing peace to the Near East: "My dear Arab colleagues and my old Jewish friends," we can hear Ali say. Black Kissing.

No, Norman had the uneasy intuition that sooner or later, his admiration for Ali could change to the respect one felt for a powerful and dedicated enemy. No turn was too sinuous for the tricks of history and no dimension necessarily too

small for the future growth of Muhammad Ali. They had bestowed upon him, after all, a name with a great weight upon it. The original Ali was the adopted son of the prophet Muhammad. Now a modern Muhammad Ali might become the leader of his people. It was well for Muhammad Ali that he believed in predestination and surrender to the will of God.

Norman's thoughts were too general and he was full of champagne, misery, pleasurable recollections and lack of sleep. He slept. His dreams he did not remember. When he awoke, it was to the my-plane-is-sure-my-turf Southern tone of the pilot saying through the public-address system that he wished to assure his Pan American passengers there would not be any trouble at Dakar, but just in case, "'cause, folks, I don't know where they got the idea, it was just a rumor in Kinshasa, but the good people of Dakar are convinced that the Heavy-weight Champion is on the plane, and they want to see Muhammad Ali in person, so a bunch of them are out at the airport now. It's one in the morning in Dakar, but out there on the runway they are sure he's here on board. We're going to come in on one of the back runways and then maybe we can discharge our outgoing and take on our incoming passengers via the airport bus. In any case, we're sorry for the delay."

But when they landed in that far-off secret place at the other end of the airport, the secret had been discovered. Even as they taxied, there was the sight of hundreds of people running toward them. The pilot cut his lights, gunned his motors and the plane trundled across the airport to another runway. Other people came running toward them. The pilot cut the motors. "Folks," he said, "we've been instructed to sit tight for a while. If we keep taxiing, somebody out there might get hurt. So we'll just remain here for a spell. Everything will be all right."

In no time, the plane was surrounded. It was the most peculiar situation. Police cars with red flashers on top and police cars with blue flashers kept driving slowly into the crowd, and patterns of revolving red and blue light flared in S turns and spirals beneath the wings, and fire trucks drove up and hosed the crowd. And the plane got wet as well. Drops ran down the windows. Sitting on the ground, all doors closed, the cabin was getting hot. The police cars had given up. The plane stood at the end of a runway surrounded by near to a thousand people and every spotlight in the airport was beamed upon them. Now the plane could not start its motors without incinerating a part of the population of Dakar.

More people kept flowing out of the
(concluded on page 196)



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*After all, if smoking isn't
a pleasure, why bother?*

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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SKIN GAME

A few years ago, if you came home with a tattoo, Dad would leave his own mark on your hide. Today, however, with Joan Baez, Peter Fonda and even Barry Goldwater sporting anatomical art, tattoos certainly don't carry the stigma they once did. So if you've got a design somewhere on your bod, you may wish to join the Tattoo Club of America, 112 West First Street, Mt. Vernon, New York. President Spider Webb will fill you in on all the details, which include a newsletter and info about social gatherings. Spider Webb? Wonder what his tattoos are all about.



SAUCE FOR THE MICHIGANDER

There are all kinds of fringe benefits when you're the nation's Big Gorgonzola: going first class on Air Force One, toe-dipping in the Camp David pool and, of course, importing goodies from your home state to make life in the nation's capital just a little more palatable. And what has the great state of Michigan contributed to Gerald Ford's creature comforts? Tabor Hill, an obscure vineyard near Buchanan, whose Vidal Blanc 1973 is being served at all the best parties. Make that one more chili dawg, Jerry, and another tumbler of Tabor Hill.

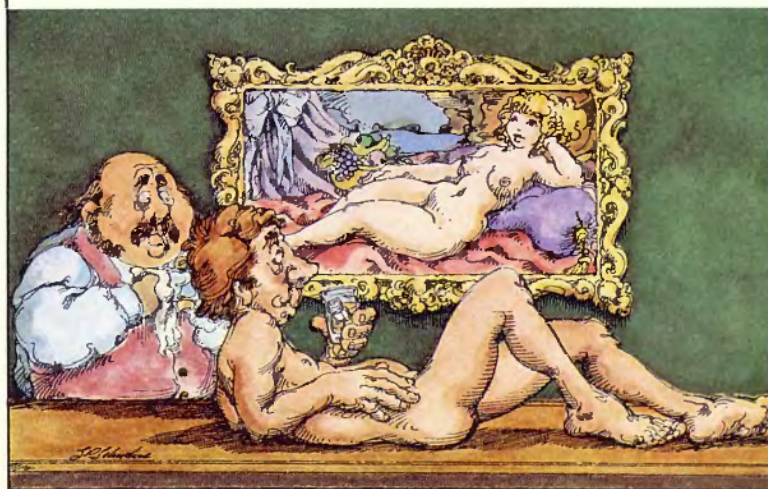
IT'S JUST THE GYPSY IN YOUR SOUL

You've always wanted to chuck that mortgage and join a band of gypsies, right? Better sample the life before you burn your bridges: Cheval Voyage (8 Rue de Milan, 75009 Paris) will provide you with a gentle horse, brightly painted wagon, harness, map and some useful addresses and turn you loose on unsuspecting France for prices beginning at 750 francs (about \$175) a week. Go any day from April to November and—voilà!—you're a gypsy. Of course, for dinner the first night, you've got to steal a chicken.



THE FACE ON THE BARROOM WALL

If you're a frequenter of a local saloon, then you know there's nothing worse than a mirror behind the bar. What boozier likes to watch himself change into a bleary-eyed, bloodshot drunk? But a bar with a nude on the wall—ah, there's a reason to stay sober. So, for a mere \$450 to \$750 (including the frame), Karl Mann Studios, at 232 E. 59th Street, New York City, will custom-paint you a (3' x 4' or 4' x 5') naughty lady in any style or pose. (Nothing *too* risqué, we hope, as your order must be placed through an interior decorator.) As they say in the barroom-nude biz, bottoms up!





MAKING WAVES

The Dynafoil may do to motorboating what the snowmobile did to dog sledding. Basically, you'd have to call it a water-borne motorcycle, because that's how it handles. It employs the same hydrofoil principle that causes those race boats to fly over the water at 100 miles an hour. The Dynafoil (881 W. 16th St., Newport Beach, California) costs \$1995 F.O.B. the factory, goes 40 mph and can seat two consenting aquanuts. And that should bring the score to Technology 15, Ecology 0.

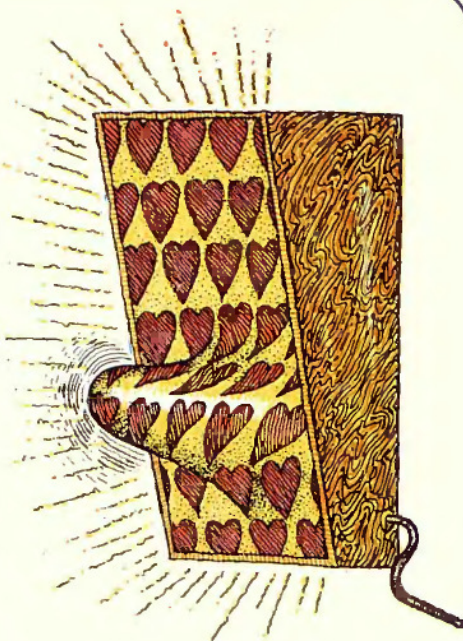


M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E

And for something really Mickey Mouse: Mickey Math, the superstupendous \$22.45 battery-powered calculator, guaranteed to make you rich, famous, more interesting and smarter or your money cheerfully refunded by JS & A at 4200 Dundee Road, Northbrook, Illinois. Originally designed for budding mathematical prodigies, Mickey Math is now available to ordinary executives like yourself. Best of all, it can do almost anything those expensive models can. Ready! Set! Multiply!

THUMP! OOH! THUMP! AH!

Background music has a great deal to do with lovemaking. If you make love to the *William Tell Overture*, you'll probably finish too fast. If you do it to Verdi's *Requiem*, you'll probably never climax at all. But if you do it to a new album called *The Ultimate Heartbeat* (\$6.98 from Syntonic Research, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, New York), chances are it'll be better than ever. Syntonic found that the sound of a female heartbeat improved sexual performance immeasurably. Primarily containing low-frequency sounds, *The Ultimate Heartbeat* is unlike any other LP ever released. And wait till you hear the next one: *The Ultimate Pacemaker*.



CHECKING KITES

The next time your girl tells you to go fly a kite, ask her to come along and help you get it up. The kite, that is, you pervert. And if you've got a Ghost Clipper like the one pictured here from Stratton Air Engineering (12821 Martha Ann Drive, Los Alamitos, California), getting it up is a cinch. Unlike yours, though, her mainmast is 4' high (the hull is 5' from stem to stern) and there's no sanding or painting involved. Complete with silk sails, wood frame and cast-iron ballast, the Clipper is easy to assemble and goes for \$29.95, plus \$2.25 shipping. And, as we all know, once you do get it up, the rest is just a breeze.



BREASTWORK

Some are pointed, some are flat, some are big, some are small, some are firm, some are saggy. What are they? They're female breasts, 45 of them, all photographed in black and white and contained on the glossy pages of a book called *Profiles*, by Baron Wolman. Softcover edition only is available at bookstores for \$4.95. The hardcover edition, limited to 600, is signed and numbered, comes with imported Italian endsheets and tipped-in front-cover print and goes for \$30 from Squarebooks, P.O. Box 144, Mill Valley, California 94941. Each page of the book has one breast photographed in profile. Nipples included. No extra charge.



ALL NIGHT LONG (continued from page 193)

terminal building toward the plane, streaming across the endless asphalt acres of the airport. Cars with loud-speakers drove up to address them and then drove away. Now a passenger bus arrived and parked and waited. Outside, the crowd shifted with rumors. Individuals broke off and ran when police cruisers would start their motors. Sometimes, like an elephant thrashing in its sleep, the crowd would shift a few feet in one direction or another, as if one of the rumors had moved through their legs.

"I think," said the pilot's voice, "we've worked out a *modus vivendi*. The people out there don't believe us when we tell them Muhammad Ali isn't on board. So we've agreed to let a delegation come on and search the plane. They won't incommode anybody and it may enable us to get going. Incidentally, we're going to disembark all departing passengers and take on the new ones right after the visit of the delegation."

A cheer went up from the passengers. The stewardesses brought drinks, an emergency dispensation.

Now the delegation came through. It was a fair sampling of the crowd, officers in uniform, airport officials, workers, one woman, one cutthroat, maybe twelve black people in the delegation. They started in Economy by looking under seats and in the bathrooms, and by the time they reached the front were becoming unhappily convinced that maybe the Heavyweight Champion was not on board. In First Class, Bob Goodman, a public-relations man for the fight, put a couple of pillows on his belly and covered them with a red blanket, "Muhammad Ali is hiding here," he whispered to the delegation, and the sight of his pink round face delighted the first two black representatives to come up the aisle, and they made a large play of peering delicately under the blanket before they began to laugh.

After the delegation left, passengers for Dakar got off and new passengers for New York got on, all of them walking through an aisle of police at the bottom of the mobile stairs that went up to the door of the plane. Announcements on the negative findings of the delegation were made periodically over loud-speakers and a part of the crowd started to leave. A considerable number remained. They had been tricked too many times over the last 20 years, and over the last 2000 years, to believe a delegation. They knew Muhammad Ali was on the plane.

A stewardess went out on the platform at the top of the mobile stairs and began to talk to the crowd in French. "We would be proud to have him here," she said through an electric bullhorn. "We would want him aboard. But he is not

on board. *Je vous jure. Muhammad Ali n'est pas sur l'avion.*"

The crowd looked at her. They hardly moved. She was tall and thin, with a quintessential American face, honest, good-featured, strong, a hint stingy, and she would never reveal a sense of humor too quickly to strangers. The crowd heard her out in distrust. She was a representative of the powers of vested white deceit. Catcalls came to her, but not too many. Black ears hung on the revelation of American character to be heard in the vowels and consonants of her French. Besides, she was the only actor left.

Norman had gone out on the platform at the top of the stairs to get some air. Since it was even hotter outside than in the cabin and smelled of old oil and jet exhaust, he stayed only to listen to the girl. She looked at him and shrugged. "It doesn't seem to work," she said, looking down on the waiting faces below.

"May I make a suggestion?"

"I wish you would."

"Say to them that whether they believe you or not, they must know that the Champion of the world, Muhammad Ali, would never hide from his own people in a bathroom."

"That's good," said the stewardess. "That might work. How do you say bathroom?"

"Try *lavabo*."

"*Lavabo. Lavabo.*" She picked up the bullhorn and delivered his thought, working gallantly at her French. He listened for a while. "*Muhammad Ali ne veut pas cacher dans la lavabo,*" said the girl. "*Il est trop grande pour cela. Un homme trop large pour avoir peur. La Champion du monde qui avait le courage de battre avec George Foreman ne cache pas dans un lavabo quand il y a une opportunité pour dire bon jour à son peuple. Il vous aime. Vous êtes son peuple.*"

No, nothing much seemed to be going on. There was an air of dead disappointment in the crowd. The evening had promised much and now they were damp from their own sweat and the fire trucks' hosing. After a while, Norman went back into the plane.

Some few minutes later, he saw that the crowd was, indeed, beginning to disperse. In another quarter of an hour, the stewardess came in and the stairs were removed, the airplane hatch was shut, the motors started up. Cheerfully, the captain shouted through the P.A. to the stewardesses, "Down, girls, we're about to roll."

They taxied and took off. Back in the air again, the stewardess who had been at the bullhorn came by and told Norman that she thought his idea had helped. He was sufficiently pleased to ask her name and explain that he was a writer and might wish to put this episode in his

piece. She replied, "I think I've got to ask the captain for permission." In a little while, she returned and said, "He says it's all right to tell you. My name is Gail Toes. Mrs. Richard Toes from Schenectady, based in New York. Toes like feet," she added, with a slight stiffening of her diaphragm, as if her husband might never know how much a girl loved him to take the name. One of the other stewardesses passing by now stopped and said to her, "Gail, I was proud of you. Your French is getting real good."

"Well, you got to work at something," said Gail Toes. She had much time on layovers in parts of Africa she knew little about, she explained, so she studied French.

A little later, on the high trip over the Atlantic, with the lights out and most of the passengers asleep, Norman played a game with the stewardesses in their forward compartment. It was something with five dice and many ways of counting bonuses, and he was not very good at it and lost by thousands of points, much to their amusement. Finally, he went to sleep and had a few hours before they put down in New York, and did not remember the game until some weeks later, when, thinking of it, he sent each of the girls an autographed copy of the soft-cover edition of *Marilyn* and expressed the hope they would think his ability to write was somewhat greater than his flair for dice.

CHAPTER 8

Would you like more of an ending? Here is an African tale. A tribal chief lent a sheep to a friend of Father Tempels'. One morning, the sheep was found dead. A dog belonging to the friend was found eating it. There was no evidence the dog had killed the sheep; indeed, it probably died in its sleep. Still, the friend, whose name was Kapundwe, happened to be a chief himself, and he made reparations to the first chief. The animal, after all, had been in his care. So he gave back not one sheep but three and added 100 francs. This large repayment was to compensate the first chief properly, since that man felt he had suffered something more than the mere loss of an animal. The shocking disappearance of his possession had disturbed his vital force. "His peaceful enjoyment of life" had been "wounded." The payment, therefore, was to recognize his natural rights to a "restoration of being." Both chiefs understood the transaction perfectly.

We are speaking of the economy of mood. Maybe it is the only economy in the play of forces between those who are living and those who are dead. Of course, we will hardly know until an African becomes emperor of the moon.

This is the conclusion of a two-part series.





THE STAIN (continued from page 116)

somehow cleansed by the incident.

And the more Arthur thought about it, the more he began to crave some such encounter. He would make a trip to Hiroshima. Word would spread of his arrival. There would be marching in the streets and a large banner: ARTHUR WISENER GO HOME JUST NOW.

His car window would be shattered. Someone would spit on him. Then, later, in the small hours of the morning, he would slink off to a brothel in some dingy quarter of the city and make love to a Japanese prostitute with a hideously scarred face.

But none of this happened. Instead, there was only the problem of the stain tickets. Last October, Arthur's wife had sent a sports coat of his to the cleaners and it had come back with the following notice stapled to the polyethylene bag that covered it:

We regret to say that the stain on this garment cannot be removed by our normal cleaning methods. Any further efforts on our part may do irreparable damage to the fabric.

Arthur examined the sports coat. He could find no stain. The next time it came back from the cleaners, it bore the same notice, and still he could find no stain.

He visited the cleaners in person the following afternoon, taking the jacket along with him. There was a lady behind the counter who wore her glasses

on a chain around her neck.

"Is all work done on the premises?" Arthur asked.

"We like to give that impression, but as a matter of fact, no," the lady said. "It seems to make people nervous if they think their clothes are going to be carted off to some other place."

"I don't want to go into that aspect of it," Arthur said. "I just want to know where you send them."

She gave him an address across town. It was a large authentic-looking building with several ground-level pipes emitting steam. Arthur asked to speak with the manager. A man appeared who definitely had food in his mouth but was trying to look otherwise. Perhaps he'd been caught unawares in the middle of a snack.

"It's about this," Arthur said. He held up his sports coat, which, for no accountable reason, he'd rolled up tightly and tied with twine. He explained about the stain tickets. "It's very important that I talk with him," Arthur said. "I want to find out exactly what the person who put the ticket on here does and does not know."

The manager explained that those tickets and all matters related to those tickets were the responsibility of the spot-removal man. "But I could make an exception and take a look, if you want," he said.

"No, I've got to talk with him myself," Arthur said. "In private."

The manager explained that the spot-removal man no longer worked there.

"His name's Earl," he said. "He quit two days ago and took a job selling quality infantwear."

Arthur got Earl's home address, which turned out to be a trailer park. Earl, a man in his 30s who was wearing a shirt Arthur didn't particularly like, answered the door. Arthur introduced himself and said, "It's going to sound like I've got some complaint about my sports coat, but that's not it. I want to talk with you."

Earl asked him to step inside, gesturing toward the television set as Arthur entered. "Hollywood Squares," he said. "I hardly ever watch it."

Arthur explained again about the stain tickets. Then he unknotted the twine around his sports coat and shook it out. "I guess it's naïve to bring this along, since, according to my theory, you're simply using it symbolically. Anyway, I figure I might as well start at the beginning. I earned a doctorate in physics at the University of Chicago in the spring of 1943. At the suggestion of the department chairman, I submitted an application to—"

Earl was staring at the jacket. "Wait—I remember this coat. It's the one with the spot."

"What?"

He pointed to the left-hand pocket. "Right there. It's kind of hard to see unless the light's just right."

"Oh. That." Arthur examined the stain. "That's strange," he said. "I can't understand why I never saw it before."

"My personal guess would be *guacamole*," Earl said.

Arthur stood up. "Well, I've got to be going," he said.

"I thought you wanted to talk."

"No, not exactly. I mean, it's nothing that couldn't wait."

When he got home, he put the coat away in his closet without taking another look at it. He was afraid that if he did, he would discover that the stain had somehow disappeared.

However, at some point in the middle of the night, Arthur decided he was being ridiculous. He got a flashlight, went to the closet and examined the jacket again. The stain was still there on the pocket.

The next morning, he awoke in good spirits, and it was not until lunchtime that the possibility occurred to him that getting up in the middle of the night to look at his jacket might have been only a dream. In the end, he decided such a possibility was too remote to warrant another look. Still, it was difficult to account for the fact that what he now recalled seeing by the light of his flashlight was not an actual stain but only the word stain itself, written on the pocket in small neat letters with a red felt-tipped pen.



"Here's a golden oldie you'll dig—'Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar.'"

BLUE DOG MOBILE

(continued from page 122)

stood unsteadily, dabbed at a bleeding cheek with his bandanna. The old sailor shoved out a hand.

"Rodney," he said.

"Jack Doyle," Doyle replied. "Pisses me off."

"Her, you mean?"

"Yep."

"Well, pull your finger out, lad. Go on back in and tell her to get stuffed."

"I've got a mind to," Doyle said.

"You'll catch the parade," Rodney said as he walked away, hands in the pockets of his coat, a rolling gait, "if you hurry it up."

Doyle sighed. In the distance, somewhere above him on the shining hill, he heard the blat of a tuba, thump of a bass drum. Russell Bird, his pip-squeak neighbor, he recalled, had played the flute for the Pittsburgh Symphony. Was that what Jen had seen in him? For three and a half years, right under his nose, while he, Doyle, except for a hooker now and then, had turned down every chance he'd had? He went up the hill as the parade came down with its whistles and bagpipes and marching bands.

She would be a pretty girl, he decided. Small, pert-nippled breasts, nicely rounded butt, sweet little powder puff of a bush. Strapped to a long wooden table,

perhaps. Legs spread on either side of a whizzing blade. One single, harsh, unyielding light. Evil men gathered around.

. . .

He dozed in the R.V. until dusk, then broiled two steaks, ate them by candlelight, drank a bottle of Burgundy, Nuits-Saint-Georges. There was traffic on the C.B. receiver now, mobile units returning to base, trawlers returning to port. Much of the dialog was in French. When there were transmissions in English, he was too embarrassed to break in. What, after all, would he say? "*Break, break, this is Blue Dog on Angusport Hill. Six hours ago, I heard a girl call for help.*" Maybe it had only been his own call for help, disguised and projected somehow through his set.

Jen had been a childhood sweetheart. In spite of his size, she had called him a pussycat. He had known her since seventh grade. They had gotten along fine—at least he remembered their getting along fine—until sometime after he left the Steelers. She had loved being associated with the team, had never missed a game. Whenever he played especially well, as he sometimes did, she got him into bed and worked him over until, by comparison, a game with the Packers would have been a relief.

"God, Jen!" he would croak.

"Damn it, I love you!" she would cry. "You're mine!"

They had things in common. They read books. He liked Fleming, MacLean, Dickey's *Deliverance*. She liked Updike, Roth, Bellow's *Herzog*. They listened to music through stereo headphones: he to popular, she to classical. She had never liked his job at the forge, had told him it paid too little, demanded too much. She thought he could do better, expected him to. He wanted more children, and they tried to have more, but she kept miscarrying, one after another. During moments of stress, he had tended to blame her for that.

"I just got bored," she explained at the end. He thought she seemed edgy. "I don't know just why, Jack. You were busy a lot. I just got so I didn't care anymore."

Sitting at the dinette, he emptied his pockets of the numerous pamphlets and fliers he had received during the afternoon, read from one an account of the brigantine *Baltimore*, which had, in December 1735, been discovered adrift in a nearby harbor, decks and cabins awash with blood. A lone survivor, Susanah Buckler, told authorities the ship had been attacked by savages.

"Damn right," Doyle said. "These things happen."

When he found his ticket to the

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"I'll give you three-seventy-five an hour."

carnival burlesque, he held it to the light. ADMIT ONE FREE TO BIGFELLOW'S HIAWATHA, it read. WORLD FAMOUS DANCE OF THE TOTEM POLE. He had seen Bigfellow's bus on the Portland-to-Yarmouth ferry, imagined an unsavory performance: some old, baggy cunt doing the bump and grind. At his age, it depressed him to realize he would almost certainly wind up taking it in.

• • •

The carnival, set up in a field near the waterfront, was an explosion of light and sound. Doyle was dazzled by it. He wandered mesmerized from booth to booth, ride to ride, stepping over cables from the portable generators, smelling popcorn and fat.

The hucksters called him in. Firing a rifle at a moving target the size of a 50-cent piece, he won a small stuffed panda, which thenceforth he carried with him, tucked under one arm. At another concession he watched a flat disk spin and predicted correctly through which of its many holes a trained mouse would run to get a piece of corn. Perhaps his luck was changing. He rode the Ferris wheel. It carried him to its highest point and stopped, and with his panda sitting beside him, the seat swinging gently back and forth, he looked through a damp sea breeze to the harbor, where, flooded with light, the replica schooner rode at her moorings. In the old days, with primitive tools, men had designed and built such ships.

Here I am, he thought. Here we are.

Bigfellow was familiar, a swarthy man in buckskins who stood at the entrance of his decaying tent, flanked by gaudy posters the color of rouge. There was only one way, Doyle decided, that a man of such average size could have gotten such a name.

"You gave me a ticket," he said, handing it over.

"Asshole," Bigfellow muttered.

Doyle loomed over him. "What was that?" he said. Hard to hear now. A ride called The Octopus had started up nearby: whirl and grind of machinery, centrifugal screams. . . .

"I was drunk this afternoon," Bigfellow shouted over the din. "I gave out too many of these. Give me a buck, will you, buddy? That's only half the regular price. You won't be sorry. Do me a favor, for Christ's sake!"

Annoyed at being hustled, nevertheless, Doyle produced his dollar and slipped inside. Here, under dim yellow light, a dozen men sat morosely on rows of wood benches facing a low platform. The platform was empty except for a varnished clothes tree to which a note had been pinned. Doyle, squinting, managed to read this message scrawled in purple ink: TOTEM POLE. HIAWATHA BACK SOON. Groaning, he took his panda to a middle bench.

"Come for the tit show, did you, mate?"

The old British sailor had been sitting alone, slumped in the last row. Now

he lurched up, came forward, took his place next to the panda, produced a fifth from under his coat.

"Have a swig?"

Doyle did not hesitate.

Hiawatha was young, a teenager in buckskins, vest, short skirt, moccasins. . . . Her brown hair, done in a long thick braid, framed a face so innocent, vulnerable, unprofound that Doyle, at the edge of his seat, fell instantly in love. Through a speaker suspended above the platform, a worn record scratched *The Sheik of Araby*. Hiawatha moved seductively but never smiled.

She can't be more than 16, he thought. Don't they have laws? (And where was Sarah? Showing herself to a bunch of old farts on some jerry-built stage in Oregon?) Just to the left of the panda, Rodney nodded, eyes closed. Doyle helped himself to the fifth. It was not until just before the intermission that he noticed the bruise on Hiawatha's right arm.

The bruise was the size of a man's hand, purplish, angry, just above the elbow. Having played three times, the record finally stopped and the audience applauded. Hiawatha, in G string and pasties, went through a tent opening to Bigfellow's bus parked alongside. Doyle, spurred by an impulse, staggered up. "I'm here!" he called. "If you need me!" Rodney caught the scrape, pulled him back to the bench.

"She's the one," Doyle whispered. "I know she is."

The sailor ignored him.

"That son of a bitch Bigfellow's got a C.B. receiver in his bus," Doyle went on. "I saw the antenna when we came over on the ferry. Listen to that noise out there, that Octopus or whatever it is. That's what I heard behind her transmission. He was drunk earlier today, he said so; and she's got a fresh bruise on her arm. He was probably working her over. God only knows what he did to her. She's too young to be in a show like this. He's probably kidnaped her and she's too scared to say anything. She hasn't smiled once; have you noticed that?"

The plain, broad features of the older man's face revealed nothing.

"Well?" Doyle insisted. "What do you think?"

Rodney pointed to the fifth.

"Swig it," he said. "Send it back."

During the intermission, Bigfellow collected a hatful of bills. Doyle glared at him as he passed. "You boys ain't seen nothin' yet," the swarthy huckster promised. "That little lady is just getting warmed up." What kind of terrible bat did he swing? Bigfellow, indeed. What was he capable of?

The music blared: Hank Williams this time, singing *Kaw-Liga*. Hiawatha returned and soon was moving naked on

the stage. Her breasts, small as peaches, joggled sweetly; firm white bottom, puff of hair. . . . Doyle groaned, clutched his panda to his chest.

"Come on, boys, step right up," Big-fellow hawked. "Look all you want, but keep your hands to yourselves."

The audience crowded the platform, ogled under the music ("Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, he never got a kiss . . ."). The bruise was terrible close up, Hiawatha's only flaw. She caressed the clothes tree, played with its pegs ("Poor ol' Kaw-Liga, he don't know what he missed . . ."). At the end of her dance, as if the end had been preordained, she stood in front of Doyle himself and modestly opened her legs ("Is it any wonder that his face is red . . .").

"I'm right here," he croaked, unable to look. "Old Blue Dog, remember? If you need help, just give me a call." He thought she smiled. Then Rodney took him gently by the arm.

"Come on, mate," the old sailor said. "Let's go out and air off a bit."

Before leaving the carnival, after Rodney had gone away, Doyle called the police. He got the captain on the phone and explained his theory, how it all added up. He had even spotted a poster not far from the tent, which said that if people were thirsty after the show, they should go to Lucille's for a shot and a beer. The captain satisfied Doyle that he would keep an eye on things. The carnival was expected to go on all night.

The hill seemed steeper on his way back up. He climbed its deserted streets slowly. By the time he let himself into the R.V., he was out of breath and his heel cord ached. The U.S.A.F. pilot had used the call sign "Poppa Wolf." Over the toilet he had stenciled a quote that read: LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE. Doyle always smiled when he saw it.

"You stay here," he said, and he set the panda in the tub.

It took him an hour to get ready to roll. He disconnected the hookups, battened things down. When at last he sat in the driver's seat, letting the engine warm up, it was as if he were poised at the edge of a volcano, the orange-red swirl of the carny molten below him.

"There's supposed to be a good road between here and Halifax," he said, switching on the C.B. receiver, listening to its hum. Tomorrow he would see lovely sights, asters in the autumn fields, meadow rue in the swales.

Jen, he thought, eyes brimming. *For Christ's sake, Jen.*

He blew his nose, put the R.V. in gear, began to move out. He moved out slowly, so her china cups would be safe in the on-board cabinets where he had placed them.



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SEX IN CINEMA-FRENCH STYLE

that continues to this day, encouraged by a fuzzy 1973 Supreme Court decision. Giscard paid more attention to others' views, having learned from a September 1974 poll conducted by SOFRES, France's leading opinion testers, that 54 percent of the general public and 75 percent of regular moviegoers favored the easing of film-censorship laws. Almost before the ink had dried on the SOFRES report, Giscard announced that French movie censorship was finished.

Though an aide hastened to explain that the president had been referring primarily to political censorship, Giscard's subsequent deeds—both public and private—have pegged him as a man who believes in *joie de vivre* at whatever cost. Kennedylike, he is a fast-thinking chief executive, impatient with detail, and a *bon vivant* who insists that what he does after office hours is nobody's business but his own. He maintains a bachelor apartment in the Elysée Palace, official residence of French presidents, while his wife and children live elsewhere. According to the prestigious daily *Le Monde*, he will often disappear for an entire weekend, leaving a sealed message with members of his staff so they can locate him in case of a national emergency.

Show-business and artistic people rather than bureaucrats are known to be Giscard's preferred companions. Phrases such as *Il court le jupon* have appeared in print, quite literally and unequivocally suggesting that he "chases petticoats."

(continued from page 146)

Gossips drop the names of prominent actresses, models and at least one well-known female photographer. Such hints of potential scandal erupted into the morning news after a long night last September, when Giscard d'Estaing allegedly crashed a borrowed Maserati into a milk truck at five A.M. Despite vehement official denials of the accident, rumors persisted that the car was the property of film maker Roger Vadim—one of the most celebrated French swingers since the Marquis de Sade—and that the truck driver had gone home with a pocketful of hush money.

Whether that story's true or false, Giscard is plainly a man of the world—one who would not find *Emmanuelle's* brand of eroticism too rich for his blood. In fact, 11 seconds were cut from the film—one bit snipped out of a scene depicting vaginal cigarette smoking by a night-club performer, another from a sequence in which *Emmanuelle* is buggered in public by the winner of a boxing match. Yet no movie has been altogether banned since the appointment of Giscard's suave minister of culture, Michel Guy, who has the final say about censorship of all films released in France, which are first submitted to the official *Commission de Contrôle*.

Still operative, with or without fangs, the Control Commission is an organizational maze staffed by professional film people, representatives of government ministries, provincial mayors, clergymen

and behaviorologists. Of the 78 members—61 men and 17 women—90 percent are 55 or older and boast the kind of credentials that rate a listing in *Who's Who*. The commission's decisions have little legal force, in terms of protection against harassment. Approved films may be—and often are—challenged by local officials or even by an outraged private citizen, which leaves the French in a judicial quandary roughly comparable to the jumbo American size. A complex system of recommendations forbids some films to minors under 13, others to minors over 13—or a movie chock-full of sex and violence may be OK'd with these words of warning: *Not recommended for sensitive persons* (presumably meaning those of delicate sensitivity, whatever their age). In considering each work, distinctions are drawn between erotic films of discernible aesthetic quality and those the commission blithely labels *la fesse au mètre*, or "ass by the yard."

Taboos do exist: French sex films stay fixed in the realm of soft-core—where erect male genitals, "established penetration" and made homosexual relations are subject to a policy that might be called *penis non gratis*. But this, too, is changing. Male genitalia, whether rigid or flaccid, were impermissible *in toto* until 1969, when British director Lindsay Anderson's *If . . .* scored a first. Thereafter, Bertrand Blier's *Les Valseuses* unselfconsciously let it all hang out and even implied an instance of amiable buddy-buddy rape between its male protagonists (Patrick Dewaere and Gerard Depardieu). In Vadim's newest film, *La Jeune Fille Assassinée* (*The Murdered Girl*), something that looks like a bejeweled erection is plainly visible. Vadim, a pioneer creator of sex symbols (beginning with Bardot), claims that the time is long past when frankness about love and eroticism can be considered shocking. He feels that French film makers still have a long way to go and declares himself personally "fed up with being imposed upon by producers—on no matter what subject, for no matter what reason." His *Jeune Fille*, starring *Lui* magazine cover girl Sirpa Lane opposite Vadim himself, is a sexually spiced murder mystery somewhat in the manner of Hollywood's classic *Laura*.

Imported porno of *Deep Throat* or *Behind the Green Door* intensity never opens in Paris and has yet to face a serious test against France's censors, who would rather delay that confrontation indefinitely. Meanwhile, both films have been shown repeatedly in an annual hard-core orgy at the Cannes Film Festival, where outright raunch from everywhere usually plays in side-street theaters to S.R.O. audiences—a practice that officialdom blinks at, since the purpose of such screenings is ostensibly private and, under festival auspices, to hustle non-French foreign buyers. Which actually



"Boy, is she stacked!"

A man and a woman are on a beach. The woman, in a red one-piece swimsuit, is walking barefoot towards the left. The man, in a blue wetsuit with a yellow belt and a cigarette in his mouth, is standing by the open trunk of a light green car. The car has a California license plate that reads "107".

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of our
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Oct. '74.



Regular and Menthol

means—entry limited to anyone with the price of a ticket who can fight his way to an unoccupied seat or a square foot of sitting space in the aisles.

The most hotly debated—and unresolved—censorship issue in French movie circles at present is the question of financial aid to the industry. From a 23 percent to 24 percent tax collected at the box office on every film in distribution, 14 percent of the total take goes back to movie producers for reinvestment in new productions. But Culture Minister Guy's controversial three-point program for handling screen violence and pornography proposes: (A) a radical softening of censorship for adults, (B) strict control of posters and (C) strict control of funds . . . "which benefit pornographic and violent films."

Guy argues that sex films per se are usually cheaply made and highly profitable and require no government-sanctioned tax breaks to guarantee their

future. His opponents—virtually the entire movie profession—see this "economic censorship" as punitive, a measure fraught with frightful possibilities for the future. One day, they argue, there may be a more uptight Commission Control or a minister less liberal than Guy himself—one who may not discern, in cutting off Support Fund francs for porno, that a *Last Tango* or an *Emmanuelle* is appreciably different from such French ticklers as *Sexually Yours*, *Hot Sex* or *How to Enjoy Being an Intelligent Cuckold*.

The new erotic films have provoked some pretty volatile controversy within as well as outside the industry. Actress Marika Green, the lissome blonde who plays *Emmanuelle's* favorite archaeologist and sex object, reports her reception at a formal film-industry dinner: "When I arrived with a delegation from *Emmanuelle*, we were hissed and booed by colleagues . . . which seemed to me cruel,

very unprofessional. They envied our success, I suppose . . . it's only human."

Trailing *Emmanuelle*, but generally considered miles ahead of it aesthetically, Polish-born director Walerian Borowczyk's *Immoral Tales* is a box-office hit as well as the most critically acclaimed and significant French-language sex film since Luis Buñuel's 1930 milestone of erotica, *L'Age d'Or*. This rich, ritualistic four-part movie treats lewdness like excerpts from the Oxford Classics. Following an amusing introductory display of pornographic *objets d'art*, the action begins with a *Tale* in which, at an isolated shore, a 20-year-old hero teaches his 16-year-old cousin to give head, timing his climax mystically with the incoming tide. What follows are a teenage masturbation fantasy, a 17th Century lesbian orgy staged by an evil countess (played by Paloma Picasso, daughter of the Picasso) who bathes in the blood of virgins, plus an incredible showpiece about Lucrezia Borgia—who gives birth to a child conceived during an unholy sexual union with her father, Pope Alexander VI, and her brother the bishop.

Religion, generally considered a risky topic by the best U.S. pornographers, appears to be fair game among film makers in Catholic France. The prevailing attitude is summed up by André Pieyre de Mandiargues, a highly esteemed author who wrote the porno short prefacing *Immoral Tales*: "To shock is as modern today as to preach at the time of the Crusades." (It may be relevant—and it's certainly piquant—that within the past year or so, the French press has chortled over two savory scandals involving churchmen. First a 69-year-old Catholic cardinal was found dead in a night-club dancer's apartment, then a 57-year-old bishop died of apparent heart failure in a hotel frequented by prostitutes.)

The current success in Paris of Buñuel's racy, brilliant *Le Fantôme de la Liberté* must be more than mere coincidence. Recognized throughout the world as one of cinema's great social satirists, the 75-year-old Buñuel turns all the rules of civilized behavior upside down in *Le Fantôme*, with irreverence the keynote of a scene about a group of lewd traveling monks—who repair to a young lady's room at an inn to play poker, using religious medals for chips. The film's sexy shticks are even funnier and a natural extension of Buñuel's lifelong battle with holier-than-thou authoritarianism. Says he, "Sexual pleasure for me is directly linked with the idea of sin and exists only in a religious context. . . . Sex without religion is like an egg without salt."

Another of the recent outrageous entries, *Grandeur Nature* (*Life-Size Doll*), offered no offense to piety but carried automation a bit beyond some critics' acceptable bounds. Balding, late-40ish



"Gosh, Babs, you certainly know the quickest way to a man's heart!"

Michel Piccoli—who might sooner pass for a shoe salesman or a bank teller than for the major French star and hard-working sex symbol he happens to be—played a man with a fix on an amazingly realistic female mannequin that could, and did, satisfy his every need.

The naughty New Wave of French cinema is bound to meet opposition, and some of the loudest dissenting voices suggest that all this sexual hanky-panky may just be the opiate of the masses, seductively disguised. Georges Séguy, influential chief of the Communist labor unions, declares: "Degradation of morals in books, the press and in films leads to fascism. . . . We, therefore, must fight against it."

Séguy is answered by film maker—author Alain Robbe-Grillet, who wrote *Last Year at Marienbad* before picking up a megaphone himself. Robbe-Grillet's recent movies, in the opinion of his detractors, have become less and less artistic as they have become more and more erotic. His 1974 *Glissements Progressifs* (*Gradual Glidings of Pleasure*) was followed this year by *Le Jeu avec le Feu* (*Playing with Fire*), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Anicée Alvina and Emmanuelle's Sylvia Kristel in the kinky story of a banker's daughter who is kidnaped and taken to a brothel where wealthy clients indulge their favorite fantasies—in a Gothic room, a torture chamber, a nun's cell, etc. Erotic films, to Robbe-Grillet, mark "the slow but certain rise of a new generation," and he mocks the orthodox left (Communist or otherwise) for its closet puritanism: "As far as the flesh is concerned, if it is not sanctified by the class struggle, then it remains subjected to a kind of condescending smile which we must call censorship."

Pleasure is his business, insists Robbe-Grillet, in effect scorning militants of any movement: "I was reproached for having hired good-looking girls as actresses. It seems this is phallocratism. To please women's lib, one would have to choose women as unattractive as possible and photograph their faces and bodies in such a way as to make them outright horrible: *That* would be feminism! What a funny thing."

Masculine or feminine, beautiful or merely passable, young or old, star or superstar, few French film actors show deep reluctance to shed their clothes and inhibitions for an important role. Romy Schneider, one of the most luminous sex goddesses of the moment, resurrected her sagging career to become one of France's box-office champions as a svelte seductress. Romy has made five films in ten months—ranging from the murderous black comedy *Le Trio Infernal* (with Michel Piccoli) to the romantic drama of *L'Important C'est d'Aimer* (*The Important Thing Is to Love*)—and seldom gets through the last reel without a nude scene. Such big-name performers as Alain



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Delon and Annie Girardot don't quibble about total nudity for a romp at the beach in a psychological thriller called *Shock Treatment*—which can be roughly compared to an American movie with, say, Paul Newman and Shirley MacLaine cavorting *tout nu* just for the hell of it.

In Bardot country, as everywhere else, sex appeal in some degree has always been the *sine qua non* of screen stardom. Mireille Darc (Delon's offscreen inamorata as well as his co-star in *Icy Breasts*) is France's favorite blonde—whose evening gown with a peekaboo derrière was a highlight of the hit comedy *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe* and its sequel, *Le Retour du Grand Blond*. Nathalie Delon (Alain's former wife) makes nudity a habit in such steamy gambols as *The Monk* and *Vous Intéressez-vous à la Chose? (Are You Interested in It?)*. Though glamorous Catherine Deneuve depends on sheer beauty (and those Chanel ads) rather than sexual exhibitionism to stay on top of the heap, *l'époque érotique* nonetheless makes demands. To publicize *Zig-Zig* (the title taken from the word GIs used during World War Two to ask *mesdemoiselles* for a lay)—in which she is teamed with Bernadette Lafont as a night-club songbird and occasional hooker—Deneuve posed for journalists in Pigalle in front of Esmeralda's Erotic Saloon, a local den of iniquity where parts of *Zig-Zig* were shot.

Among the relative newcomers who have learned that a bit of timely stripping may augment their acting talent to advantage are ambitious, exquisite fashion model Aurore Clément (the most promising new face in Louis Malle's *Lacombe, Lucien*) and petite Brigitte Ariel (who went from the title role of *La Môme Piaf* into Otto Preminger's *Rosebud*). Both are probably happier with their lot than Anne Libert, known to a coterie of admirers as "the Bardot of porno," is with hers. Anne's list of soft-core film credits reads like a month-long orgy and hardly requires precise translation: *Sex à la Barre*, *Les Ardentes*, *Club Privé*, *Bananes Mécaniques*, *Le Rallye des Joyeuses* and *Les Expériences Érotiques de Frankenstein*. "There is not a single one I am proud to have made," Anne declares vehemently. "Those who make them are known directors who change their names to shoot films of bad quality. Sometime I'd like to ask: *Shouldn't we actors change our names, too, when we play in your films?* I dream, finally, of acting in an erotic film which wouldn't be only a pretext for exhibiting a naked girl in all positions. To make love really is not so photogenic . . . and they use 'specialists' for the most daring scenes, the same people who pose for the obscene photographs sold in Pigalle."

Anne's sentiments about the briefcase-and-raincoat crowd in a few well-chosen words that actors from Montmartre to Sausalito would undoubtedly drink to: "I can play in the nude if it is necessary for the movie . . . but not if it is only necessary for the man sitting alone in a theater."

Dark-eyed, articulate Anny Duperey, a rising stage-and-screen actress cast opposite Jean-Paul Belmondo in *Stavisky*, takes a somewhat stronger stand. "Many directors now feel compelled to include a sex scene, necessary or not. This trend is a catastrophe for cinema. If *Emmanuelle* were good, all right. But because it's a bad film, its success is a little unnerving. I do not speak from prudishness. I feel very differently about *Contes Immoraux*, which is very sensual . . . more than sexy, with a sense of flesh. You can see it, *feel* it."

Every discussion of cinematic sex is reduced at last to terms of quality: While bad-to-mediocre taste should not be suppressed, most people in the industry agree, good taste is better. Director Michel Drach, who scored an international hit with his tender, non-erotic *Les Violons du Bal*, has been polishing up a new movie titled *Parlez-moi d'Amour*. Drach's *femme* star in this story of a teenaged boy's awakening is ample Andrea Ferreol, who will appear nude—in her most expansive display of voluptuousness since she separated the men from the boys in *La Grande Bouffe*. "Mine is not an erotic film, however," says Drach. "Perhaps I would make one sometime, because sex is an important part of life. But no porno, which has become an obsession here. Today every French movie begins with removing a pair of trousers, yet there's no genuine erotic sensibility. You see famous actresses over 40 tearing off their clothes, doing incredible things. If you copy *that* fashion, you become unfashionable in one year. And the real French porno is so sad . . . you sleep, *zzzzzz*."

Whether *le sexy* cinema will go from wicked to worse or on to bigger and better things, no one can say for sure. But no one can call the French quitters. "The wave will grow, because it's the first time we have had a climate so permissive," says director Michel Mitrani, whose *Guichets du Louvre* (*Black Thursday* in the U.S.) is a sensitive World War Two reminiscence that places him well outside the ranks of porno peddlers. "So many people are going to erotic movies, it is worrisome. Right now they are attracted by eroticism . . . perhaps tomorrow they will want violence, the next day, politics."

Meanwhile, *Emmanuelle* director Jaeckin is well into *The Story of O*, an expensively produced version of the definitive sadomasochistic novel, which will

introduce delectable Corinne Cléry, former model, as a brand-new candidate for sex stardom. Jaeckin sounds untroubled by second thoughts about the avalanche of erotica he helped unleash: "Pornography, for me, signifies vulgarity. I watched ten minutes of *Deep Throat*. This kind of film bores me. *Emmanuelle* is absolutely a film *érotique*. . . . Though I regret it was not a stronger story, there's not a single pornographic scene." What does Jaeckin call pornographic? He defines his terms pungently: "There are things very beautiful and things very ugly—a fart can be pornographic, a fart *cannot* be erotic. *Story of O* is a true *histoire d'amour*. I dream of discovering an O in my life. . . . I would be madly in love with a woman identical to her, capable of giving herself thus, with such passion."

Militant feminists might raise an eyebrow at that, though women have been known to change their minds. Sylvia Kristel, widely quoted as declaring she'd made her first and last excursion into erotica ("What can you do for an encore after *Emmanuelle*? Besides, erotic films are boring"), will definitely appear in a sequel titled *L'Anti-Vierge (Anti-Virgin)*. About to begin under the direction of glamor photographer Francis Giacobetti, *L'Anti-Vierge* will describe *Emmanuelle*'s attempts to share her own high-level sexual vibes with a novice.

Le Chaud Lapin (The Hot Rabbit)—a new release by youthful director Pascal Thomas—stars gangly, hawk-nosed Bernard Menez as an awkward seducer who tries to make it with all the proper women at his best friend's country house, finally strips himself naked in despair and runs off to wind up his vacation in the company of three hippie *demoiselles*. Zouzou, star of Eric Rohmer's prestigious *Chloé in the Afternoon*, is slated for a comedy called *Les Lolos de Lola (Lola's Boobs)* is probably the closest English equivalent—as well as a clear indication of the direction of things since *Claire's Knee*. And as soon as he finds time, indefatigable Michel Piccoli plans to commit a few more cardinal sins in director Francis (Le Trio Infernal) Girod's *Diable en Soutane*—or *Devil in a Cassock*—playing a priest with a weakness for thievery, fornication and murder.

There are apt to be new surprises stemming from the second liberation of Paris. There's also reason to hope that inbred French elegance, free of former restraints, will ultimately have a positive influence on serious film makers everywhere. France's boom of eroticism could become a *force majeure* working to narrow the aesthetic gap between the tackiest hard-core porno and mature, exciting, intelligent movies in which performers won't always have to grab for the bedcovers at the mere mention of s-e-x.





"I've come across a rather disturbing find, Carstairs!"

AVEDON

(continued from page 84)

reflection hurrying along, and the formidable prophecy comes to him that there will never be enough time—that he will see himself grown old running.

Avedon is the grand master of the fashion photograph. No one in the field has ever been as consistently successful on so many levels. If a major part of a commercial photographer's need is to be commercial (and it is), this is a man deeply fulfilled. He calls himself a "very successful small businessman," but the claim is too modest. His profits can make grown men weep into their Instamatics. For instance, he has been paid in the green and enviable neighborhood of \$200,000 a year by Revlon to metamorphose Lauren Hutton into the ultimate (but not *too* ultimate) Ultima woman—a campaign that, while substantially enriching both advertiser and photographer, has virtually enshrined the model. The photographs, which currently dominate the front sections of most major magazines, take about a month of Avedon's year.

After a memorable epoch at *Bazaar*, he is now the top-seeded contract photographer at *Vogue*. By this time, he is such an *éminence grise* in the profession that there are few working photographers

whose styles have not been affected by him. The essence of modern fashion work is to a great extent the Avedon manner. The keystone of that manner, and the key to his influence, is innovation. It has been his life line to reality, the grace note that gets him through days when maybe an Oscar de la Renta gown seems less than crucial to the development of the human soul. The now ubiquitous plain white background, isolating the emotive model, is his invention. The notion of the expressive model is also largely an Avedon creature, stemming from his work with the fabulous antimannequin sisters Dorian Leigh and Suzy Parker and leading eventually to a symbiosis of photographer and model previously associated only with painters. (David Hemmings astraddle Veruschka in *Blow-Up* is not an image that comes readily to mind when you glance through fashion magazines of the pre-Avedon Thirties and Forties.) In the Fifties, he introduced the blurred impression of movement into fashion pictures and glamor portraits and pursued it so avidly that John Szarkowski, curator of photography at the Modern, once seriously suggested in his book *Looking at Photographs*, "It is possible that Avedon was in fact one of the architects, unwitting or otherwise, of the jet-set concept,

which was based on the premise that people with style do not alight."

Even given the disproportionate power of photography in this visual age, Avedon has a phenomenal instinct for the *Zeitgeist*. If turning Penelope into the national Tree was nothing short of alchemical, imagine the sleight of eye needed to make Chér Bono into the cover girl princess of America. Ten years ago, Chér sang at a party given by Jackie Kennedy and was spotted by *Vogue* editor Diana Vreeland, who told her that if she lost 50 pounds or so she could pose for *Vogue*. Before you could say fairy godmother, Chér was pure protein and she was turned over to Avedon for her debut in the November 1966 issue. The relationship has been onward and upward ever since. Chér regularly appears on *Vogue's* cover these days looking like a kind of deco vampire. A climax of sorts came when a picture taken for *Vogue* was picked up for *Time* magazine's March 17th cover story. In the picture, Chér stares expressionlessly at the camera, prettier and deeper looking than her TV persona, her body wrapped in a diaphanous nothing and coiled with the tense, hustling energy that is the mark of the media star-creature. The cover said everything the article inside tried to say and the issue was a newsstand sellout.

In a milieu not exactly famous for social progress, the rare milestones are mostly his. Against determined opposition at *Bazaar*, he used the first non-Caucasian model to appear in a fashion magazine (yellow-is-beautiful China Machado) and later championed Donyale Luna as the first *haute couture* black model. Not the battle of Selma, maybe, but significant enough in a world where yellow and black girls represented \$1.50 an hour plus carfare. And it's worth noting that he went South early in the civil rights movement and spent months photographing the participants, black and white, in the growing struggle. Out of this came *Nothing Personal*, a book he and James Baldwin produced in 1964.

Not the least of his breakthroughs were the first high-fashion bare breasts, a more-or-less-royal pair belonging to one Contessa Christina Paolozzi. Hard to imagine, these days, but the picture sent hot flashes through the ladies and gentlemen at *Newsweek* and *Time*. And now there's a push for pubic chic. In his hospital room, he showed me a contact sheet of Lauren Hutton, modeling nothing but her very well-landscaped self. "*Vogue* isn't ready for Lauren below the waist," he said. "Oh, well. . . ."

. . . .

The young Avedon was no child Hercules with a Brownie. He had no desire at all to be a photographer. The only son of a proud Jewish merchant might



"My apologies to you guys—I never thought you'd get away with it!"



"THE SEX TAPES"

What turns women on?

That's the first subject of a new monthly column of taped interviews with men and women about the nature of their sexuality. And for the answer, OUI goes to the experts: women themselves. Their responses are surprisingly frank and shockingly intimate.

Think your technique works? Now find out what the other side really thinks—in the first uncensored installment of *The Sex Tapes*. Beginning in the current issue of OUI.



In the same tightly stapled June issue you'll find an exclusive interview with the father of existentialism, philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre.

Sartre contends the world has a future only if we head toward a humanitarian, decentralized, socialist, collectivist society. And that's the good news.

To have a good time—while you've still got time—just say OUI.

At your newsstand now.

dare to be something other than a businessman, but that thing would not likely be a photographer, at least not then. Instead, he had literary ambitions. He edited the DeWitt Clinton High School literary magazine with fellow student Baldwin (and, in good writerly tradition, was a washout at everything else). Things went along well enough, it seemed, and then he failed to graduate from high school. It was a time when all dreams of glory began with a diploma, so the catastrophe was of unthinkable dimensions. He began constructing a wall of lies to keep his father from finding out, and family life became increasingly uncomfortable. He got a job cleaning the darkroom of photographers and neighborhood friends Mike and Steve Elliot. It was not a desk at *Commentary*, but it let him stay away from home. When the operation moved down to 57th Street, he went along, assisting and cleaning up in equal measures. Then one cold Sunday there was a war on, and when Mike went into the merchant marine to set up its photography department, Avedon followed. In the exotic setting of Sheepshead Bay, he began making the most basic of all portraits, the military-identity picture. One day, on maybe his 50,000th mug shot, he realized that by a chain of casual coincidences, he had become a photographer, if only because there was nothing else he felt capable of doing.

The realization brought no particular joy, but it was a straw to clutch at in increasingly hard times. From the beginning, the merchant marine had brought new pressures on him. (In the holy war against Hitler, the bunks of Jewish recruits were regularly scrawled with swastikas.) Once, trying to prove himself, perhaps, he volunteered to photograph an autopsy. He had to climb a stepladder with a heavy 4 x 5 camera and hang out over the eviscerated body of a young man about his age. He can remember a feeling of dread that he would drop the camera into the boy's gaping chest.

He quit the merchant marine in worse shape than he had entered it. Almost immediately, he went into analysis, and for months he was so locked into his own head that when his analyst told him that she was taking a few weeks off to have a baby, he hadn't even noticed that she was pregnant. But he had a skill. He bought a camera, found (and later married) a model and began to pursue that skill with such desperate energy that within five years he was the boy wonder of commercial photography.

The headlong rush upward and the ensuing, continued success are unpardonable in certain serious quarters, where the romantic theory persists that (1) important photography can be achieved only by those who suffer importantly and (2) suffering can be achieved only by

having too little money. For this hardy band of purists, making a lot of money taking pictures of beautiful women is a crass sellout that voids all other aspects of a photographer's work. The stigma is rarely escaped. But it doesn't matter as much as it used to. Avedon ignores the classic strictures, and it is because of photographers like him, Irving Penn and Hiro that those strictures are disappearing. "I'm not really concerned with what's art and what's not. I'm interested in all my pictures. They're just different kinds of pictures with different purposes and different depths."

He is a brilliant juggler, having a great time. That he can balance such diverse elements as Catherine Deneuve and the Chicago Seven is perplexing to the purists, but no more so than the idea of someone like Robert Frank's living for years with self-imposed hardships is perplexing to Avedon. No matter how far his photography may reach, there will always be somebody mad because he never drove a taxi, never lived in a six-floor walk-up and never got up at five in the morning to take a picture of a redwood.

His life is not as sybaritic as it might be. Work is still the main preoccupation. It is the kind of life, however, with room for only the best. There is always good food and wine. If he goes for a weekend to his Fire Island shack, he goes by seaplane, and he readily indulges such expensive whims as flying to Paris for a day to see an exhibition. More than anything else, though, money means the freedom to work on his uncommissioned portraits.

. . .

One week out of a second stay at the hospital, commitments clamp down and Avedon is dispatched to Los Angeles by *Vogue* to shoot pictures for the Christmas issue. In one week, he is scheduled to do portraits of Donald Sutherland, Cybill Shepherd, Jack Nicholson, Angelica Huston, Liza Minnelli, Fred Astaire, Burt Reynolds, Barbra Streisand, Warren Beatty, Chér Bono and the dream queen herself, Elizabeth Taylor. From the moment he checks into the Beverly Wilshire, the project hangs on the brink of catastrophe. He is coming off medication for his heart, and one side effect is a thudding depression. Recovery is not just around the corner, as he had assumed, and he is tired most of the time. (In the middle of an intense conversation with Antonioni, he abruptly gets up and announces that he has to take a nap.) The assigned pictures are not particularly difficult—they are glamorous portraits of glamorous people and he sees no need to cut through their self-imperfections—but he is thrown by annoyances he would normally ignore. (Up until now, there has been only one person he categorically refused ever to

photograph again—Raquel Welch. A year earlier, her total absorption in herself had so infuriated him that he had handed her the camera and said, "Raquel, your arms are so long and beautiful I'm sure you can take these pictures yourself." On this trip, he adds a dictatorial Streisand's name.)

Elizabeth Taylor has let it be known that she will sit for a picture but that she'll talk only with Avedon. He considers the picture the most important of the group, and though he has met the actress a few times and feels a sort of instinctive affection for her, he is too strung out to pick up the phone. Finally, he forces the issue, tying the success of the whole assignment to the Taylor picture. He calls up, wades through various intermediaries, then hears the Taylor voice.

"Dick, how are you?"

"Do you really want to know?" he asks (this is a New Yorker, remember), and then tells her all about it.

"Now, you just listen to momma," she cuts in, "because I've been there and back, and I got there every way you can go. And I can tell you that you're not with that Great Strobe Unit in the Sky—you're not even in a daaaaaark room. It's gonna take you three months to feel right again, and there's not a thing you can do but live it out."

He feels better instantly. He tells her gratefully that she's Hollywood's royalty. "You're a great actress," he says. "I want to take your picture just that way—better than just beautiful . . . like Anna Magnani!"

The day of the shooting, she shows up on the minute, minus the customary star-class entourage, does her own make-up, poses patiently while Avedon works, trusts him. *National Velvet* seems lifetimes ago, but the world's only violet eyes are deeper than ever, still so astonishing that a jaded assistant ("He doesn't look at anything over 16") is sucking in his breath.

When the shooting is over, Avedon is as close to being his old self as he's been in months. At the door of the studio, Taylor embraces him, leaves her hand on his arm and says quietly, "Dick, I know what I look like. But please, not Anna Magnani . . . not yet."

. . .

One of the miracles of Avedon's career in the looking-glass world has been that he never seems to get tired of it. Energy has always been his long suit. Everything has been possible, no choices have had to be made. But for a moment, after his second stay in the hospital, weariness showed through. He came face to face with the realization that, yes, good Lord, he is over 50 and maybe it's time to start doling out that precious vitality with more sense that time is finite. He is no Zen saint, thumbing his nose at posterity, and he's not likely to be



"For heaven's sake, hurry, Suzette—you should never have left your panties on that black rug in the first place."

content with the undisputed laurels as history's greatest photographer of ladies in expensive dresses.

The latest candidate to become Avedon's star model of the moment is René Russo, a 20-year-old from L.A. who was first spotted in a Clairol group ad. When I suggested that however great-looking she might be, she seemed to have about as much soul as a day-old ziti, he answered that she could be a great model with enough work and time. Then he shrugged: "But she has a lot more time than I do."

• • •

In 1971, Avedon took his Rolleis and an 8 x 10 view camera to Vietnam. He wanted eye contact to define his emotional and somewhat uninformed opposition to the war. To have faith in surfaces is not to have faith in the labels on surfaces. Before going, he repeatedly had to ask Laura Kanelous who Thieu was and who Ky was, yet after he had been there a few weeks, *New York Times* reporter Gloria Emerson told a visiting magazine editor that Avedon had a clearer grasp of what was going on than people who had been on the scene for years.

The pictures are strange. Brought back from an exploding landscape, they have an eerie silence about them. They are mostly portraits of the victims, women and men napalmed into driftwood disfigurements, political prisoners crouched in tiny cages—living relics of a modern Pompeii buried under the ash and lava of murderous technology. There is one picture of the double damned (the surface beneath the surface?), a Vietnamese leper for whom the war is just another

agony, and neither the last nor the worst, at that.

Perhaps the most memorable picture is a large group portrait of the Mission Council, 11 eminently recognizable American management types charged with the day-to-day conduct of the war. General Creighton Abrams, dour old Elsworth Bunker and nine other earnest wash-and-wear warriors isolated and a little awkward in the white void, looking like corporate vice-presidents trying to seem comfortable at a meeting of the stockholders. It is an extraordinary war picture, a look through the side door at something more insidious than war. Like *Catch-22*, it is a terrifying picture of business as usual.

The Vietnamese pictures have never been shown, but they exist, a photographic body count of physical and moral casualties that will echo beyond all the droning tons of statistics.

• • •

Avedon views the telephone with a sort of aboriginal wonder. Wherever he goes, he spreads an electronic dragnet, and time is no object. He is the kind of private individual the Bell System has wet dreams about.

So one bleak February afternoon, I'm hunched in a porous stone house in Upstate New York when the phone rings. It's Avedon calling from the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami Beach—explains that he goes to "The Blue" to have his nervous breakdowns. Among other therapeutic splendors, everybody there calls him Mr. A. He describes the scene: "I'm sitting outside my cabana over the pool, eating a sturgeon sandwich. The sun's

fierce. I've just counted seventy-eight gin games and no umbrellas. At the end of the pool, there's a cha-cha contest for people eighty and over. And right in front of me, by the edge of the water, there's a heart attack in progress. I'm feeling better already."

• • •

One day in 1952, the phone rings and Avedon answers. Charles Chaplin calling. He hangs up, cursing cranks. The phone rings again. Charles Chaplin, none other, honest Injun. Can he come to the studio that day, that hour, in fact, to have his picture taken? Avedon does not turn down an idol of idols, and the appointment is fixed.

Things start off well the minute Chaplin arrives and says, "What a nice surprise; you're as short as I am." The session is a very good one. Chaplin is relaxed, cooperative and, best of all, seems in no hurry. Avedon is flattered to have been sought out. He takes roll after roll, until there is nowhere left to go and he finally calls a halt.

"If you're through," Chaplin says, "perhaps you'll allow me one last pose."

Avedon looks back down into the view finder while Chaplin lowers his head and prepares himself. After a moment, his face leaps up toward the lens and the picture is made. It is a rare portrait of Chaplin as a devilish trickster, index fingers forming horns, a diabolical grin on his face; a Chaplin free of contrived pathos, like the wonderful satirist who emerged briefly in *Modern Times* and *The Great Dictator*, more scamp than tramp, sticking it to the high and the mighty. It is obviously the picture he has come to have taken.

He remains at the studio for hours after the session is over, and when he leaves, he thanks the photographer as if Avedon has done him a favor. Later that night, walking home after dinner, Avedon picks up a newspaper and reads on the front page that comedian Charlie Chaplin has left the country after managing to evade a process server who was combing the city for him all day. Chaplin was not to return for 20 years. In Avedon's darkroom is his mischievous farewell message to America.

• • •

There is fame, and then there is fame. Avedon has had a movie (*Funny Face*) made about him, has been named one of the 100 most "in" people of the Sixties by *The New York Times*, has even been in crossword puzzles. But there is still something ephemeral in all that. Now there is incontrovertible evidence that he has attained that cherished category of household word. For the past several months during the summer and fall, a man calling himself Richard Avedon raped women in Atlanta, Cleveland, New York and Washington, after asking them to pose for test shots. Avedon almost never lets his picture appear in



"Fifty now . . . and fifty after he's muffed the putt!"

Why do you smoke?

With what you've been hearing about smoking these days, you probably wonder sometimes why you smoke at all.

Yet you enjoy it.

Because smoking a cigarette can be one of those rare and pleasurable private moments.

And the chances are you don't want to give up any of that.

Which brings us to Vantage.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who don't entertain the idea of giving up cigarettes because they find cigarettes too entertaining.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who have come to realize that most cigarettes that give them the flavor they want also give them a lot of the 'tar' and the nicotine that they may not want.

Vantage is the cigarette for people who've found that most low 'tar' cigarettes don't give them anything at all.

The thing that makes Vantage special is that its filter is based on a new design concept that gives smokers the flavor of a full-flavor cigarette without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

Now we don't want to suggest that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find.

It isn't.

But it sure is the lowest one that will give you enjoyment.

And that's why you smoke. Right?



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

print, as a protection against mothers pushing their gawky daughters ahead of them, so the suspect, described as well over six feet, could use the name without much risk (and apparently with remarkable success).

Given the rapist's proclivity to sample the wares of different cities, the police circulated descriptions to the airlines. Before long, a tall, heavy-set man allegedly told a stewardess he was Richard Avedon and was arrested at the airport when the plane landed. Two days later, Avedon's secretary typed the following letter:

Dear Detective F _____,

I heard from your office this morning that you might have found the man. If it is indeed he, would you help me arrange, with his consent, of course, to do a portrait of him? I could do this anywhere by setting up a studio in a small room. The sitting could or could not include an interview, which might help him to present his views.

Sincerely,
Richard Avedon

(Anyway, it turns out it was the wrong man. Stewardesses must be forgiven their winter dreams. The *real* impostor is still out there, ladies, so be aware that the real Avedon is a little guy who has no camera and won't ask you to pose for pictures.)

. . .

Speaking with a Greek painter recently, Cartier-Bresson admitted the suspicion that the "decisive moment" he searches for sometimes occurs *because he is there*. Not in the obvious sense that the presence of a camera can inject self-consciousness into a situation but in the odder sense that his particular presence is a force that alters the balance of things. The same sort of stirring of elements seems evident in Avedon's finest work. He has followed the usual ritual, setting things up, has worked through his interaction with the sitter, deciding what it is he wants from that particular variation on the standard theme of features and fooling a little with technical alternatives, and then something comes up in the developer that neither photographer nor sitter could have anticipated.

This visionary warp is no everyday event, of course. There is no guarantee. It's possible that the chances are increased in proportion to the energy and strength of will the sitter pits against Avedon's insistent scrutiny. There is, for instance, a picture of Oscar Levant that was included in the Whitney Museum's recent giant exhibition of photography in America. Levant was a man with a sure grip on his projected image, no matter what damage he may have done to himself in order to create it, changing from musician and intellectual into fierce gadfly and self-advertiser. And it was

impossible for Avedon not to have strongly preconceived ideas about what could be read in Levant's face. Yet the picture vastly surpasses the struggle of their contending visions. Taken a month before his death, it is a photograph of Levant laughing, his mouth raw and maniacal, ready with the next indrawn breath to suck the viewer into the echoing recesses of his mind. The disembodied head is slightly blurred, like a planet spinning too fast to be completely frozen in time. We are seeing a man who has put on the cynic's mask as a lark and then has been unable to take it off; and who by wearing it so long has been forced finally to confront the ultimate, terrible joke that man is the butt of; and whose awful laughter at that joke, in the moments before the trap is sprung, is the purest anguish for us all. It is a picture one doesn't stare at too long.

Almost inevitably, given the loaded circumstances, the same kind of breakthrough came at the end of the six years he spent photographing his father. From the start, Avedon had considered the series a continuation of the portraits he once called "sermons on bravado"—pictures that celebrate an awesome stamina in the face of insurmountable odds—and seven of the eight photographs shown at the Modern reflected this motif. But in one, taken at the last sitting of the many the two men had been through together, the photographer looked unexpectedly through a crack in the curtain and recorded more, perhaps, than he had bargained for. The picture at first seems like the others, a remarkable study of a more-or-less-ordinary man transfigured by his struggle against death. But his glance strays off to the side as if he has forgotten that the camera and his son are there. He looks away, and for an instant, whatever he sees strips him of his last shred of vanity and he seems to know that nothing, neither these hard-won pictures, nor his own dignity, nor his son's love can save him. And that finally there is no way to be ready in the end.

The mate to this picture was used for the exhibition's poster. On an impulse, Avedon sent a signed poster to Beckett, whom he has never met. The picture conveys its message brilliantly, but he should have sent the other.

. . .

The Minneapolis Institute of Arts gave Avedon an unprecedented amount of space in 1970 for an exhibition of about 250 portraits, a vast tapestry of heroes and villains, madmen and mummies that John Lahr aptly called "silent theater." In the catalog for that show, the photographer quoted the last sentence of Virginia Woolf's *Writer's Diary*: "And now with some pleasure I find that it's seven; and must cook dinner. Haddock and sausage meat. I think it is true that one gains a certain hold on sausage and haddock by writing them down."

And so Avedon goes along, still running, if not yet growing old, gaining a certain hold on his fellow human beings by photographing them. He is arguably the best portrait photographer America has ever produced, but if the term suggests Bachrach and his dependable images of resolute executives, then it is badly applied to Avedon. He is nothing less than a collector of souls, since a face, past a certain forgiving age, contains the graffiti of all its owner's graces and depredations, meanness of spirit or benevolence. Cocteau called him a "wonderful, terrible mirror," and in this glinting surface the sitter risks really seeing himself for the first time. Yet there is allure in the risk. Doone Arbus, who has arranged many sittings in recent years, says: "It's very seductive to think that you might be seen in some way you haven't been seen—that there's a possibility of arriving at a place where you haven't been."

Avedon has had the good luck and good sense to have settled long ago on a matrix as strict and as freeing as the sonnet form: the human face, pulled out of its usual, protective environment by the white background, standing for nothing but itself. Within the framework of this matrix, he relentlessly pursues the clues lurking in surfaces, charting bravado and obsession and even, finally, the ominous fringes of existential despair. In the process, he is pushing the concept of portraiture toward frontiers conquerable only by photography.

Yet all the while, there's the other Avedon, back in the manic pink again, the astonished city kid blinking in the limelight. Without a twitch (or so it seems), he will pop up in *Newsweek* as the unquenchable creature of fashion, announcing that Lauren Hutton has the best inner thighs in the business. The Richard Avedon who photographed Jacob Israel Avedon is sooner or later going to have to deal with this facile and distracting acrobat. The path of his portraits is going to get harder and scarier, and the ample comforts of the commercial craft constantly beckon him to relax awhile and eat a few lotuses.

In a sense, the choice has been made already. Heaven forbid that the future should be without a decent inner thigh now and then, but the real work in progress goes on in a private arena beyond the looking glass. It is an epic in silver bromide with a cast of characters worthy of Homer or Tolstoy, or maybe Lewis Carroll. The denouement is nowhere in sight, but look at the faces—the message is coming clear: We are peering up a long dark corridor, at ourselves.

There is a clue carelessly hidden in the word: photo/graphy. Light/writing. What Avedon is showing us is the light writing on the wall.





*"I certainly appreciate your coming over every evening, Mr. Barlow,
and helping me with the crossword puzzle."*

you do in soccer." With two games and three practices a week—that's about 14 hours of running in all—there are bound to be days when Marilyn doesn't feel much like getting out there and doing it; "but after I get started and work out for about ten minutes, I get my wind and it feels OK." Things are not made harder, of course, by the fact that the team plays in beautiful Kapiolani Park, amid the kitesfliers and the picnickers. It sounds like an idyllic existence. But Marilyn is restless, because she hasn't been working (that's partly our fault; we've kept her on such a busy schedule, flying to the mainland for photo sessions, that she's had difficulty getting a job). She did fill up 60 hours of her time by attending an awareness seminar held by a San Francisco-based organization called EST (for Erhard Seminars Training). Kip had signed up, then found himself unable to take the four-session course; Marilyn went ahead with it—seminar people were delighted, later on, to discover that a Playmate had participated—and found it "kind of like the stuff Castaneda wrote about in the *Don Juan* books. You learn to look at the world from different points—and to stop your internal dialog. People talk about their hang-ups and find out that they're really OK—for what they are."

Satisfying as that was, Marilyn wants to work. At one time, she'd have been delighted not to—but everything changes, including people's attitudes. So Marilyn—not without some trepidation, and

with a firm resolve to head back to Hawaii whenever she can—is expecting to spend more time on the mainland this year, looking for modeling assignments and other ways to capitalize on her Playmate of the Year status. Of course, just by virtue of her ascension, she receives a queenly complement of gifts, headed by a \$5000 check from PLAYBOY and a Porsche 911S coupe, in Playmate Pink, with five-speed transmission and a top speed of 134 mph (it goes for about \$13,000 on the market). As a matter of fact, Marilyn will have her choice of transportation, since she also gets a Kawasaki G5 100-c.c. on/off-road motorcycle, with a full line of Kawasaki Accessory riding clothes, helmet included; and a ten-speed Schwinn LeTour bicycle, in Playmate Pink. When Marilyn does some serious traveling—and a trip for two to Paris is included in her pile of goodies—she can take her new three-piece set of Samsonite luggage, in Columbine Blue, her high-powered zoom binoculars by Bushnell and her 35mm single-lens reflex camera, with a 50mm f/1.7 lens, Model 450/SLD, from Vivitar. Back home, she and Kip can while away any idle hours with their leather-cased backgammon set from Aries of Beverly Hills. And, being music freaks, they'll surely appreciate a QRT-440 Stereo 2/Quadrascope 4 receiver, with built-in eight-track, two/four-channel tape player, from Superscope.

We've no doubt that Marilyn will go on to accrue still greater rewards from her new-found career; but, as you can see, she's not off to a bad start, by any means.



Never Beat a Full House

feel the silkiness of her hair against his neck and cheek. "I know another game," she whispered.

Sure. "Just wait," Derek said.

Lowell opened the envelope. Abruptly, Nat jerked forward and snatched the envelope from him, reaching inside.

"Nat, you bitch!"

Her hand came out with two banker's packs of 20s.

"Uncle Lowell," she breathed. "So *this* is what he's paying you."

He tore the money from her hand, grabbed the envelope, thrust both packs back into his lap and slapped her soundly on the face.

"Hey!" Derek yelled.

"How much?" she taunted Lowell.

Lowell wedged the money back into the envelope, wrapped it tightly and wedged it beneath him, sitting on it.

"There's *more*, too, isn't there?"

Her voice had lost much of its little-girl inflection: Something in it was becoming raw and caustic.

"Come on, come on. I want to know what I'm worth. Ha! What I'm worth to Daddy to stay out of the *pa*-pers."

"It's not my money," Lowell said nervously. "Ten thousand, but it's *for* your father, so shut up."

Nat leaned on Derek's shoulder again and tickled his ear lobe with a finger. "Let's take it," she whispered.

Derek shook his head. He didn't like that: *banker's packs* of 20s. "Nat," he said uncomfortably.

"You'd better not listen to her. For your own sake."

"Let's," she said, clapping her hands twice.

"Do you still need proof?"

Derek was silent. She returned to his shoulder, warm on his shoulder, and her right hand began to run tender circles round his chest, moving slowly downward. Some monster. Hell, maybe he should just pull over, drop both of them off. But . . . banker's packs.

"We could play *another* game," she said, popping her lips.

"Nat."

She tapped his fly lightly. "Knock-knock."

"Nat, I'm thinking."

"You're supposed to say, 'Who's there?'"

"Who's there?"

"Me." She squeezed.

"Me who?" Damn her, damn her.

"Meeecorrrrowwwwww," and her fingernails scratched along the inside of his thigh, through his cordovan slacks. Then, abruptly, she jerked back and sat stock-still, with folded arms.

"I'll pay you," Lowell said in slow even tones, "five hundred dollars if you

keep driving on to Cincinnati, deliver us to the Powell Clinic."

"Not enough," Derek said immediately. He wondered if anything were enough to keep him driving for hours with the two of them in this car. One had to go, and he had a fairly certain idea which one.

"Then a thousand."

"Who's her father?" Derek asked. There were too many things he didn't know. Those banker's packs disturbed him.

"He's, uh, he's a well-known lawyer."

"He's a poli-ti-cian. He lies for a living."

"We'll see." Derek saw the sign ahead, announcing the first exit to Bowling Green. He could let Lowell off there: He'd half promised it to Nat, and surely there were motels off later exits—if they needed a motel; plenty of room in a Lincoln. But those banker's packs. Twenties. . . .

"There it is . . . there it is . . . let him off now."

"Lowell, how about some poker?" The idea struck him as inescapable. Ten thousand dollars? Why not? It would put this whole question of keeping Lowell in the car to a test, at least.

"Forget it."

Derek let up on the accelerator and started braking.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Derek pulled onto the shoulder and let the car come to a gentle stop. Far ahead was the green sign, barely visible, announcing the next exit to Bowling Green. "Out, Lowell," Derek said. Clean. He liked that.

Nat clapped and giggled and rubbed his sleeve. "Good for you, good for you."

Lowell paled. "You wouldn't." The forelock dangled and Derek sensed that he was beyond brushing it away.

"License-plate poker," Derek said. "Three hands each. Your ten thousand against"—he patted the dashboard. "Worth that easy. I paid eleven-five for it. Less than a year ago."

"You're mad."

"Then get out."

Nat smiled at Lowell and slowly made a fist and out of the fist rose her middle finger.

"Nat," he growled, reaching for her arm.

"Leave her alone. Get out. Take your bag. Take your money. Go."

Lowell wiped a hand over his face. "You could be in trouble . . . with the courts. And with her. All kinds of trouble."

"Yeah. Goodbye, Lowell."

"You haven't even seen my proof. You don't believe me." He wet his lips. "The Powell Clinic. Pay you . . . two thousand."

"All ten. We play poker."

"That's no bet. That's larceny."

Derek reached over both of them



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"It's not much, folks, but we call it home!"

and jerked the passenger door open. "Out, Lowell," Derek said through clenched teeth.

"All right, all right. Fucking bastard, I'll play."

"Now, wait a minute, Lowell. You play, you play on my terms. Get into the back seat."

"What?"

"Get the hell into the back seat." His nerves were taut, cracking.

Lowell got into the back and slammed the door angrily. Derek winced.

"We each get three cars," Derek was driving, and he had two rearview mirrors and dynamite pickup. Up to him who passed and when they passed. Fair bet. Sure.

"Son of a fucking bitch."

"Sticks and stones can break his bones, but names, you motherfucker, can never hurrrrt him," Nat chanted.

Derek told Lowell to put the envelope atop the dashboard and glanced inside to be certain. Yes, a batch of lovely, lovely packets. He could count them later. A slow, lingering count. It was already as good as his money. In the euphoria of Lowell's compliance, Derek jotted a note on the envelope to facilitate transfer of title—ha!—and took out his registration and title and laid those atop the envelope and started the car.

"You'll beat him, you'll beat him, you'll beat him," Nat rushed, rubbing

against him. He reached a hand over her shoulder and shaped her right breast. Sloping so ripely: ahhh.

"Yours first, Lowell, OK?" He wanted the last one. Just in case.

"You're as bad as she is, you know. Just as messed up."

"Here it comes." He slowed for a vinyltop Ford with Illinois plates. It passed and Nat read off the number and cheered: fives and sixes. Derek lowered his hand to cup the underside of her breast and he bounced it: yes, fine firm stuff. Nat giggled and leaned over to kiss his ear. French kiss. Derek even let a Chevy past. He announced kings and eights.

"Hah!" Nat chirped. "Yours, Uncle. oooooooo. Just a dinky pair of threes. Too bad. Too bad."

Derek smoothed his right hand down the T-shirt and slipped beneath it at the bottom and rubbed her belly. Trim and smooth. His fingers worked under her belt.

"Kidnaping. That's a felony. Extortion. That's a felony. You could spend a long time regretting what you're doing, Derek. Do you realize that?"

"Tickles," she giggled.

A yellow Volks sedan picked up quickly from behind. Straight except for a five.

A semi was hogging good highway space. He'd just found warm fur. Ahhhhh,

lower, moist warm pocket beneath that fur: His finger snuggled inside, then slid slowly back out. Nat caught her breath. Let the semi pass.

Warmer. Deeper. Moist heaven. Slow slide back, she's thriving.

The truck whipped past in a flash of sucked air, followed by a tailgating Chrysler. Son of a bitch, Derek thought; but they were both going at least 65 in a 55 zone, and nobody had a chance to read the entire plate. There were a lot of figures on the plate, though. And Derek didn't like what he saw: AAA.

"Damn it, there's mine. Catch up, come on, catch up."

"He's speeding," Derek said lamely.

"Then speed. That's my car, that's mine."

"Give you the next car."

"Oh, no. You catch up to that car."

In an abrupt and furious motion, Lowell lunged over the front seat and jammed his hand down hard on Derek's right knee. The Lincoln shot crazily forward and Derek withdrew his preoccupied hand to lock the steering wheel back onto the road. Nat bit Lowell's wrist as he withdrew his hand. Lowell screamed.

"You're mad!" Derek shouted.

"That is my car," Lowell's voice shook through bit teeth.

Derek shivered. The Chrysler was in sight; he could catch up to it easily enough. So what? He had the last car and there's always a higher hand in the deck. He accelerated.

"HAA177. You lose." Lowell leaned forward between Nat and Derek and collected the envelope and the pink slip and the white slip.

"Not yet," Derek said, feeling a chill that wasn't coming from the whipped air of the vents.

Nat was silent. Derek readjusted the rearview mirror to focus behind him. He could see Lowell's smug smile in the mirror. Highway roulette, he was the croupier's little ball. Now find double zero. He shot forward, keeping to the left lane. Read them from behind, find the winner, pass and slow and wait for them to pass. Eighty-mile-an-hour cinch.

"Wait, wait. *You let them pass,*" Lowell ordered.

"Shut up, Lowell."

Past the Chrysler and the truck that didn't count. Valiant with only four figures. Dodge, plate too dirty to read. The earlier vinyltop Ford. Derek hunched forward, concentrating on a plate that didn't exist yet, but would.

"I demand that you stop my car this instant!"

Volks, kings and fours. Merc, three deuces. Getting warm. Pontiac, not even a pair. Couple of damned semis.

"What are you doing—seventy-five? Derek, I have no intention of becoming a highway casualty."

"We can beat your full house, we

can beat your full house," Nat chanted.

A blue car behind him, picking up speed. Damn—might want to pass. Faster, then. Vols ahead and beyond that a Caddy. Black Caddy. Same as earlier? Nat's winning hand, a full house. What was it? Aces and—yes—nines. But that blue sedan behind him, a Rambler, was distinctly closer already.

"Hey! Hey!" Nat pointed eagerly at the Cadillac. "That was mine. From earlier. Aces and nines, remember?"

The rush of knowing he had the hand, the game, swept through Derek. Except for that Rambler behind him that would want to pass. If he pulled in front of the Cadillac, the Rambler would probably pass him before the Cadillac did. He slowed as he approached the Caddy but stayed in the left-hand lane.

"If you're slowing, get in the lane where you belong," Lowell snapped.

"Gonna beat your full house."

There. Even with the Caddy: Keep it that way, instant roadblock, make the Caddy budge. Driver won't like it, think somebody's crazy, good for him. The Rambler was almost tailgating now. No front license plate. Damn.

"Christ, you asshole. There's a car right behind us. Will you *move it*."

The Caddy driver, in a sweater and cap, stared at them unbelieving; but he didn't move forward. The bastard slowed when Derek couldn't. Shit, shit, shit, shit. Derek shot forward. A race with the Rambler: He didn't need that.

"Ooooooooo," Nat moaned. "We lost it."

The Rambler slid into the right-hand lane. Derek picked up speed to discourage it. But the Rambler didn't slow; it kept picking up, till the driver pulled abreast of Derek, and Derek made the mistake of glancing over at him. A bald, dapper man was at the wheel, pressing into the windshield much as Derek was; and he looked at Derek helplessly, pathetically, making a painful frown and slowly shaking his head. It was the look a condemned man might give his executioner. Whoever he was, Derek recognized that he wasn't someone who relished speeding and highway games. He was a man desperate to get somewhere. Derek felt wretched. Instinctively, forgetting the game, he slowed.

Louisiana plates. 45D821. Crap-out. For the first time that Derek had heard, Lowell laughed. It was a grimy laugh, obscenely triumphant. Nat's fingers tightened around Derek's arm.

"What's going to happen?" she asked.

"You're going to the clinic. In my new car," Lowell smirked.

"Don't let him take me there, Derek."

"He won't." Derek avoided Lowell's glare.

"It's awful there; they won't let you *do* anything."

"You won't have to go." Whatever else happened, she was already promised.

"The hell she won't."

Derek flashed a look of anger and contempt at Lowell, but he felt too sick and too small to match Lowell's brazen hostility. At least he had Nat. That much.

"I know." She had curled up in her seat against him, whispering through cupped hands into his ear. "First we stop and then we make Uncle Lowell get out and then we take off."

"No secrets in my car." Lowell leaned over the front seat, tugged at Nat, jerking her away from Derek.

"Leave her alone, Lowell."

She shot her favorite finger up at Lowell without turning around and resumed whispering. "If anything goes wrong, there's a Howard Johnson's motel just off the Chestnut Street exit into Louisville. All right?" She gave a pert, lovely smile and Derek nodded dubiously.

"What the hell is going on?" Lowell growled.

Abruptly, Nat curled forward in fetal agony. "Owwwww. I have to go to the bathroom. Really bad."

"Ha!" Lowell mocked.

"I do! I do!" Her knees clapped anxiously.

Derek slowed. Woods bled back from the highway on the shoulder to the right, melding into weedy fields. He parked at the far edge of the shoulder.

"You're not leaving this car. Myyyy car." In a swift motion, Lowell punched the lock, keeping his finger on the button.

"Let me out. I have to go to the bathroom." Nat squealed, squirming toward the door.

Nat lunged over the seat into the back and grabbed Lowell's suitcase, with all the zippered compartments.

"Bitch!" Lowell howled, letting go of the lock.

In a flash, Nat was out the door, dragging the suitcase, and began racing toward the woods.

"Nat, you bitch! Bring that back!" But Lowell wouldn't budge.

Nat danced to the nearest tree, holding the bag aloft. "What's in it, Uncle? More money?" She swung the middle zipper open and split the bag apart to let clothing fall out, into high grass. "Awww, just stupid clothing."

"Na-a-a-a-t. . ." His voice was a low, terrible growl. His fingers tightened around the inset door handle, but he wasn't moving.

"What's in here?" She tugged at the zipper to a smaller compartment. A shaving bag tumbled out and she set the bag down to recover it. "Ohhh, it's heavy. Goodies, Uncle?"

"Nat, I'm warning you; Nat, I'm warning you." His voice sounded autonomic, like a recording loop. The door swung open, but still he didn't move.

She had the zipper open and brought



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out a handful of small bottles and vials and tiny boxes. "A drugstore! Lookit all this!" She flung the bottles helter-skelter over her shoulder. "The rabbits will love you, Uncle. Stoned rabbits! Here, rabbits." She reached for another handful and tossed them even more broadly.

Lowell suddenly turned toward Derek: His face was white and the ugly forelock swung like a misplaced naked tail. "Give me my keys."

Derek took the keys from the ignition and pocketed them. He glared back at Lowell, half regretting that Lowell remained in the car, because that made it difficult to laugh.

"Uncle's feeding the rab-bits," Nat sang, upending the shaving bag and letting the remaining items fall out. She knelt down to try another compartment of the suitcase.

"Leave it alone," Lowell cried, but in a dim voice, with scarce energy.

Nat rose with an armful of manila envelopes. She tore one open and shook the contents out. Some swarmed for a moment in the breeze; most fell to a clump at her feet. "Just bonds and stocks and stuff. They're no fun." She kicked scornfully at the pile at her feet and more papers wafted around like blown oversized confetti.

Lowell lumbered clumsily out the door, as if unable to stop himself. "No, Nat, you can't; I'll kill you, Nat, you little bitch. . . ."

She tore open the next envelope and poured the contents into her other hand, shaking her head. "Anybody want to open up a bank? Lookit all these checks." Disdainfully she added, "But they're all canceled." As Lowell went toward her like some slow wounded beast, she tore loose the rubber band and swung the packet of checks high into the air. The checks flew everywhere, in a fluttery brief storm. "It's raaayyyy-ning. Watch you don't get yourself wet, Uncle."

Lowell was paralyzed by the blitz. He stood and stared unbelievably at the fluttering checks, some of them traveling onto the shoulder down the road, some onto the road itself; and he made a futile, pitiful effort to grab at several in mid-air. Then, with a cry of alarm and pain, he rushed at Nat.

Derek swung open his door and raced toward the tableau: Lowell struggling with Natalie for the last of the manila envelopes; knowing that he could hurt her, he would hurt her. By the time Derek reached them, though, Nat had somehow squirmed away and Lowell, clutching the envelopes to his breast, turned and grabbed for Derek's pocket.

"Those keys, give me my keys." His hand reached inside Derek's pocket and Derek jerked back, ripping the seam. He reached for the keys to hold them tightly in his fist.

"Cool it, Lowell, relax." Derek didn't relish any kind of fight with Lowell; not this Lowell.

Lowell's head shook; he dropped the envelopes, all but the earlier envelope, which was wedged down inside his belt. "My keys, let me have my keys."

Behind him, Nat was waving toward Derek excitedly, reaching her hands up together to signal that Derek throw the keys to her. Derek hesitated, long enough for Lowell to grab at his wrist. It was a tight, torturous grip, and Lowell tried to squeeze Derek's wrist around. Derek tore loose and pitched the keys to Nat. She dashed back to the Lincoln and shut and began locking the doors. Lowell turned to stare at the car, almost stupefied.

"You dumb fool," he said hollowly, only half to Derek. "You dumb, dumb fool."

Nat started the car and suddenly took off in a jetting spurt that made Derek's stomach wrench. He raced after her and Lowell, hesitating to watch the papers flutter, began to race after Derek.

She stayed on the shoulder, driving too fast for the shoulder, shooting stones and a great spume of dust behind her that Derek had to wince against as he ran, barely able to see the car in front of him. *Get onto the highway, at least*, he thought frantically; he was afraid to run too fast, get too close, for fear of being hit in the eye with a spewed pebble. But she stayed on the shoulder, stopping as abruptly as she had started, about 100 yards ahead.

Lowell was fast. He kept just behind Derek, and as fast as Derek could race, he couldn't create any fresh distance between himself and Lowell. About 30 yards yet from the Continental, already severely winded, Derek saw Nat looking back at both of them, making a disappointed face that Lowell was so close. She rocketed the car forward again, this time entering the highway and becoming a fading white blur in the distance. Derek stopped, feeling sick and nauseated and dizzy. The first Howard Johnson's in Louisville; meantime, she'd left him here, with Lowell.

"You'll never see it again, you'll never see her again," Lowell said between ragged breaths.

"Go away." Derek bent forward, breathing heavily. Lousy spot for hitchhiking.

"At least you can help me collect my things. You're responsible."

"Get out of here."

Lowell turned and began walking down the road.

Derek began hurtling his thumb at the cars that kept hurtling back only air and an occasional stone; he had only one thought in his mind: Get to the Howard

Johnson's in Louisville. Down the road, Lowell stooped in the grass, collecting the things from his suitcase. He didn't take long at it. Within a few minutes he was out at the edge of the shoulder, but he didn't wave a thumb or an arm: He waited till the traffic was clear and crossed to the median. Derek couldn't figure it; was he going to hitchhike from the other side? Return to Rapids for his Pinto? Not that it mattered: Lowell was such an uncanny compound of stupidity and arrogance that despite everything that had gone wrong, Derek enjoyed at least his powerlessness—feeble, lone, helpless man on an island in an asphalt ocean, with his suitcase that certainly couldn't contain everything it had contained earlier. Derek almost felt sorry for him.

When Lowell reached the far side of the highway, he walked back toward the trees, into the shade, and sat down on his suitcase. *He wasn't hitchhiking?* Curious, Derek began walking down the highway, lifting his thumb automatically at passing cars. The air seemed warmer and he rolled up his shirt sleeves as he walked. Still no movement in Lowell, nothing. When he reached the point on the highway opposite Lowell, he paused. *Was he grinning?* Derek couldn't be sure. Maybe it was a psych-out: Lowell giving Derek that empty, unweaving stare, a pauper's revenge. Derek tried to concentrate on his hitchhiking, but that was impossible. He didn't believe a car would stop; and he was more curious about Lowell. The bastard was grinning, he was certain of it. But why? The man gave new meaning to the word loser. Yet he could sit there and grin at Derek—evil, hexing grin—till a car, a blue Rambler sedan, pulled off on Lowell's side of the highway, braking after spotting Lowell.

Derek looked carefully. No, no, no. Bald driver. And Lowell—who hadn't used his thumb, who'd simply waited—was dashing toward the car. Derek raced across the highway and onto the median. Lowell was inside the car now, and over the sound of passing cars Derek could hear the door slam. He looked at the plate—acquired habit, he could read them from a distance now—but it wasn't the same plate, it wasn't Louisiana, and the figures crazily read AAA310. No, another plate: can't be. And Derek would have screamed and cursed and futilely chased after the moving Rambler with its different plate if he hadn't seen another car, a white Lincoln Continental, driven by a young lovely girl with blonde hair, following in the same lane just behind the Rambler. And she glanced in his direction, but she didn't even wave.



DAVE BROWN

"Of course my valuables are in there, silly. There's nothing but money and jewelry in my purse!"

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Chicago, Illinois 60611

7082

NEXT MONTH:



LEGS



SURFER



GLIDING



DOCTOR

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA, THE *GODFATHERS'* DIRECTOR, DISCUSSES THE TOP MOVIE OF ALL TIME—AND ITS SMASH SEQUEL—HOLLYWOOD, ACTORS, MONEY AND HIS RECENT OSCAR ORGY IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"JOHNNY GUTS"—SUCCESS, SEVENTIES STYLE, MAY BE A MATTER OF KNOWING WHEN TO STUFF BANANAS IN A NOISY ENGINE (AND WHEN NOT TO CUT OFF THE COPS' PAYOLA). A CONTEMPORARY HORATIO ALGER YARN—BY **GERALD GREEN**

"GO FLY A KITE"—WITH YOURSELF ATTACHED. A LOOK AT THE SOARING PASTIME OF HANG GLIDING

"YOU GOTTA BELIEVE"—EVEN IF THE SKIES ARE FRIENDLY, YOU'RE NOT HOME FREE. WHY AIRLINES HAVE THEIR UPS AND DOWNS—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK JONES"—BAKER STREET IS MORE IRREGULAR THAN EVER: OUR NOTED DETECTIVE SPORTS AN AFRO AND DABBLES IN KARATE WITH THE ALMOND-EYED DR. DATSON—BY **SOL WEINSTEIN** AND **HOWARD ALBRECHT**

"QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN JIMMY"—THE GREEK OFFERS SOME ADVICE ON PLAYING THE GAMES AT LAS VEGAS; E.G., DON'T TAKE THEM TOO SERIOUSLY—BY **MIKE RICH**

"POCKETS OF PROSPERITY"—TO MAKE MONEY IN HARD TIMES, BUILD A DOOMSDAY MOUSETRAP—BY **LEE BERTON**

"LEGS!"—THE OTHERS HAD THEIR TURN. NOW THEY'LL HAVE TO STAND ASIDE FOR CONNOISSEURS OF THE NETHER EXTREMITIES. A NINE-PAGE PICTORIAL DEDICATED TO THE LOWER LIMBS

"DUNLUP CRASHES IN"—THE CREATOR OF *THE LAST PICTURE SHOW* TAKES US ON ANOTHER TEXAS-SIZED ODYSSEY, THROUGH A DANCE HALL IN A POTATO-CHIP TRUCK—BY **LARRY MCMURTRY**

"THE GOOD DOCTOR"—WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JR., CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF HYPNOSIS, CLAIMS HE MAKES HIS GIRL COME 60 TIMES A DAY. WHICH IS BETTER THAN BARKING LIKE A SEAL. REPORT ON A SEMINAR—BY **ROGER RAPOPORT**

"SUPER SURFER"—PLAYBOY HANGS TEN WITH SURFING CHAMP AND SUPERSTAR COMPETITOR **LAURA BLEARS CHING**

Now everybody is enjoying some really great Times.



The Los Angeles Luv

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana, ½ oz. Triple Sec, ½ oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice.

RECIPE: In Blender combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana, ½ oz. Triple Sec, ½ oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice, with ice; pour in highball glass half filled with cracked ice. Garnish/pineapple slice, straw.



The Miami Sunset

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, orange juice.

RECIPE: Fill highball glass with ice. Add 2 oz. EARLY TIMES and 1 oz. Triple Sec. Fill with orange juice, and stir. Float teaspoon Grenadine.



The New York Experience

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth.

RECIPE: Combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth, with cracked ice; strain into stem glass. Garnish/lemon twist.



The Atlanta Belle

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, ¾ oz. Green Creme de Menthe,

¾ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Coffee Cream.

RECIPE: Shake with cracked ice 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, ¾ oz. Green Creme de Menthe, ¾ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Cream. Strain into whisky sour glass.



The Boston Bourbon Mary

INGREDIENTS: 1½ oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire Sauce, Tabasco Sauce, Slice of lime (or Favorite Bloody Mary Mix).

RECIPE: Combine 1½ oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire and Tabasco Sauce to taste (or Bloody Mary Mix). Add ingredients to highball glass filled with ice. Garnish/lime slice.



Wherever you are, and whatever you mix us with, cola ginger ale, The Uncola™, cherry soda, lemonade, water or just a clatter of ice cubes, once you know us, you'll love us.

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More. Put your cigarette against it.



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More Menthol. Put your menthol cigarette against it.

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